

JUNE 1952

COMMENTARY

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BORIS MEISSNER

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The "Old Country" Way of Life

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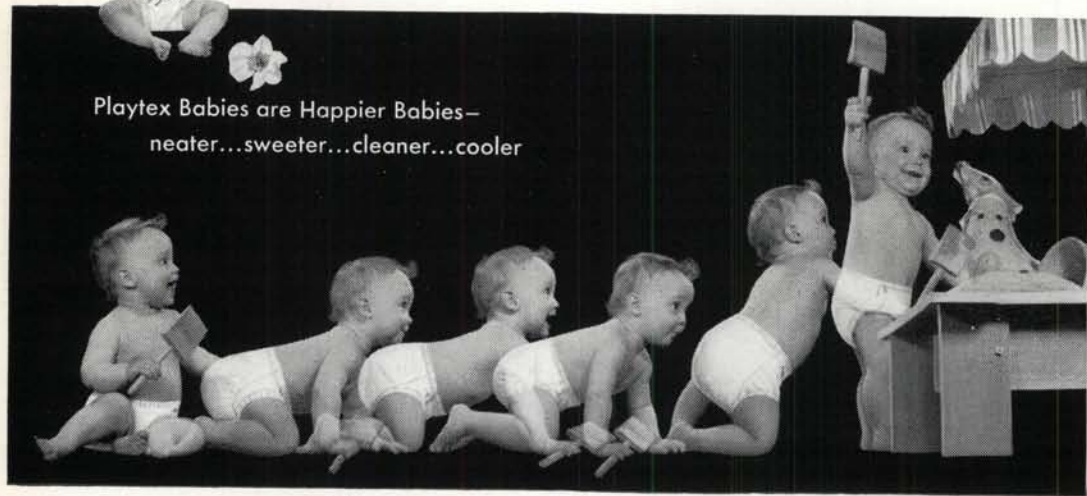
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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF COMMENTARY

The Immigration Muddle

Oscar Handlin

The victory in both the House and the Senate of the McCarran-Walter immigration bill, and the simultaneous rejection of the more liberal Lehman-Humphrey proposals, give cause for thought. In the face of recent defeats, what strategy should be adopted by those who feel that American immigration policy is becoming ever more restrictive and discriminatory? A discussion of this urgent issue by the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Uprooted*.

Liberal Judaism As Living Faith

Robert Langbaum

A young Jewish writer, prompted by the strictures of David Daiches, reflects on the historical justification and religious and aesthetic potential of modern Judaism.

The Study of Political Elites

Richard H. S. Crossman

The Hoover Institute on War, Revolution, and Peace has sponsored a major sociological study of the nature of the ruling groups in the Soviet Union, Nazi Germany, and the democratic countries. The project itself is known as RADIR—Revolution and Development of International Relations. Richard Crossman—as a member of Parliament himself a fairly recent acquisition to Britain's elite—looks behind the imposing title and into the contents of the four volumes so far published. In "The Study of Man."

Jew or Gentile?

Eleanor K. Felder

A Protestant, married to a Jew, frankly discusses the problems involved in the question of how to raise her children.

The Meteoric Mr. Bevan

George Lichtheim

If Labor's victories in the municipal elections in Britain mean anything, Aneurin Bevan may yet be the next Prime Minister. So, at least, thinks George Lichtheim, who here reports on the rising tide of "Bevanism," with its fervid anti-Americanism and its potential threat to the Atlantic alliance.

In the Poolroom

Samuel S. Cohen

Morris Raphael Cohen's older brother reports on an early—and daring—venture into free enterprise by the Cohen family.

"The Male Animal" Revisited

Robert Warshaw

The current revival of James Thurber's play, and its reception by critics and audience, offers some light on the prevailing cultural atmosphere—on Broadway and off.

COMMENTARY

CAN WE NEGOTIATE A SETTLEMENT NOW?

Armchair Strategy vs. Political Reality

RAYMOND ARON

THE less freedom of choice we have in a situation, the more tempted we are to indulge in exercises of intellectual evasion. When a glance at the world shows us conflicts that are probably insoluble, at least in our own time—like that between Russia and the free West—then why not offer a few new ideas to the people in “control”?—at worst, they can only prove to

How should the West react to present and forthcoming Soviet offers for a settlement of outstanding issues? According to some acute political analysts, recent months have witnessed a significant change in Soviet foreign policy, with the Kremlin seeking for the present a “peaceful coexistence” with the West. It is in these terms, at any rate, that the Soviet proposal for a united, neutral, and (at least nominally) rearmed Germany is being widely interpreted. Other political analysts remain skeptical. Has there really been, they ask, a new turn in Communist policy? Does Stalin, for his own reasons, genuinely desire to negotiate his outstanding differences with the Western powers? What are his real “terms”? These questions are dealt with in this article by RAYMOND ARON and the one following by Boris Meissner. M. Aron, one of the outstanding political thinkers in contemporary France, is a regular contributor to the newspaper *Figaro*, as well as to leading periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic. He is the author of several important books, one of which, *The Century of Total Wars*, will be published in English this fall by Doubleday. The present article was translated from the French by Waldemar Hansen.

be impractical or innocuous. There is no more glaring contrast, at the present moment, than that between the unrelenting grip of events in which our statesmen wriggle, and the thousand and one solutions offered by armchair strategists.

It is true that criticism by a minority can at times alter a situation, though only if it is brought to bear at a given favorable moment; so abstractly, it is conceivable that a fresh approach might improve our chances of defeating Communism without a third world war. The hitch is that most of the policies tirelessly proposed, in America and especially Europe, by this or that clique of intellectuals and publicists, can always be traced back to some unrealistic basic premise. To assume, for example, a Soviet Union with limited aspirations, one that would refrain from encouraging any action by the Communist parties in Western Europe, and would desire a permanent, peaceful coexistence—to assume this, in disregard of facts and experiences, immediately renders valueless any criticism of present policy toward the real Soviet Union.

Yet a legitimate question remains: have we, Americans or Europeans, a strategy that allows for alternatives, or is our task simply to carry out more effectively the strategy imposed upon us by the brute facts of political life today?

IT is cruelly difficult to bear the tension of a cold war. There is universal longing for some pacific policy capable of obviating the violence whose proportions loom so frighteningly before us.

Here in Europe, the argument most frequently heard in line with this feeling is the one set forth a year ago by certain editors of the left-wing Catholic magazine *Esprit* in a special number (March 1951): the best way of handling an explosive situation is by "separating" those whose friction might touch it off. In other words, Europe, by regaining a certain independence vis-à-vis the United States, would be a force for peace; whereas the Atlantic Pact, which aims to draw the coalition of Western powers closer together, can only intensify the Kremlin's fears and increase the danger of a third world war. This line of thought takes it for granted that both the great powers are equally responsible for the present world situation; that both are equally undesirous of a war, but that each, if left to its own designs, natural impulses, or fears, is equally likely to end up by unleashing one; and that the countries in the middle should therefore do the two brainless giants the favor of keeping them apart.

These assumptions reveal a downright ignorance matched only by the irritating self-assurance with which they are made. What would be the upshot of the measures proposed? Would cutting Western Europe off from an American-led "Western bloc," and thereby creating a military void, lessen the tensions making for war? A minimum of reflection would show the silliness of this. Conceding that the Politburo's conduct can be explained solely in terms of fear (an explanation that I do not for one moment accept), it is the United States alone whom Moscow fears, not France or Great Britain. Sporadic assertions of French or British independence, or a clear-cut demonstration of British or French impotence, would scarcely reassure the Stalinists (assuming, once again, that they were in need of this), while to accept in advance a Soviet occupation in the event of war could only increase the demoralization of Europe and make it all the more

vulnerable to Communist pressure. At the same time, such gestures would frighten American policy-makers, who rightly believe that a non-Sovietized Western Europe is indispensable to the security of their country, and would alienate American opinion in general.

As for European *armed* neutrality, it would be just as unavailing. Western Europe under present conditions is incapable of making even a second-rate show of arms; and to become capable, as a *neutral*, of that much of a show in the near future it would have to submit to German hegemony, a prospect which most Europeans would probably regard as worse than an American Europe.

IF, BY itself, Western Europe cannot "resume the dialogue between East and West" or "resolve the crisis," does there not remain the possibility that a different policy on America's part might be capable of leading to a solution? The United States, we frequently hear it said, could—if it wished—negotiate with the Kremlin, either with an eye to a stable partitioning of the world, or to effect local settlements of quarrels in Europe and in Asia. In order to test this thesis, it is necessary to look at the principal theaters in which the cold war is taking place right now.

In the Near East, where the nationalism of the Arab countries keeps creating difficulties for Great Britain and, indirectly, for all the other Western powers, why should the Stalinists stop inciting revolt? Communist agents swarm like flies all over that area; they do not advertise their presence, but are only too eager, for instance, to see British troops in the Suez Canal Zone become the targets of xenophobic passion. How could discussions over this area even begin? Stalin would testify openly that he had neither ambitions nor responsibilities in that part of the world, and that, as a friend of all the oppressed, he limited himself, from his lofty throne above the battle, simply to wishing victory to the "anti-imperialist forces."

As for the war in Korea, it would be perfectly possible to end it by compromise with-

in the framework of *present* policy, and this could have been done long ago if the Kremlin, for reasons best known to itself, had not stalled negotiations (as, for example, in insisting that Russia be a "neutral" observer of the fulfilment of the armistice terms). So long as Stalin is afraid of a third world war, he will hesitate to send too many of his planes and tanks against the American forces in Korea, and without that a decisive Communist victory there is impossible. In the absence of a victory on either side, the prolongation of the struggle is not excluded: it is always difficult to negotiate an armistice, especially when the negotiators are convinced in advance of the bad faith of their opponents. Yet a local compromise seems, nevertheless, a quite possible solution.

As for China, we could speculate till doomsday about what might have happened if the American government had recognized Peking at the same time that it was deciding to intervene in Korea, or what might have happened if United Nations troops had not crossed the 38th Parallel. But the orthodox Stalinism of Mao Tse-tung and his disciples makes it likely that the West could not have escaped the hostility of Communist China in any event. To appease this hostility, America would probably have to do more than liquidate Chiang Kai-shek's regime and surrender Formosa. A Communist government in Peking has a double motive for attacking Western strongholds in Southeast Asia: a powerful China has often in the past exercised or desired to exercise a protectorate over Tonkin, Annam, and Burma; and a revolutionary China must spread the anti-imperialist revolt wherever the West still has a foothold. Why put an end to undeclared wars in Malaya and Indo-China which, while so costly to the British and the French, cost nothing, or at most a drop in the bucket, to those who pull the strings in Moscow and Peking?

UNDER such conditions, what would be on the agenda of eventual negotiations for an over-all settlement in Asia? The Soviets would insist adamantly on certain conces-

sions—the liquidation of Chiang's forces, the handing over of Formosa, Communist China's entry into the United Nations. Of what use would it be to ask them to stop supporting revolutionaries in Malaya, in Burma, or in Indo-China? Thirty years of experience have taught us that in these matters promises may be given but are never kept—for the Soviet regime is not merely another great power, but a power rooted in an aggressive ideology. We can dispense with all fancy guesswork about the psychology of Stalin and his disciples: the ideological character of Soviet imperialism is adequately exposed by a simple examination of the facts, i.e., the progressive Sovietization of all the territories under its rule and the "Stalinization" of the structure and activities of the Communist parties elsewhere. Whether the Politburo runs its enterprise cynically, employing doctrines without believing in them, or whether it is actually fanatic, believing that the Communist party is the executor of the will of history, the danger for the West remains more or less the same, and the West still has to come up with an answer.

Most observers would agree, of course, that the West's policy in Asia is open to criticism. In Indo-China, France has had a vacillating policy for years, and it might perhaps have been better for her to throw in the sponge at the very beginning rather than go on fighting a war that could only drain away French strength. The United States should certainly have made a definite choice between resolute support of Chiang and open abstention; she has only increased her difficulties by advertising an ineffectual alliance with him. But having fully acknowledged these past mistakes, what can we do today?

In Indo-China, withdrawal may perhaps become inevitable if Chinese "volunteers" intervene to repeat the Korean pattern. When one's own forces are dangerously limited, it is only reasonable to economize by limiting marginal wars and areas of friction. But in terms of the present question of how to avoid slipping from a cold into a "hot" war, such measures as the surrender of Burma, Siam,

and Malaya would have obviously tragic consequences. Belief in the irresistible power of Communism would spread still further in Japan and Asia, and certain sources of raw materials would be lost, without the West having the least guarantee that its withdrawal would assure safer positions: after the loss of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, Indonesia and India would come under fire.

The point here is not to discuss in detail all the global decisions that may have to be made, but to discover whether negotiations with Moscow would avail in any way to bring about a *substantial* change in the present situation in Asia, or check the developments we fear there. The West still has a certain freedom to choose between its present policy and some other one that would seek to appease Communist China's demands by abandoning certain marginal areas whose defense is, in any case, too costly. But any decisions on the specific questions connected with this latter choice would be made in Washington, London, or Paris, and scarcely call for negotiations with Moscow. It would actually make matters worse to mask a retreat by appealing to Moscow and Peking for promises: American public opinion would react violently when the new "promises" were broken, as they inevitably would be. Better to make the public understand that in a cold war, just as in an all-out one, no god guarantees that fortune will always smile on you, and retreat in the face of superior force—when necessary—is contrary to the laws neither of war nor of reason.

ASIA's problem is essentially a *revolutionary* one, whereas Europe's, notwithstanding that the struggle against Communism is largely psychological and political, is essentially *military*. Communism can perhaps spread indefinitely throughout Asia by guerrilla warfare. But in Europe no Communist party, however strong, is capable of seizing power west of the Iron Curtain without the aid of the Red Army. That army's presence in the heart of Europe, less than a hundred miles from the Rhine, is the cause of the great fear holding Europe like a vise these

past six years. Is there a chance, then, to resolve the European crisis by negotiation?

The frontiers of Stalin's empire are already advanced dangerously close to the West by the Sovietization of all the little and middle-sized countries between Germany and Russia—Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia. But the Sovietization of the Eastern Zone of Germany has quite another implication. Germany is the essential stake of the cold war in Europe: the possibility or the impossibility, the usefulness or the purposelessness of negotiations between the Soviet Union and the United States (or the whole of the free world) depend on the outcome of any discussions on Germany.

Two solutions are conceivable at present: either the status quo, i.e., the continued partition of Germany; or else the reuniting of the Reich, with the Big Four coming to terms on the question of her indefinite disarmament or—what comes to the same thing—her merely nominal rearmament.

This last solution has a seductive charm for many Europeans who tremble at the prospect of German rearmament, both because of the possible Soviet reaction and the possible revival of Prussian militarism. And it would probably be tactful for the West not to respond too negatively to the recent Soviet note; the Germans should be convinced that the West is not responsible for the division of the Reich, and it always helps to call the Kremlin's bluffs. But whatever the exigencies of tact, the chances of an accord on Germany between the Soviets and the West seem, at the present moment, extremely feeble.

It is doubtful that the Soviet authorities envisage really free elections in the Eastern Zone of Germany, which is already 80 per cent Sovietized, has the nucleus of a German Red Army in the *Bereitschaften* (which number about 60,000), and has begun to build an air force. Is it credible that the Stalinists would permit a free election that would give the lie to results of recent and unanimous ones? Moreover, how could voters in a country governed by police methods

be assured that they were free to vote against their masters without danger? We know that the Soviet concept of liberty is very different from the Western. Is it not likely that under "free" elections the Soviet authorities envisage the division of the Socialist Unity party into Communist and "socialist" parties, with the last headed by Herr Grotewohl?

Even assuming that these obstacles disappeared and agreement is reached on the conditions for genuinely free elections throughout Germany, what concessions would Stalin demand in return? From the Russian notes, it is clear that the Kremlin hopes to see quadripartite control established over all of Germany "in conformity with the Potsdam agreement"—to mention the formula which the Russians will surely cite. If the Allies, with the experience of Austria in mind, say that they will not return to Potsdam, the Russians will probably propose the simultaneous evacuation of all German territory by all four powers, thus creating a situation analogous to that of Korea, with the *Bereitschaften* ready to play the role of the North Korean divisions. A virtually defenseless Germany in the heart of Europe could not be considered by either the East or the West as a definitive solution. The Russians would see it as a step towards the inclusion of Germany in the Soviet sphere; the West would regard it as an advance towards the East and a step towards the integration of all Germany in the Atlantic Pact. For the disarmament of a unified Germany to be enduring, Russia would have to cease acting as an expansionist empire, content herself once and for all with what she has now, and stop the propaganda of the Communist parties in Germany, France, and Italy—all of which are absurd assumptions, and remain so no matter how we define the character of the Communist system. If it is a system governed by fanatics the absurdity is obvious. If it is one governed by an elite of cynical realists, then it would be foolish to ask them to surrender the ideology that furnishes the rationale of their power and assures it even now a considerable measure of prestige in critical areas of the world.

Two objections can be raised to my analysis. First, it might be said that no particular act of negotiation could change the international scene overnight, but that the partial success of one conference and then of another might bring about this result gradually. Second, it might also be said that comprehensive negotiations on a worldwide scale, between the two great powers, could pave the way for fruitful bargaining and, indeed, for a temporary stabilization of the international scene.

There can be no quarrel with the first objection. It is indeed possible that, as a result of negotiations, the atmosphere might become less strained, and the West might come at the same time to understand the permanent obligations of the cold war and accept the idea that it may go on for years. If the Korean war can be brought to an end by compromise, so much the better. If an agreement can be reached on a peace treaty for Austria, fine. But it must be pointed out that negotiation over specific outstanding issues, and resultant compromise, would not mark an innovation in the present strategy of the West: it is an essential aspect of that strategy—as of the East's too. But we ought to have learned by now not to have any illusions about the likely fruits of such negotiations.

There remains the question of a comprehensive negotiated settlement of all conflicts. Such negotiations would call for a good measure of secrecy and few participants—preferably only the United States and the Soviet Union. It would be much, much easier if the governments in Washington and Moscow were more alike. On the day that Stalin wants to give himself a breathing spell, he will no doubt prefer a single interlocutor with the power to make decisions. The Hitler-Stalin pact would have had a better chance of survival, if it had been up to Stalin alone, than the Yalta agreement. To the Russians, the noise in Washington, on the other hand, is as hypocritical as it is deafening.

The American regime being what it is, is wholesale bargaining possible? Let us agree

that it is conceivable. One can even imagine among possible decisions: surrender of the Western zones of Berlin in return for the evacuation of Austria by the Red Army; the end of the Korean war; even a promise of Chinese non-intervention in Burma and Indo-China, for which the West would hand over Formosa and allow Peking a seat in the United Nations. But conceivable though it might be, such a settlement would be the height of folly. In Europe, it would mean that the West would publicly ratify the Sovietization of East Europe, without receiving any concession other than a promise of non-intervention in the sphere of Western influence—a promise that would not be kept. In Asia, it would mean that the West would surrender material advantages in exchange for spurious assurances. Such a world settlement would be a swindle for the Western powers.

It cannot be proved that an all-out victory—that is, the destruction of the Stalinist world conspiracy—is possible without total warfare. The conclusion to be drawn, it seems to me, is that it would be fatal to set oneself such an objective. When world power is divided between two states, the only recourse short of a struggle to the death is the partitioning of the world. But the idea that this partitioning has still to be negotiated is fantastic: *it is already in existence*. The partition is imperfect because the two powers rub up against each other in certain sensitive sectors, because the Soviet faction is present and active in the very heart of the West's sphere of influence, because the Soviet Union wages war along unorthodox lines. But how could negotiations put an end to all this? At most, negotiations might settle certain frontier disputes (Berlin, Korea), and are to this extent desirable. No negotiation, on the other hand, can prevent

the collapse of colonial rule in the Near East, or the semi-military advance of Communism in the Far East, or the weakening of Western Europe through the activities of Communist parties.

The nature of the Soviet regime, the fact of its being a great power that is the capital of an aggressive secular religion, obliges the partitioning of the world to take on, in our century, the guise of cold war. It does not follow that its religion will inevitably drive the Kremlin into all-out war. The Communist rulers do not let ideology stand in the way of making short-term agreements with countries that are resolutely anti-Communist—as in the case of Kemal's Turkey or Hitler's Germany. Far from preferring negotiations with socialists or liberals, the Stalinists prefer to do business with those whom they regard as their declared enemies. Outlawing a Communist party does not seem to be a bad start towards a treaty with the Kremlin!

The illusion, one is tempted to say the naivety, is to think that the partitioning of the world will one day be negotiated secretly, in some interview at Yalta or elsewhere, while in fact it is daily being lived out among us, and will be "stabilized" only at the end of the cold war itself. How long will the cold war last? It is futile to speculate. Perhaps the Soviet regime will be radically changed after Stalin's death. Perhaps there will be a break between Moscow and Peking. Perhaps—and perhaps not. We must act as if none of these happy events was going to happen in the near future—yet we must never forget that history will always have some surprises ready for us. We can only be manly about our ignorance, carrying on the daily struggle without illusions and, if possible, without anguish, sensitive to the limits of any course of action and to the virtues of patience.

THE KREMLIN'S TERMS TO THE WEST

Politburo Foreign Policy from the Inside

BORIS MEISSNER

LET there be no doubt about it: in the Soviet Union, final decisions rest with the *Vojd* (Russian for *Führer*) alone. So sharp an observer as James F. Byrnes notes in his book, *Speaking Frankly*, how he often saw Stalin, in contrast to Molotov, make on-the-spot decisions of such importance that it appeared hardly conceivable that he was fundamentally dependent on the Politburo (Political Bureau of the Communist party of the USSR). Yet there is also no doubt that the Politburo can sway these decisions to an important extent. The Soviet Union is a one-party state—that is to say, the party makes the decisions and the state carries them out. The party machine is the

WE KNOW that, ultimately, Stalin rules supreme in the USSR, but we also know that to some degree he is influenced by the opinions of the members of the Politburo. Obviously, it is not much easier to find out what the Politburo is thinking than what is in Stalin's mind. Nevertheless, BORIS MEISSNER believes that there is sufficient evidence available to link the shifting course of Russian foreign policy with the record of the conflict of different groupings within the Politburo; and he further believes that Russian policy today, both in the East and West, reflects the ascendancy of one particular grouping with a definite policy line of some years' history. Though his conclusions are necessarily speculative to a degree, they are based on a first-hand knowledge of Russia and on years of careful study that have won him a reputation in Europe as one of the most informed of all specialists in Soviet affairs. Mr. Meissner was born in Estonia in 1915, and was educated at the University of Dorpat there. Since the war, having survived both Hitler and Stalin, he has been working at the Research Center for International Law and Foreign Governmental Law at the University of Hamburg. He has published a half dozen books since 1947, the last of them a study of the social and power structure of the USSR. This article is translated from German by Maurice J. Goldbloom.

one that counts; the machinery of the state itself is confined to purely administrative functions. At its pinnacle is, of course, Stalin, head of the party and sole vessel of sovereignty. But always there stands by his side the Politburo, acting as an advisory council and as the highest executive organ of the party, and thus of the state too.

As Stalin's personal brain trust, the Politburo acts in effect as the general staff of the Soviet state and of world Communism. The *Vojd*, though not bound by the majority preferences of the Politburo, will frequently call for its advice before making any fundamental decision and, where it cannot be convoked at once, will ask its opinion after the decision has been taken.

The Politburo has the crucial task of concentrating Stalin's power and helping to safeguard and consolidate it. He, in return, must give consideration to the opinions of its members, especially when two, three, or more of them form a fairly stable faction. Stalin will often shape his policy in accordance with the advice of these factions, or groupings, not merely on objective grounds, but for tactical reasons as well. But he will see to it, by applying the principle of divide and rule, that none of these factions, no matter how powerful, will ever be able to place drastic limitations on his freedom of action.

Because of the authority of Stalin, most conflicts within the Politburo are now solved either by compromise or by the eventual liquidation of those members whose policies might in the long run lead to a really serious breach. But in the interregnum likely to follow Stalin's death, the Politburo will automatically become the highest organ of the Soviet state. It would then have the duty, as a regents' council, of preserving the con-

tinuity of the autocratic form of that state. Moreover, the Politburo alone would decide upon Stalin's successor as *Vojd*, with the outcome of its decision depending, in the final analysis, on the positions of power held by the individual factions in the Politburo. These groupings have in some respects already taken on sharp outline. There is also evidence that they exert a significant influence on the aging Stalin, and thus on present Soviet policy.

AFTER the purges of the mid-30's, in which five members of the Politburo were "liquidated" and two died under mysterious circumstances, the Politburo was reconstituted at the 18th and 19th Party Congress, in 1939 and 1941 respectively. It soon could be ascertained that two distinct factions had emerged in the new Politburo. One group was Great Russian in national composition and based on the party organization in the Russian Federated Soviet Republic. Leningrad was its center, although it reached out to Moscow. Zhdanov, Sherbakov, Andreyev, and Vosnesensky were its members. The second group, formed around L. M. Kaganovich in Moscow, was of mixed nationality and based largely on the party organizations in White Russia, the Caucasus, the Ukraine, and Turkestan. Besides Kaganovich, it included Mikoyan, Khrushchev, Beria, and Malenkov. Stalin and Molotov, of the older generation, usually took a mediating position between the two groups, but Kalinin, Voroshilov, and Shvernik inclined more to the Zhdanov side.

Though the influence of the Zhdanov (Great Russian) faction was in the ascendant in the Politburo after the purges, Hitler's attack in 1941 enabled the Kaganovich group to come to the fore. Together with Stalin and Molotov, Kaganovich's group formed the State Committee for Defense, which served as the real war cabinet. Later on, however, the important contributions made by the new intelligentsia (journalists, technicians, political commissars, etc.) and the Great Russians to the Soviet successes in the war restored the balance—the

Zhdanov group being their chief spokesmen in the Politburo. In the spring of 1945 the sudden death of Sherbakov, who during the war had headed the political high command of the Red Army, as well as the Soviet Information Bureau, was a serious loss to Zhdanov's side, and led him to seek closer cooperation with Malenkov.

In general, the changes in personnel in the Politburo immediately after the war appear to have been the result of a compromise between the two opposed groupings. Beria and Malenkov, after serving as candidate-members, became full members in 1946, and Bulganin, Kossighin, and Kusnetzov became candidate-members. After Kalinin's death, Vosnesensky was promoted from a candidate-member to the tenth full membership. Bulganin and Kossighin had made a name for themselves in the state and economic administration, the former as Stalin's deputy Minister of Defense, the latter as Prime Minister of the Russian Federated Soviet Republic, and in their rise had been closely connected with Kaganovich; while Kusnetzov, like Vosnesensky, belonged among Zhdanov's outspoken followers, and headed the Leningrad party organization as his representative.

Nineteen forty-six and 1947 saw the high point of Zhdanov's power. His sudden and mysterious death in the fall of 1948, together with a reform of the party administration, created a completely altered relation of forces inside the party leadership. Vosnesensky and Kusnetzov were dropped from the Politburo, and the party organizations in Leningrad and Moscow, as well as the state apparatus of the Russian Federated Soviet Republic, were purged of Zhdanov's adherents. The leadership of the Politburo fell to the "*troika*"—Beria, Malenkov, and Khrushchev—who succeeded in filling the most important positions in the party with their own adherents.

In 1950, the *troika* tried to bring about the downfall of Andreyev, a maneuver that was blocked only by the intervention of the Politburo's older members. The latter now seem to feel themselves threatened by the power concentrated in the hands of the new

triumvirate—especially since the existing divisions have, from the time of the exclusion of the Zhdanov group, taken on more and more the character of a struggle between the generations. This conflict will not be so easy to heal permanently, for it is bound to be deepened further by the continuing pressure of the younger, third, Soviet generation, which still goes completely unrepresented in the Politburo although predominating in the party as a whole.

TODAY the Beria-Malenkov-Khrustschev triumvirate dominates the party apparatus, the State Police, the cultural and economic administrations, and the party and state supervisory bodies. The opposition, gathered around Molotov, and to which Mikoyan too has apparently gone over, retains dominance only in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (including the foreign trade organization) and the army. A struggle for influence in the mass organizations of the USSR is now going on, while the navy is apparently following an independent policy of its own. This shift in the balance of power has permitted Marshal Bulganin, who has the confidence of the army as well as of the state and economic bureaucracy, to come forward.

The *troika's* position was shaken by Khrustschev's defeat on the question of "kolkhoz cities" at the beginning of 1951 (when his policy of consolidating most of the collective farms into even larger units of somewhat urban character ended in a fiasco), but Beria and Malenkov have in the meanwhile succeeded in restoring it. It was Beria who delivered the main address in celebration of the anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution on November 6, 1951, and Malenkov's fiftieth birthday was celebrated on January 8, 1952 in a way that let it be known that he could be considered the predestined successor of Stalin. It was particularly striking that Malenkov's picture, together with the joint congratulations of the Central Committee of the CPSU and the Council of Ministers of the USSR was, in contrast to earlier practice on the birthdays of Politburo members, run by the Soviet

press in large format over the whole middle of the front page.

WHAT are the basic issues at the heart of these factional struggles? To all appearances, the conflicts inside the Politburo after the great purges have been motivated by considerations more of foreign than of domestic policy. **There is unity** on the immediate goal of building "Communism in one country," i.e., the building of an externally secure, large-scale, and autarchic economy. **There is unity also** on the ultimate goal of a Eurasian Soviet empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, guaranteeing Communist predominance in the world at large. But there is disagreement on the strategy and tactics for achieving these goals.

On the eve of the Second World War, the majority of the Politburo, whether adherents of Zhdanov or of Kaganovich-Beria-Malenkov, seem to have been of the opinion that the immediate goal of security would not be achieved with the resources then available to the Soviet Union, and that an *expansion* of her basis of power, even with the aid of force, was required. This majority was split, however, on the question of what *geographical direction* the expansion should take and what *tactics* were most suitable. Zhdanov and Molotov, together with the latter's first deputy in the Soviet Foreign Ministry, present Foreign Minister Vishinsky, advocated moving westwards and acting through the Communist-infiltrated Balkan and Latin nations. Malenkov and Beria, represented in the Foreign Commissariat by Deputy Foreign Commissar Dekanosov, favored moving towards Asia, with a cautious policy in Europe. Stalin skillfully avoided committing himself to either view, although his sympathies, so far as we know, had always gone more toward Beria and Malenkov than Zhdanov.

It is necessary to appreciate Zhdanov's powerful and impulsive personality if one wishes to understand the force of attraction he exerted on the other members of the Politburo, and the strength of his influence, not only in relation to a Molotov or a Malen-

kov, but even to Stalin himself. Though there were never particularly close or whole-hearted ties between the two, Stalin had great respect for Zhdanov, who displayed qualities that only Stalin's model and teacher, Lenin, and his great enemy, Trotsky, had shown in comparable measure.

Superior intelligence was combined in Zhdanov's person with irresistible revolutionary *élan*. Like Lenin, Zhdanov came from the old Russian intelligentsia. Full of youthful idealism, he had early joined the radical, Bolshevik wing of the socialist labor movement, and then become one of the chief architects of the new Stalinist Russia, particularly in the ideological field. It was he who helped pave the way for the preeminence, as a class, of the new bureaucratized intelligentsia, of whom he was the typical representative. That socialist drives were supplanted by patriotic and nationalist ones, as the original impulses of the Bolshevik revolution waned, was chiefly Zhdanov's doing—and the Soviet Union survived the recent war thanks largely to Russian nationalist spirit (as well as to Nazi errors).

Zhdanov first became prominent in foreign policy at the constitution-making 8th All-Union Soviet Congress in December 1936, when he directed vigorous oratorical attacks against the Baltic states and threatened that, if occasion was given, the Red Army would enlarge the Soviet's much too small window on Europe by force. In 1938 he was made chairman of the foreign policy committee of the authoritative Council of the Union in the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, from which office he was able to make his influence felt directly on the Foreign Commissariat, at that time still headed by Litvinov. The Munich pact in 1938 gave the ascendancy in the Politburo to the advocates of a bolder foreign policy, and at the same time there then appeared more markedly those differences of view over tactics and immediate goals that have been mentioned.

For the Zhdanov group, the chief enemies of the moment were Britain and Germany; for the Beria group, Britain and Japan. Their

common opposition to Britain permitted the two groups to go along with each other for a while in European and, especially, German policy; both were willing to deal with Hitler in order to prevent him from lining up with England and France. Thus Litvinov's replacement by Molotov in the spring of 1939 was approved of by both factions.

In order to have a counterweight to Vishinsky, who was particularly under Zhdanov's influence, Dekanosov was taken into the Foreign Commissariat as Vice-Commissar to represent the Beria-Malenkov group. Dekanosov was a countryman of Stalin and Beria, having filled important posts in the party and state apparatus of Soviet Georgia. After Beria was appointed chief of the State Police in 1938, he had brought Dekanosov to Moscow to direct the Foreign Section of the NKVD (now the MVD). There he had had the task, not merely of looking after the interests of the State Police in the Foreign Commissariat, but also of putting into effect Beria's conception of a policy of rapprochement with Germany.

Zhdanov's special aim in foreign policy was the conquest of the Baltic states and Finland, and the recovery thereby of Russian dominance in the Baltic. When, in the summer of 1939, the negotiations in regard to the Baltic question between Britain and France on the one side, and the Soviet Union on the other, failed to progress, Zhdanov wrote a prominent article in *Pravda* of June 29, 1939, in which he violently criticized both Western powers. The result was that they agreed provisionally to a pact for mutual assistance that meant, in effect, the handing over of the Baltic states to Russia. But Poland's opposition blocked the final ratification of this document, and helped persuade Zhdanov of the temporary advantage of going along with Beria in seeking an accord with Germany.

THE collaboration of the Zhdanov and Beria factions in the Politburo on a policy approved of by Stalin led to the Hitler-Stalin pact, in the late summer of 1939, which gave to the Soviet Union the

Baltic states, Eastern Poland, and Bessarabia. By this stroke the ambitions of both Zhdanov and Beria were gratified: Russia had got the Baltic states *and* a deal with Germany.

Hitler's attack on Russia two years later in the summer of 1941 undoubtedly weakened Zhdanov's position in the fields both of domestic and foreign policy, since Stalin—who did not want this war—put the principal blame for the worsening of German-Soviet relations on him, for it was he who had been the chief advocate of a bolder exploitation of the chances the Hitler-Stalin pact had provided for Russian expansion in the Baltic and elsewhere in Eastern Europe. A moderate middle group around Mikoyan now came to the fore in the Politburo and sided with Molotov in favor of collaboration with the Western powers. Yet this did not decisively lessen the influence of Beria's group, which now began to try in various ways to reach another German-Soviet settlement. Aside from feelers extended by way of Japan, the most interesting efforts to this end were the approaches made by Soviet intermediaries in Stockholm to a representative of the German Foreign Office. The latter, one Peter Kleist, has recently told of these in his book *Zwischen Hitler und Stalin* (Athenaeum Verlag, Bad Godesberg, 1950).*

* The approach was made in Stockholm, after the German defeat at Stalingrad. The Soviet ambassador to Sweden was Alexandra Kollontai, who had long enjoyed Stalin's especial confidence. The counselor of her embassy, and her closest advisor, was one Semyonov, a close associate, in turn, of Dekanosov. On Semyonov's behalf a certain Clauss approached Kleist in order to arrange a meeting between him and A.M. Alexandrov, the director of the Central European section of the Soviet Foreign Commissariat. Clauss told Kleist that the principal interests of the Soviet Union lay in Asia, not in Europe, and he especially emphasized China's importance to the Kremlin's plans. (Clauss, instructed by Semyonov, was here only repeating the line advocated by Beria and approved of by Stalin.) The concrete proposals which he made when, by agreement with Ribbentrop, Kleist saw him a second time, in August 1943, included a demand for the restoration of the Russo-German border of 1914, a free hand in the Balkans and the Straits, and, above all, Germany's non-interference with Soviet ambitions in Asia. Since the initiative had come from the Beria "peace"

FROM the Moscow foreign ministers' conference in 1943, the way led through Teheran, Yalta, and San Francisco to Potsdam. In opposition to the Western ideal of one indivisible world, the Politburo was united in asserting the existence of two hostile worlds. A new "dynamic" policy, supported by the Beria-Malenkov as well as the Zhdanov group, led, after 1945, to the rapid Sovietization of the countries in the Russian sphere of influence in East Europe. The immediate result was another break with the Western powers; at the same time Zhdanov, and the aggressive attitude toward the West associated with him, regained their old influence.

At the founding of the Cominform in Warsaw in the fall of 1947, Malenkov appeared at Zhdanov's side as representative of the Communist party of the Soviet Union, thereby letting it be known that the Politburo was united behind Zhdanov. Yet a real conflict between Zhdanov and the majority of the Politburo had already broken out. The Beria-Malenkov group needed, for the time being, a strong attitude toward the West simply in order to be able to pursue their ambitions in Asia. All they wanted in Europe was the accelerated Sovietization of the countries in the Eastern bloc and their federation with the USSR, and a "mild" German policy that would assure the Soviet

faction, these proposals were doubtless thought of as a basis on which Hitler might be willing to negotiate. There was no reaction, however, from the German side.

At his third meeting with Kleist, in September 1943, the Soviet intermediary pressed for an immediate decision, since the Moscow conference of Allied foreign ministers was in the offing. He told Kleist that the naming of the Soviet Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs and last ambassador to Berlin, Dekanosov, to a foreign post was to serve as a sign of Stalin's readiness to negotiate with Hitler. The German side would have to answer this announcement by appointing the former German ambassador to Moscow, von Schulenburg, to a similar post. Soon afterwards, Dekanosov was, in fact, announced as the new Soviet ambassador to Sofia; simultaneously came the news that on October 30, 1943, a conference of Allied foreign ministers would take place in Moscow. But Hitler still failed to respond, and thus he let slip his last chance for a new agreement with Stalin.

Union a decisive influence in Europe without risk of war. Zhdanov stood in the way of this with his advocacy of an aggressive policy extending far beyond the limits of the Soviet sphere in the West.

The Beria-Malenkov group's attempt to influence Soviet occupation policy in Germany through its representative in the Soviet military administration there, Semyonov, was blocked at first by Colonel Tulpanov, who, as Zhdanov's agent, held the long end of the lever. But Zhdanov failed in the end to achieve the success hoped for with his European policy; it led only to the Berlin blockade and its defeat, and then to Titoism, with the collapse of Russia's Balkan dreams and of the hopes she had placed in Pan-Slavic sentiment in that area.

It seems highly probable that at this point Zhdanov, supported by army circles, advocated military action, at least against Tito if not against Berlin, but was overruled by Stalin and the majority of the Politburo, both because of the possibilities then opening up for Soviet expansion in Asia, and because of the military weaknesses of the Soviet Union. In any case, immediately after Zhdanov's death the Soviet Union began to rearm at an accelerated rate, and at the same time the center of gravity of her foreign policy and activity shifted from Europe to Asia.

THE death of Zhdanov signaled the victory of the Beria-Malenkov group in domestic as well as foreign policy. A large majority of the Politburo having declared themselves for the Beria-Malenkov line in foreign policy, its practical execution in Asia was entrusted to Malenkov, Molotov, and Mikoyan jointly, while Beria was given a greater hand in European policy. Success justified Beria and Malenkov at first. Some weeks after Zhdanov's death, Mao Tse-tung began, with Soviet support, his victorious advance in China and by the end of 1949 had imposed his rule on the Chinese mainland as far as Tibet. All China thereby became a Soviet sphere of influence, with Sinkiang, Inner Mongolia, and the constituent parts of

Manchuria under immediate Soviet control.

But the Politburo's goal was all Asia, and the road to that goal led over China to India, and farther. Malenkov clearly formulated this in his great programmatic speech on the thirty-second anniversary of the revolution on November 6, 1949, when he said: "As Lenin pointed out in 1923, the outcome of the world struggle between capitalism and Communism will be ultimately determined by the fact that Russia, India, and China possess the great majority of mankind, and that this majority of mankind is entering with extraordinary speed upon its struggle for liberation."

Malenkov must at this time have remembered another of Lenin's pronouncements: that only he possesses Europe who holds Germany—for the rest of his speech expressed the conviction that Germany was the key to Europe. (In contrast, Zhdanov had believed that the Soviet Union had had the chance to snatch this key, not in Germany, but in the Slavic and Latin countries. That he had gone against a dictum of Lenin's must have made the failure of his European line all the more compromising to him in the eyes of Stalin and the rest of the Politburo.

The victory of the Beria-Malenkov group meant at first calling a halt in Europe outside the Soviet sphere proper. The Berlin blockade was lifted, and the fate of Tito's Yugoslavia was left to the "cold war." Germany sprang into the focus of Soviet ambitions not merely as an object but as a subject capable, within limits, of acting for herself. There is enough evidence available to show that German nationalism has been encouraged by the direct intervention of agents of the Soviet State Police; these agents take their orders, ultimately, from Beria. For Beria, it is probably less a question of the Sovietization of Germany than of her neutralization.

IT MAY be that the Politburo hoped that after a decisive victory in Asia it would be able to pass over to the offensive in Europe, too, in Zhdanov's spirit. The accel-

erated rearming of the Atlantic Pact countries and the threatening remilitarization of Western Germany seem by now, however, to have excluded this possibility.

The publication in the Soviet press on April 22, 1950, for the first time, of two interviews given by Lenin to an American and a British correspondent, respectively, in 1920* hinted at the basic conditions on which Stalin and his Politburo were prepared to call a halt to the "cold war" all over the world and go over to "peaceful coexistence." (In retrospect, the publication of these interviews can be seen as the first step in the present effort being made by the Soviet to change its line in the cold war.) Those conditions are: acceptance by the West of the status quo in East and Central Europe, and a permanent demarcation of Western and Soviet spheres of interest in Europe and Asia. Though Beria and Malenkov may be ready to make certain territorial concessions in Europe, they cannot renounce this basic demand for a hard and fast demarcation of spheres of interest. Greater concessions might be expected in Asia from Molotov and Bulganin, but scarcely in Europe. Mikoyan and Kaganovich would perhaps, for economic reasons, be the readiest to make concessions in both Europe and Asia. The line advocated by the Beria-Malenkov group continues, at any rate, in force. Its latest expression was the Soviet note of March 10, 1952, on Germany, and the Soviet press's comments on the thirtieth anniversary of the Rapallo agreement between Russia and Germany on April 10, 1952.

During the period of diplomatic jockeying

that followed the Munich pact in 1938, the possibility of closer ties between Germany and the West had already begun to frighten Stalin, and his pact with Hitler in 1939 was determined upon in order to avert this. Today the Soviet Union sees herself again confronted with the prospect of close ties between the West and at least the major part of Germany. And today, again, her whole endeavor is to block this. That, of course, is the meaning of the last Soviet note on Germany.

Most of the ideas in the note of March 10 are not new, having been part of almost every proposal from the Kremlin for the settlement of the German question since 1946. What is most important is that this particular note leaves the door open to negotiations. Thus, there is no talk of the Oder-Neisse line as an "unalterable peace frontier"—though in the event of negotiations the Kremlin would probably start off by reasserting this. The proposal that Germany be granted a position of armed neutrality is, on the other hand, altogether new. It is a sign that the Kremlin is ready for a revision of the Potsdam decisions.

IT WILL be recalled that until 1949 the Soviet had supported the idea of a neutral but unarmed Germany. The Cominform decisions of December 1949 changed this, taking as their point of departure the thesis that "In the struggle for peace nobody can remain neutral," and that Germany had to be won for the Soviets. This line was advanced by all the big guns of the regime in the Eastern Zone, Walter Ulbricht, secretary-general of the Socialist Unity party, declaring: "Anyone wanting to preserve the peace must undertake a determined struggle against the policy of neutrality."

All the more astounding, therefore, is the Kremlin's sudden willingness now to agree to armed neutrality for Germany. Put in the context of the general foreign policy supported by the Beria-Malenkov group, this approach is seen to be more than mere propaganda. Germany's armed neutralization would avert the danger of an alliance be-

* Lenin declared to the correspondent of the New York *Evening Journal* that the new Soviet state had no aggressive designs upon anyone, wished from now on to devote herself solely to peaceful construction, and was prepared to establish normal trade relations with the rest of the world. The only pre-condition was that Soviet Russia be left in peace. He said more or less the same things to the London *Daily Express* correspondent, adding that the status quo of that time was completely satisfactory to the Soviet regime. Both these interviews were given in February 1920, when the tide of the civil war was turning decisively against the Whites, and the Allies had just raised their blockade of Red Russia.

tween Germany and the West and create a *cordon sanitaire* in Europe, which would in effect "contain" all efforts to weaken the Soviet sphere of dominance, and which would insure that, in case of war, Europe could be quickly annexed by the Red Army.

The Beria-Malenkov group apparently aims at two things: (1) the creation of a girdle of neutral states extending from Finland and Scandinavia through Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy to the Near and Middle East; (2) tighter ties between the belt of satellite states—the "popular democracies"—and the Soviet Union. It is these aims that also explain the initiative taken by Finnish Premier Kekkonen in favor of a Scandinavian policy of neutrality, and the Soviet notes to Italy and Turkey, as well as the change in the leadership of the Communist party of Switzerland. All this would serve to pry Germany loose from any alignment with the West, and at the same time she would be kept from becoming really dangerous by having her armament limited; meanwhile time would be gained for the complete integration in the Soviet empire of the largest part of non-Russian East Europe.

In order to render palatable to the West the worldwide territorial division of interests that the USSR now regards as the one basic condition for ending the cold war, the Kremlin has begun to emphasize its special interest in the expansion of world trade. Here, again, the cue can be found in the Lenin interviews of 1920. The initiative for the International Economic Conference held in Moscow from April 3 to April 12, 1952, came from the Berlin meeting of the World Peace Council in February 1951, and the economic conference was just as propagandistic in essence as the "peace" movement. Red trade is supposed to serve as bait and, if need be, a means of pressure on the surrounding capitalist world. Mikoyan's declaration in 1939 that Soviet foreign trade was primarily a function of Soviet foreign policy should be remembered.

TURNING away from these siren songs, to which so many Western businessmen

have shown themselves susceptible, one has to conclude that the readiness of the Kremlin to reach a permanent settlement with the West has grown in direct proportion to the will of the free world to defend itself. Further increased military efforts by the Atlantic Pact powers, in conjunction with an active foreign policy that takes account of the real power relationships, might well bring about the creation of a new balance of power on a global scale—and on terms favorable to the West rather than the East.

To be sure, if lasting peace is the goal of such a "policy of strength," the West must avoid anything that might forever preclude an understanding with the Soviet Union. The Atlantic Pact and the temporary inclusion of a rearmed Germany in NATO cannot, despite all the protests of Communist propaganda, be construed as doing that. On the contrary, German participation in Western defense can only speed the end of the cold war by establishing a *cordon sanitaire* against Russia instead of Germany's becoming part of a *cordon sanitaire* against the West.

Nevertheless, care has to be taken lest the proposals connected with European integration be interpreted, in conjunction with the Atlantic Pact, as part of a real threat of preventive war. An undoctinaire and elastic foreign policy on the part of the West that aims to wrest from the Soviet the maximum of peaceable concessions must take into account the limits within which Stalin and the Politburo have to operate under almost any circumstances. The heightened national consciousness of the Soviet intelligentsia and the oversensitive prestige of a totalitarian dictatorship do not, alas, permit the Politburo to make retreats in foreign policy indefinitely. The "cold war," by itself, cannot lead to a definitive victory of the West. For such a victory to come about without a third world war, fundamental social and political changes will have to take place behind the Iron Curtain. What the West can do, if anything, to promote such changes, is another problem—possibly the most important one.

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK—II

First Love—and Finis

EDITORIAL NOTE: Here we conclude the diary of Anne Frank, which we began in our last month's issue. The early entries of the diary tell how Anne's father, Otto Frank, had prudently fled Germany for Holland with his wife and two little girls as early as 1933, and, having resumed his successful business, was comfortably enough settled in his Amsterdam home when the lengthening arm of the Gestapo reached there. Again Otto Frank acted prudently, this time fleeing with his family to a cleverly prepared hideout, the so-called "secret annex," in the rear upper floors of his office building. Anne relates how here also came the family of Van Daan—father, mother, and son Peter—and the dentist Dussel. And these eight Jews together, behind drawn curtains, in not too desperate physical circumstances (loyal Dutch friends kept them supplied with food), but under a mounting tension of monotony, anxiety, and all too human daily irritation, lived as one large family.

From her journal, which she named "Kitty," electing it the intimate friend of her adolescence, Anne concealed none of her thoughts, and we have what is certainly one of literature's great immediate records of that stormy time of a young girl's life. So extraordinary a personality, and so authentic a talent, speak from every page, that the reader's first emotion after coming to the close of the unfinished diary is one of an overwhelming sadness at the destruction of this one mind, this one spirit, this one young girl—an emotion which perhaps larger and more remote statistics have sometimes failed to rouse.

For the Gestapo discovered and entered the "secret annex" on August 4, 1944, and took the eight who had evaded them for two years to the concentration camp; only Otto Frank survived. Anne, not yet sixteen, died at Bergen-Belsen just two months before the liberation of Holland.

The original manuscript of the diary (published in Amsterdam in 1947) was found among some rubble in the hideout by the Dutch friends of the Frank family. The two installments we have printed form a much condensed version of the whole book, which Doubleday will issue later this month under the title *Anne Frank: Diary of a Young Girl*. The translation from the Dutch is by Mrs. B. M. Mooyart-Doubleday. The book has also had publication in England, France, and Germany.

1944

JANUARY 5—Yesterday I read an article about blushing by Sis Heyster. Although I don't blush very easily, the other things in it certainly all fit me. She writes roughly something like this—that a girl in the years of puberty becomes quiet inside and begins to think about the wonders happening to her body.

I think what is happening to me is so wonderful, and not only what can be seen on my body, but all that is taking place inside. I never discuss myself or any of these things with anybody; that is why I have to talk to myself about them. Each time I have a period—and that has only been three times—I have the feeling that in spite of all the pain, unpleasantness, and nastiness, I have a sweet secret, and that is why, although in a way it is nothing but a nuisance, I always long for the time that I shall feel that secret again.

Sis Heyster also writes that girls of this age don't feel quite sure of themselves, and discover that they themselves are individuals

with ideas, thoughts, and habits. After I came here, when I was just fourteen, I began to know that I am a "person." Sometimes, when I lie in bed at night, I have a terrible desire to feel my breasts and to listen to the quiet rhythmical beat of my heart.

I already had such feelings subconsciously before I came here, because I remember that once when I slept with a girl friend I had a strong desire to kiss her, and that I did. I could not help being terribly inquisitive about her body, for she had always kept it hidden from me. I asked her whether, as proof of our friendship, we should feel one another's breasts, but she refused. If only I had a girl friend!

January 6—My longing to talk to someone became so intense that somehow or other I took it into my head to choose Peter.

Whenever I've been upstairs in Peter's room during the day, it always struck me as very cosy, but because Peter is so shy and would never turn anyone out who became a

nuisance, I never dared stay long, because I was afraid he might think me a bore. I tried to think of an excuse to stay in his room and get him talking, and my chance came yesterday. Peter has a mania for crossword puzzles at the moment. I helped him with them and we soon sat opposite each other at his little table, he on the chair, and me on the couch. It gave me a queer feeling each time I looked into his deep blue eyes, and he sat there with that mysterious laugh playing round his lips. I was able to read his inward thoughts. I could see on his face that look of helplessness and uncertainty as to how to behave, and, at the same time, a trace of his sense of manhood. I noticed his shy manner and it made me feel very gentle; I couldn't refrain from meeting those dark eyes again and again, and with my whole heart I almost beseeched him: oh, tell me, what is going on inside you, oh, can't you look beyond this ridiculous chatter?

But the evening passed and nothing happened, except that I told him about blushing—naturally not what I have written, but just so that he would become more sure of himself as he grew older.

I have made up my mind to go and sit with Peter more often and to get him talking somehow or other. Whatever you do, don't think I'm in love with Peter—not a bit of it!

FEBRUARY 13, 1944—I used to think that Peter was in love with Margot, but yesterday I suddenly had the feeling that it's not so. I made a special effort not to look at him too much, because whenever I did, he kept on looking too and then—yes, then—it gave me a lovely feeling inside, but which I mustn't feel too often.

February 16—It's Margot's birthday. Peter came at half past twelve to look at the presents and stayed talking much longer than was strictly necessary—a thing he'd never have done otherwise. In the afternoon I went to get some coffee and, after that, potatoes, because I wanted to pamper Margot for just that one day in the year. I went through Peter's room; he took all his papers off the stairs at once and I asked whether I should close the trap door to the attic. "Yes," he replied, "knock when you come back, then I'll open it for you."

I thanked him, went upstairs, and searched at least ten minutes in the large barrel for the smallest potatoes. Then my back began to ache and I got cold. Naturally I didn't knock, but opened the trap door myself, but still he came to meet me most obligingly, and took the pan from me.

"I've looked for a long time, these are the

smallest I could find," I said. "Oh, but these are first-rate," he said, "I congratulate you!" At the same time he gave me such a gentle warm look which made a tender glow within me. I could really see that he wanted to please me, and because he couldn't make a long complimentary speech he spoke with his eyes. It gives me pleasure even now when I recall those words and that look he gave me.

When I went downstairs, Mummy said that I must go get some more potatoes, this time for supper. I willingly offered to go upstairs again. When I came into Peter's room, I apologized at having to disturb him again. On my way down, he came and opened the trap door and took the pan. When I reached the door I asked, "What are you doing?" "French," he replied. I asked if I might glance through the exercises, washed my hands, and went and sat on the couch facing him. We soon began talking, after I'd explained some of the French to him. He told me he wanted to go to the Dutch East Indies and live on a plantation later on. He talked about his home life, about the black market, and then he said that he felt so useless. I told him that he certainly had a very great inferiority complex. He talked about the Jews. He would have found it much easier if he'd been a Christian and if he could be one after the war. I asked if he wanted to be baptized, but that wasn't it. Who was to know whether he was a Jew, when the war was over, he said. This gave me rather a pang; it seems such a pity that there's always just a tinge of dishonesty about him. It was half past four by the time I left.

In the evening he said something else that I thought was nice. We were talking about a picture of a film star that I'd given him once, which has now been hanging in his room for at least a year and a half. He liked it very much and I offered to give him a few more sometime. "No," he replied, "I'd rather have only this. I look at her every day and she has come to be my friend." Now I understand more why he always hugs his cat. He needs some affection too, of course.

I'd forgotten something else that he talked about. He said, "I don't know what fear is, except when I think of my own shortcomings. But I'm getting over that too." Peter has a terrible inferiority complex. For instance, he always thinks that he is so stupid, and we are so clever. If I help him with his French, he thanks me a thousand times. Some day I shall turn and say: "Oh, shut up, you're much better at English and geography!"

February 18—Whenever I go upstairs now, I keep on hoping that I shall see "him." Because my life now has an object, and I have some-

thing to look forward to, everything has become more pleasant. At least the object of my feelings is always there, and I needn't be afraid of rivals, except Margot. Don't think I'm in love, because I'm not, but I do have the feeling all the time that something fine can grow up between us, something that gives confidence and friendship. If I get half a chance, I go up to him now. It's not like it used to be when he didn't know how to begin. It's just the opposite—he's still talking when I'm half out of the room. Mummy doesn't like it much, and says I'll be a nuisance and that I must leave him in peace. Honestly, doesn't she realize that I've got some intuition? She looks at me so queerly every time I go into Peter's little room. If I come downstairs from there, she asks me where I've been. I simply can't bear it, and think it's horrible.

February 27—From early in the morning till late at night, I really do hardly anything else but think of Peter. I sleep with his image before my eyes, dream about him, and he is still looking at me when I awake.

I have a strong feeling that Peter and I are really not so different as we would appear to be and I will tell you why. We both lack a mother. His is too superficial, loves flirting, and doesn't trouble much about what he thinks. Mine does bother about me, but lacks sensitivity, real motherliness. Peter and I both wrestle with our inner feelings, we are still uncertain and really too sensitive to be roughly treated. If we are, then my reaction is to "get away from it all." But as that is impossible, I hide my feelings, throw water and pans about the place, am noisy and boisterous, so that everyone wishes I were out of the way. He shuts himself up, daydreams, and in this way carefully conceals his true self.

But how and when will we finally reach each other? I don't quite know how long my common sense will keep this longing under control.

MARCH 3—When I looked into the candle this evening I felt calm and happy. Oma [Grandma] seems to be in the candle and it is Oma too who shelters and protects me and who always makes me feel happy again.

But . . . there is someone else who governs all my moods, and that is . . . Peter. The boy has such warmth in his eyes; I believe I'm pretty near to being in love with him. He talked about that this evening. I went into his room, after peeling the potatoes, and said that I felt so hot.

"You can tell what the temperature is by Margot and me; if it's cold we are white, and

whenever it's hot we are red in the face," I said.

"In love?" he asked.

"Why should I be in love?"

"Why not?" he said, and then we had to go to supper.

Could he have meant anything by that question? I finally managed to ask him today whether he didn't find my chatter a nuisance; he only said: "It's O.K. I like it!"

Kitty, I'm just like someone in love, who can only talk about her darling. And Peter really is a darling. When shall I be able to tell him so? Naturally, only if he thinks I'm a darling too. I get an understanding look from him about twice a day, I wink back, and we both feel happy.

March 14—Perhaps it would be entertaining for you to hear what we are going to eat today. I'm sitting on the Van Daans' table at the moment. I have a handkerchief soaked in some good scent (bought before we came here) over my mouth and held against my nose. You won't gather much from this, so let's "begin at the beginning."

The people from whom we obtained food coupons have been caught, so we just have our five ration cards and no extra coupons, and no fats. As both Miep and Koophuis are ill, Elli hasn't time to do any shopping, so the atmosphere is dreary and dejected, and so is the food. From tomorrow we shall not have a scrap of fat, butter, or margarine left. We can't have fried potatoes (to save bread) for breakfast any longer, so we have porridge instead, and as Mrs. Van Daan thinks we're starving, we have bought some whole-cream milk "under the counter." Our supper today consists of a hash made from kale which has been preserved in a barrel. Hence the precautionary measure with the handkerchief! It's incredible how kale can stink when it's a year old! The smell in the room is a mixture of bad plums, strong preservatives, and rotten eggs. Ugh! The mere thought of eating that muck makes me feel sick.

Added to this, our potatoes are suffering from such peculiar diseases that out of two buckets, a total of one manages to get to the stove. We amuse ourselves by searching for all the different kinds of diseases, and have come to the conclusion that they range from cancer and smallpox to measles! Oh no, it's no joke to be in hiding during the fourth year of the war. If only the whole rotten business were over!

I wouldn't care so much about the food, if only it were more pleasant here in other ways. There's the rub: this tedious existence is beginning to make us all touchy. The following are the views of the five grown-ups on the present situation:

Mrs. Van Daan: "The job as queen of the kitchen lost its attraction a long time ago. It's impossible to cook without any fats, and all these nasty smells make me feel sick. Nothing but ingratitude and rude remarks do I get in return for my services. And then, as I see it, very little progress is being made in the war; in the end the Germans will yet win. I keep thinking we're going to starve, and when I'm in a bad mood I scold everyone."

Mr. Van Daan: "I must smoke and smoke and smoke, and then the food, the political situation, and Kerli's moods don't seem so bad. Kerli is a darling wife." But if he hasn't anything to smoke: "I'm getting ill, I must have meat. Frightfully stupid person, my Kerli!" After this a terrific quarrel is sure to follow.

Mrs. Frank: "Food is not very important, but I would love a slice of rye bread now, I feel so terribly hungry. If I were Mrs. Van Daan, I would have put a stop to Mr. Van Daan's everlasting smoking a long time ago. But now I must definitely have a cigarette because my nerves are getting the better of me."

Mr. Frank: "Everything's all right, I don't need anything. Take it easy, we've ample time. Give me my potatoes and then I will keep my mouth shut. Put some of my rations on one side for Elli. The political situation is very promising, I'm extremely optimistic!"

Mr. Dussel: "The main thing is I must finish my work on time. Political situation 'outschtänding' and it is 'eempossible' that we'll be caught. As for myself, I—"

"I, I, I . . . !"

March 19—Yesterday was a great day for me. I had decided to talk things out with Peter. Just as we were going to sit down to supper I whispered to him, "Are you going to do short-hand this evening, Peter?" "No," was his reply. "Then I'd like to talk to you later!" He agreed. After the clearing up, I stood by the window in his parents' room a while, for the look of it, but it wasn't long before I went to Peter. He was standing on the left of the open window, I went and stood on the right and we talked.

We told each other so much, so very very much, that I can't repeat it all, but it was lovely; the most wonderful evening I have ever had in the "Secret Annex." I will tell you just briefly the various things we talked about. First we talked about the quarrels and how I regard them quite differently now, and then about the estrangement between us and our parents. I told Peter about Mummy and Daddy, and Margot, and about myself.

At one moment he asked, "I suppose you always give each other a good-night kiss, don't you?" "One? Dozens, why, don't you?" "No, I

have hardly ever kissed anyone." "Not even on your birthday?" "Yes, I have then."

We talked about how we neither of us confide in our parents. How I cry my heart out in bed, and he goes up into the loft and swears.

Then we talked about 1942, how different we were then. How we simply couldn't bear each other in the beginning. He thought I was much too talkative and unruly, and I soon came to the conclusion that I'd no time for him. I couldn't understand why he didn't flirt with me, but now I'm glad. He also mentioned how much he isolated himself from us all. I said that there was not much difference between my noise and his silence. That I love peace and quiet too, and have nothing for myself alone, except my diary. How glad he is that my parents have children here, and that I'm glad he is here. That I understand his reserve now and his relationship with his parents, and how I would love to be able to help him.

"You always do help me," he said. "How?" I asked very surprised. "By your cheerfulness." That was certainly the loveliest thing he said. It was wonderful, he must have grown to love me as a friend, and that is enough for the time being. I am so grateful and happy, I just can't find the words. I have the feeling now that Peter and I share a secret. If he looks at me with those eyes that laugh and wink, then it's just as if a little light goes on inside me!

March 20—This morning Peter asked me if I would come again some evening, and said that I really didn't disturb him, and if there's room for one there's room for two. I said that I couldn't come every evening, because they wouldn't like it downstairs, but he thought that I needn't let that bother me. Then I said that I would love to come some Saturday evening, and especially asked him to be sure to let me know when there was a moon. "Then we'll go downstairs," he answered, "and look at the moon from there."

In the meantime a little shadow has fallen on my happiness. I've thought for a long time that Margot liked Peter quite a lot too. How much she loves him I don't know, but I think it's dreadful. I must cause her terrible pain each time I'm with Peter, and the funny part of it is that she hardly shows it.

I know quite well that I'd be desperately jealous, but Margot only says that I needn't pity her. "I think it's so rotten that you should be the odd one out," I added. "I'm used to that," she answered, somewhat bitterly.

I don't dare tell Peter this yet, perhaps later on, but we've got so many other things to talk about first. I got a little telling off yesterday evening from Mummy, which I certainly de-

served. I mustn't overdo my indifference towards her. I must try once again to be friendly and keep my observations to myself. Even Pim is different lately. He is trying not to treat me as such a child, and it makes him much too cool. That's what I get!

March 20—I received this today: "Anne, when I said yesterday that I was not jealous of you I was only 50 per cent honest. It is like this: I'm jealous of neither you nor Peter. I only feel a bit sorry that I haven't found anyone yet, and am not likely to for the time being, with whom I can discuss my thoughts and feelings. But I wouldn't grudge it to you on that account.

"On the other hand, I know for certain that I would never have got so far with Peter anyway, because I have the feeling that if I wished to discuss a lot with anyone, I should want to be on rather intimate terms with him. I would want to have the feeling that he understood me through and through without my having to say much. But for that reason it would have to be someone whom I felt to be my intellectual superior, and that is not the case with Peter. But I can imagine it being so with you and Peter. You are not doing me out of anything which is my due."

My reply: "Dear Margot, I thought your letter was exceptionally sweet, but I still don't feel quite happy about it. At present there is no question of such confidence as you have in mind between Peter and myself, but in the twilight beside an open window you can say more to each other than in brilliant sunshine. Also it's easier to whisper your feelings than to trumpet them forth out loud. I believe that you are beginning to feel a kind of sisterly affection for Peter, and that you would love to help him, just as much as I.

"Let's not talk about it any more; but if you still want anything please write to me about it, because I can say what I mean much better on paper. You don't know how much I admire you, and I only hope that I may yet acquire some of the goodness that you and Daddy have. Yours, Anne."

March 27—One very big chapter of our history in hiding should really be about politics, but as this subject doesn't interest me personally very much, I'd rather let it go. So for once I will devote my whole letter to politics today.

It goes without saying that there are many different opinions on this subject, and it's even more logical that it should be a favorite subject for discussion in such critical times, but—it's just simply stupid that there should be so many quarrels over it. They may speculate, laugh,

abuse, and grumble, let them do what they will, as long as they don't quarrel.

The people from outside bring in a lot of news that is not true; but up to now our radio hasn't lied. Henk, Miep, Koophuis, Elli, and Kraler all show ups and downs in their political moods, Henk least of all. Political feeling here in the "Secret Annex" is always about the same. Optimists and pessimists, and above all, let's not forget the realists, and, just as with everything else, each thinks he's right. I've discovered something—the effects are stupendous, just like pricking someone with a pin and waiting to see how they jump. This is what I do: begin on politics. One question, one word, one sentence, and they're off!

Just as if the German Wehrmacht news bulletins and the BBC were not enough, they have now "Special Air Raid Announcement." The radio goes on early in the morning and is listened to until nine, ten, and often eleven o'clock in the evening. This is certainly a sign that the grown-ups have infinite patience, but it also means that the power of absorption of their brains is pretty limited, with the exception, of course—I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings. One or two news bulletins would be ample per day! But the old geese, well—I've said my piece! Ugh! It gets so boring.

I must mention one shining exception—a speech by our beloved Winston Churchill is quite perfect.

Nine o'clock Sunday evening. The teapot stands on the table. Dussel is next to the radio on the left, Mr. Van Daan in front of it, with Peter beside him. Mummy next to Mr. Van Daan, and Mrs. Van Daan behind him, and Pim at the table, with Margot and me beside him. The gentlemen puff away at their pipes, Peter's eyes are popping out of his head with the strain of listening, Mummy wearing a long dark negligee, and Mrs. Van Daan trembling because of the planes, which take no notice of the speech but fly blithely on towards Essen, Daddy sipping tea, Margot and I united in sisterly fashion by the sleeping Boche [the cat] who is monopolizing the knees of both of us. It all looks so intimate, cosy, peaceful, but I await the consequences with horror. They can hardly wait till the end of the speech. Brr, brr, brr—they egg each other on until the arguments wind up in discord and quarrels.

APRIL 1—And yet everything is still so difficult; I expect you can guess what I mean, can't you? I am so longing for a kiss, the kiss that is so long in coming. I wonder if all the time he still regards me as a friend? I am always the one who goes upstairs, he doesn't come to me.

April 3—In the twenty-one months that we've spent here, we have been through a good many "food cycles." I mean periods in which there is nothing to eat but one particular dish or one kind of vegetable. We had nothing but endive for a long time, day in day out, endive with sand, endive without sand, stew with endive, boiled or en casserole; then it was spinach, and after that followed Swedish turnip, salsify, cucumbers, tomatoes, sauerkraut, etc., etc. It's really disagreeable to eat a lot of sauerkraut for lunch and supper every day, but you do it if you're hungry.

But now we are in the most delightful period of all, because we don't get fresh vegetables of any kind. Our weekly menu for supper consists of kidney beans, pea soup, potatoes with dumplings, and, by the grace of God, occasionally turnip tops or rotten carrots, and then the kidney beans once again. We eat potatoes at every meal, beginning with breakfast, because of the bread shortage. We make our soup from kidney or string beans, potatoes, Julienne soup in packets, kidney beans in packets. Everything contains beans, not to mention the bread! In the evening we always have potatoes with gravy substitute and—thank goodness we've still got it—beet salad. I must still tell you about the dumplings, which we make out of government flour, water, and yeast. They are so sticky and tough, they lie like stones in one's stomach—ah well!

The great attraction each week is a slice of liver sausage and jam on dry bread. But we're still alive, and quite often we even enjoy our poor meals.

April 4—For a long time now I haven't had any idea of what I was working for any more; the end of the war is so terribly far away, so unreal, like a fairy tale. If the war isn't over by September I shan't go to school any more. Because I don't want to be two years behind. Peter filled my days—nothing but Peter, dreams and thoughts, until Saturday, when I felt so utterly miserable; oh, it was terrible. I held back my tears all the time I was with Peter, then laughed with Van Daan over a lemon punch, but the moment I was alone I knew that I would have to cry my heart out. So, in my nightdress, I slipped down to the floor. First I said my long prayer very earnestly, then I cried with my head on my arms, my knees bent up, on the bare floor. One large sob brought me back to earth again. I began trying to talk some courage into myself. I could only say: "I must, I must, I must. . . ."

And now it's all over. I must work, so as not to be a fool, to get on, to become a journalist, because that's what I want! I know that I can

write, a couple of my stories are good, my descriptions of the "Secret Annex" are humorous, there's a lot in my diary that speaks, but—whether I have real talent remains to be seen. "Eva's Dream" is my best fairy tale and the queer thing about it is that I don't know where it comes from. Quite a lot of "Cady's Life" is good too, but on the whole it's nothing. I am the best and sharpest critic of my own work. I know myself what is and what is not well written. Anyone who doesn't write doesn't know how wonderful it is: I used to bemoan the fact that I couldn't draw at all, but now I am happy that I can at least write. And if I haven't any talent for writing books or newspaper articles, well, then I can always write for myself. I want to do something; I can't imagine leading the same sort of life as Mummy and Mrs. Van Daan and all the women who do their work and are then forgotten. I must have something besides a husband and children, something that I can devote myself to! I want to go on living even after my death! And therefore I am grateful to God for giving me this gift, this possibility of developing myself and of writing, of expressing all that is in me.

I can shake off everything if I write: my sorrows disappear, my courage is reborn. But, and that is the great question, will I ever be able to write anything great? I hope so, oh, I hope so very much, for I can recapture everything when I write, my thoughts, my ideals, and my fantasies.

April 11—On Sunday evening Peter and I went to the front attic together and we took with us a few couch cushions. We seated ourselves on one packing case. Both the case and the cushions were very narrow, so we sat absolutely squashed together, leaning against other cases. Boche kept us company too, so we weren't unchaperoned.

Suddenly, at a quarter to nine, Mr. Van Daan whistled and asked if we had one of Dussel's cushions. We both jumped up and went downstairs. Dussel was annoyed that we had one of his cushions, one that he used as a pillow. He was afraid there might be fleas in it and made a great commotion about his beloved cushion! Peter and I put two hard brushes in his bed for revenge. We had a good laugh!

Our fun didn't last long. At half past nine Peter knocked softly on the door and asked Daddy if he would just help him upstairs over a difficult English sentence. "That's a blind," I said to Margot, "anyone can see through that!" I was right. Someone was breaking into the warehouse. Daddy, Van Daan, Dussel, and Peter were downstairs in a flash, Margot, Mummy, Mrs. Van Daan, and I stayed upstairs

and waited. Four frightened women can only talk, so talk we did, until we heard a bang downstairs. After that all was quiet, the clock struck a quarter to ten. Where could the men be? What was that bang? Could they be fighting the burglars? Ten o'clock, footsteps on the stairs: Daddy, white and nervous, entered, followed by Mr. Van Daan. "Lights out, creep upstairs, we expect the police!" I quickly grabbed a jacket and we were upstairs. "What happened? Tell us!" There was no one to tell us, the men had disappeared downstairs again. Only at ten past ten did they reappear; two kept watch at Peter's open window. We hung a jersey round the night light, and after that they told us:

Peter heard two loud bangs on the landing, ran downstairs, and saw that a large plank was missing from the left half of the door. He dashed upstairs, warned the "Home Guard" of the family, and the four of them proceeded downstairs. When they entered the warehouse, the burglars were in the act of enlarging the hole. Van Daan lost his head and shouted: "Police!"

A few hurried steps outside, and the burglars had fled. In order to avoid the hole being noticed by the police, a plank was put against it, but a good hard kick from outside sent it flying to the ground. Van Daan and Peter felt murder welling up in them; Van Daan beat on the floor with a hatchet, and all was quiet again. Once more they started to put the plank against the hole. Disturbance! A married couple outside shone a flashlight through the opening, lighting up the whole warehouse. "Hell!" muttered one of our men, and now they switched from their role of police to that of burglars. The four of them sneaked upstairs, Peter quickly opened the doors and windows of the kitchen and private office, flung the telephone on to the floor, and finally the four of them landed behind the swinging cupboard.

THE married couple with the flashlight would probably have warned the police: it was Sunday evening, Easter Sunday, no one at the office on Easter Monday, so none of us could budge until Tuesday morning. Think of it, waiting in such fear for two nights and a day! No one had anything to suggest, so we simply sat there in pitch darkness, because Mrs. Van Daan in her fright had unintentionally turned the lamp right out, talked in whispers, and at every creak one heard "Ssh! Ssh!"

It got to half past ten, eleven, but not a sound; Daddy and Van Daan joined us by turns. Then a quarter past eleven, a bustle and noise downstairs. Everyone's breath was audible, otherwise no one moved. Footsteps in the

house, in the private office, kitchen, then—on our staircase. No one breathed audibly now, footsteps on our staircase, then a rattling of the swinging cupboard. That moment is indescribable. "Now we are lost!" I said, and could see us all being taken away by the Gestapo that very night. Twice they rattled at the cupboard, then there was nothing, the footsteps withdrew, we were saved, so far. A shiver seemed to pass from one to another, I heard someone's teeth chattering, no one said a word.

Next we did three things: we went over again what we supposed had happened, we trembled with fear, and we had to go to the toilet. The buckets were in the attic, so all we had was Peter's tin wastepaper basket. Van Daan went first, then Daddy, but Mummy was too shy to face it. Daddy brought the wastepaper basket into the room, where Margot, Mrs. Van Daan, and I gladly made use of it. Finally Mummy decided to do so too. People kept on asking for paper—fortunately I had some in my pocket!

The tin smelled ghastly, everything went on in a whisper, we were tired, it was twelve o'clock. "Lie down on the floor then and sleep."

Talk, whispers, fear, stink, flatulency, and always someone on the pot; try to go to sleep! However, by half past two I was so tired that I knew no more until half past three. I awoke when Mrs. Van Daan laid her head against my feet. "For Heaven's sake, give me something to put on!" I said. I was given something, but don't ask what—a pair of woolen pants over my pajamas, a red sweater and a black skirt, sports stockings full of holes. Then Mrs. Van Daan sat in the chair and her husband came and lay on my feet. I lay thinking, shivering the whole time. I prepared myself for the return of the police: they would either be good Dutch people, then we'd be saved, or N.S.B.'ers,* then we'd have to bribe them!

"In that case, destroy the radio," sighed Mrs. Van Daan. "Yes, in the stove!" "If they find us, then let them find the radio as well!" "Then they will find Anne's diary," added Daddy. "Burn it then," suggested the most terrified member of the party. This, and when the police rattled the cupboard door, were my worst moments. "Not my diary; if my diary goes, I go with it!"

There is no object in recounting all the conversation, so much was said. I comforted Mrs. Van Daan, who was very scared. We talked about escaping and being questioned by the Gestapo, about being brave. "We must behave like soldiers, Mrs. Van Daan. If it's all up now, then let's go for Queen and country, for free—

* The Dutch Nazi party.—Ed.

dom, truth, and right, as they always say on the Dutch newscast from England. The only thing really rotten is that we get a lot of other people into trouble."

Four o'clock, five o'clock, half past five. Then I went and sat with Peter by his window, so close together that we could feel each other's bodies quivering; we spoke a word or two now and then, and listened attentively. In the room next door they took down the black-out. They wanted to ring up Koophuis at seven o'clock and get him to send someone round. Then they wrote down everything they wanted to tell Koophuis over the phone. The risk that the police on guard at the door, or in the warehouse, might hear the telephone was very great, but the danger of the police returning was even greater.

The points were these: Burglars broken in; police have been in the house, as far as the swinging cupboard, but no farther. Burglars apparently disturbed, forced open the door in the warehouse, and escaped through the garden. Main entrance bolted, Kraler must have used the second door when he left; the typewriters and adding machine are safe in the black case in the private office. Try to warn Henk and fetch the key from Elli, then go and look round the office—on the pretext of feeding the cat.

EVERYTHING went according to plan. Koophuis was rung up, the typewriters which we had upstairs were put in the case. Then we sat round the table and waited for Henk or the police.

Peter had fallen asleep and Van Daan and I were lying on the floor, when we heard loud footsteps downstairs. I got up quietly: "That's Henk." "No, no, it's the police," some of the others said. Someone knocked at the door, Miep whistled. This was too much for Mrs. Van Daan, she turned as white as a sheet.

Of course Henk and Miep were greeted with shouts and tears. Henk mended the hole in the door and soon went off to inform the police of the burglary. Miep had found a letter under the warehouse door also, from the night watchman Slagter, who had noticed the hole and warned the police.

So we had half an hour to tidy ourselves. I've never seen such a change take place in half an hour. Margot and I took the bedclothes downstairs, went to the toilet, washed, did our teeth and hair. After that I straightened the room a bit and went upstairs again. The table there was already cleared, so we made coffee and tea, boiled the milk, and laid the table for lunch. Daddy and Peter emptied the pots and cleaned them with warm water and chlorine.

At eleven o'clock we sat round the table with

Henk, who was back by that time, and slowly things began to be more normal and cosy again. Henk's story was as follows: Mr. Slagter was asleep, but his wife told Henk that her husband had found the hole in our door when he was making his rounds, and had got hold of a policeman, who had gone through the building with him. He would be coming to see Kraler on Tuesday and would tell him more then. The policeman would come and look round on Tuesday. On the way back Henk happened to meet our grocer, and told him that the house had been broken into. "I know that," he said quite coolly. "I was passing last evening with my wife and saw the hole in the door. My wife wanted to walk on, but I just had a look in with my flash; then the thieves cleared out at once. To be on the safe side, I didn't phone the police, I didn't think it was the thing to do. I don't know anything, but I guess a lot." Henk thanked him and went on. The man obviously guesses we're here, because he always brings the potatoes during the lunch hour. Decent fellow!

It was one by the time Henk had gone and we'd finished clearing up. We all took a nap. I awoke at a quarter to three and saw that Mr. Dussel had already disappeared. I ran into Peter in the washroom; he had just come down. We arranged to meet downstairs.

I tidied myself and went down. "Do you still dare to go to the front attic?" he asked. I nodded, fetched my pillow, and we went up to the attic. It was glorious weather, and soon the sirens were wailing. Peter put his arm round my shoulder, and I put mine round his, and so we remained, our arms round each other, quietly waiting until Margot came to fetch us for coffee at four o'clock.

We finished our bread, drank lemonade, and joked (we were able to again), everything was normal once more. In the evening I thanked Peter because he was the bravest of us all.

GOD truly protected us; just think of it—the police at our secret cupboard, the light on right in front of it, and still we remained undiscovered. If the invasion comes, and bombs with it, then it is each man for himself, but in this case the fear was also for our good, innocent protectors. "We are saved, go on saving us!" That is all we can say.

Kraler reproached us for our carelessness. Henk, too, said that in a case like that we must never go downstairs. We have been pointedly reminded that we are in hiding, we are Jews in chains, chained to one spot, without any rights, but with a thousand duties. We Jews mustn't show our feelings, must be brave and strong, must accept all inconveniences and not grum-

ble, must do what is within our power and trust in God. Sometime this terrible war will be over. Surely the time will come when we are people again, and not just Jews. Who has inflicted this upon us? Who has made us Jews different from all other people? Who has allowed us to suffer so terribly up till now? It is God who made us as we are, but it will be God who will raise us up again. If we bear all this suffering and if there are still Jews left when it is over, then Jews, instead of being doomed, will be held up as an example. Who knows, it might even be our religion, from which the world and all peoples learn good, and for that reason and that reason only, do we have to suffer now. We can never become just Northerlanders, or just English, we will always remain Jews, and we want to. God has never deserted our people.

During that night I really felt I must die. I was prepared, as the soldier is on the battlefield. I was eager to lay down my life for the country, but now, now I've been saved again, now my first wish for after the war is that I may become Dutch! I love the Dutch, I love this country, I love the language, and I want to work here. And even if I have to write to the Queen myself, I will not give up until I have reached my goal.

I am becoming more and more independent of my parents, young as I am, I face life with more courage than Mummy; my feeling for justice is immovable, and truer than hers. I know what I want, I have a goal, an opinion, I have a religion, and love. I know that I'm a woman, a woman with inward strength and plenty of courage. If God lets me live, I shall attain more than Mummy ever has done, I shall not remain insignificant, I shall work in the world and for mankind! And now I know that first and foremost I shall require courage and cheerfulness!

April 16—Remember yesterday's date, for it is a very important day in my life. Surely it is a great day for any girl when she receives her first kiss? Bram's kiss on my right cheek doesn't count any more, likewise the one from Mr. Walker on my right hand.

How did I suddenly come to get this kiss?

Yesterday evening at eight o'clock, I was sitting with Peter on his couch, it wasn't long before his arm went round me. "Let's move up a bit," I said, "then I won't bump my head against the cupboard." He moved up, almost into the corner, I laid my arm under his and across his back, and he just about buried me, because his arm was hanging on my shoulder.

Now we've sat like this on other occasions, but never so close together. He held me firmly against him, my left shoulder against his chest;

already my heart was beating faster, but we hadn't yet finished. He didn't rest until my head was on his shoulder and his against mine. When I sat upright again after about five minutes, he soon took my head in his hands and laid it against him once more. Oh, it was so lovely, I couldn't talk much, the joy was too great. He stroked my cheek and arm a bit awkwardly, played with my curls and our heads lay touching most of the time. I can't tell you, Kitty, the feeling that ran through me.

We got up at half past eight. Peter put on his gym shoes, so that when he toured the house he wouldn't make a noise, and I stood beside him. How it came about so suddenly, I don't know, but before we went downstairs, he kissed me, through my hair, half on my left cheek, half on my ear; I tore downstairs without looking round, and am simply longing for today.

April 17—Do you think that Daddy and Mummy would approve of my sitting and kissing a boy on a couch—a boy of seventeen and a half and a girl of just under fifteen? I don't really think they would, but I must rely on myself about this. It is so quiet and peaceful to lie in his arms and to dream, it is so thrilling to feel his cheek against mine, it is so lovely to know that there is someone waiting for me. But there is indeed a big "but," because will Peter be content to leave it at this? I haven't forgotten his promise, but . . . he is a boy.

April 25—Mrs. Van Daan was in such a bad mood this morning, nothing but complaints! First, there's her cold, and so much nose-blowing is unendurable. Next, it's that the sun's not shining, that the invasion doesn't come, that we can't look out of the windows, etc., etc. We all had to laugh at her; and she was sporting enough to join in.

What doesn't a schoolgirl get to know in a single day! Take me, for example. First, I translated a piece from Dutch into English, about Nelson's last battle. After that, I went through some more of Peter the Great's war against Norway (1700-1721), Charles XII, Augustus the Strong; Stanislaus Leozinsky, Mazeppa. After that, I landed up in Brazil, read about Bahia tobacco, the abundance of coffee, and about Negroes, mulattoes, mestizos, whites, more than 50 per cent of the population being illiterate, and the malaria. As there was still some time left, I quickly ran through a family tree. Jan the Elder, Willen Lodewijk, Ernst Casimir I, Hendrik Casimir I, right up to the little Margriet Franciska (born in 1943 in Ottawa).

Twelve o'clock: In the attic I continued my

program with the history of the Church—phew! Till one o'clock.

Just after two, the poor child sat working (hm, hm!) again, this time studying narrow-and broad-nosed monkeys. Kitty, tell me quickly how many toes a hippopotamus has! Then followed the Bible, Noah and the Ark, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. After that, Charles V with Peter; "The Colonel" in English by Thackeray. Studied my French verbs and then compared the Mississippi with the Missouri.

I've still got a cold and have given it to Margot as well as to Mummy and Daddy. As long as Peter doesn't get it! He called me his "Eldorado" and wanted a kiss. Of course, I couldn't! Funny boy! But still, he's a darling.

April 28—Yesterday when we were, as usual, sitting on the couch, our arms around each other's waists, suddenly the ordinary Anne slipped away and a second Anne took her place, a second Anne who is not reckless and jocular, but one who just wants to love and be gentle.

I sat pressed closely against him and felt a wave of emotion come over me, tears sprang into my eyes, the left one trickled on to his dungarees, the right one ran down my nose and also fell on to his dungarees. Did he notice? He made no move or sign to show that he did. I wonder if he feels the same as I do? He hardly said a word. Does he know that he has two Annes before him?

At half past eight, I stood up and went to the window, where we always say goodbye. I was still trembling. I was still Anne number two. He came towards me, I flung my arms round his neck and gave him a kiss on his left cheek, and was about to kiss the other cheek, when my lips met his and we pressed them together. In a whirl we were clasped in each other's arms, again and again, never to leave off. Oh, Peter does so need tenderness. For the first time in his life, he had discovered a girl, has seen for the first time, that even the most irritating girls have another side to them.

Once more, there is a question which gives me no peace: "Is it right? Is it right that I should have yielded so soon, that I am so ardent, just as ardent and eager as Peter himself? May I, a girl, let myself go to this extent?" There is but *one* answer: "I have longed so much and for so long—I am so lonely—and now I have found consolation."

MAY 2—On Saturday evening, I asked Peter whether he thought that I ought to tell Daddy a bit about us; he came to the conclusion that I should. I was glad, for it shows that he's an honest boy. I went off with Daddy

to get some water; and while we were on the stairs, I said, "Daddy, I expect you've gathered that, when we're together, Peter and I don't sit miles apart—do you think it's wrong?" Daddy didn't reply immediately, then said, "No, I don't think it's wrong, but you must be careful, Anne; you're in such a confined space here." On Sunday morning he called me to him and said, "Anne, I have thought more about what you said"—I felt scared. "It's not really very right—here in this house; I thought you were just pals. Is Peter in love?"

"Oh, of course not," I replied.

"I understand both of you, but you must be the one to hold back. Don't go upstairs so often, don't encourage him more than you can help. It is the man who is always the active one in these things; the woman can hold him back. It is quite different under normal circumstances, you see other boys and girls, you can get away sometimes, play games and do all kinds of other things; but here, if you're together a lot, and you want to get away, you can't; you see each other every hour of the day—in fact, all the time. Be careful, Anne, and don't take it too seriously!"

"I don't, Daddy, but Peter is a decent boy, really a nice boy!"

"Yes, but he is not a strong character; he can be easily influenced, for good, but also for bad; I hope for his sake that his good side will remain uppermost, because, by nature, that is how he is." We talked on a little, and agreed that Daddy should talk to him too.

On Sunday morning, in the attic, he asked, "And have you talked to your father, Anne?"

"Yes," I replied. "Daddy doesn't think it's bad, but he says that here, where we're so close together all the time, clashes may easily arise."

"But we agreed, didn't we, never to quarrel; and I'm determined to stick to it!"

"So will I, Peter, but Daddy didn't think that it was like this, he just thought we were pals; do you think that we still can be?"

"I can—what about you?"

"Me too, I told Daddy that I trusted you. I do trust you, Peter, just as much as I trust Daddy and I believe you to be worthy of it. You are, aren't you Peter?"

"I hope so." (He was very shy and rather red in the face.)

After that, we talked about other things. Later I said, "If we come out of here, I know quite well that you won't bother about me any more!"

He flared right up: "That's not true, Anne, oh no, I won't let you think that of me!"

May 5—Daddy is not pleased with me; he thought that after our talk on Sunday I auto-

matically wouldn't go upstairs every evening. He doesn't want any "necking," a word I can't bear. I shall talk to him today. Margot has given me some good advice; so listen, this is roughly what I mean to say: "You are disappointed in me, you had expected more reserve from me, and I suppose you want me to be just what a fourteen-year-old should be. But that's where you're mistaken! Since we've been here, from July 1942 until a few weeks ago, I can assure you that I haven't had an easy time. If you only knew how I cried in the evenings, how unhappy I was, how lonely I felt, then you would understand why I want to go upstairs!"

"I have now reached the stage where I can live entirely on my own, without Mummy's support or anyone else's. But it's been a bitter, hard struggle and I've shed many a tear, before I became as independent as I am now. I know that I'm a separate individual and I don't feel in the least bit responsible to any of you."

"When I was in difficulties you all closed your eyes and stopped up your ears, I received nothing but warnings not to be so boisterous. I was only boisterous so as not to be miserable all the time. I was reckless so as not to hear that persistent voice within me continually. I played a comedy for a year and a half, day in day out, I never grumbled, never lost my cue—and now, now the battle is over. I have won! I am independent both in mind and body. I don't need a mother any more, for all this conflict has made me strong."

"And now I want to be able to go on in my own way too, the way I think is right. You can't and mustn't regard me as fourteen, for all these troubles have made me older; I shall not be sorry for what I have done, but shall act as I think I can. You can't coax me into not going upstairs; *either* you forbid it, *or* you trust me through thick and thin."

May 6—I put a letter, in which I wrote what I explained to you, in Daddy's pocket before supper yesterday. After reading it, he was, according to Margot, very upset for the rest of the evening. Poor Pim, I might have known. He is so sensitive!

May 7—Daddy and I had a long talk yesterday afternoon, I cried terribly and he joined in. Do you know what he said to me, Kitty? "I have received many letters in my life, but this is certainly the most unpleasant! You, Anne, who have received such love from your parents, can you talk of feeling no responsibility towards us? You feel wronged and deserted; no, Anne, you have done us a great injustice! Perhaps you didn't mean it like that, but it is

what you wrote; no, Anne, we haven't deserved such a reproach as this!"

Oh, I have failed miserably; this is certainly the worst thing I've ever done in my life. I was only trying to show off, just trying to appear big, so that he would respect me. Certainly, I have had a lot of unhappiness, but to accuse the good Pim, who has done and still does everything for me—no, that was too low for words. It's right that for once I've been taken down from my lofty pedestal, that my pride has been shaken a bit. What Miss Anne does is by no means always right! Anyone who can cause such unhappiness to someone else, someone he professes to love, and on purpose too, is low, very low! And the way Daddy has forgiven me makes me feel more than ever ashamed of myself; he is going to throw the letter in the fire and is so sweet to me now, just as if he had done something wrong.

I have had a lot of sorrow, but who hasn't at my age? I have played the clown a lot too, but I was hardly conscious of it; I felt lonely, but hardly ever in despair! I ought to be deeply ashamed of myself, and indeed I am. I want to start from the beginning again and it can't be hard, now that I have Peter. I'm not alone any more; he loves me. I love him, I have my books, my stories, and my diary, I'm not so frightfully ugly, not utterly stupid, have a cheerful temperament, and want to have a good character!

Yes, Anne, you've felt deeply that your letter was too hard and that it was untrue. To think that you were even proud of it! I will take Daddy as my example, and I *will* improve.

May 8—Miep told us this morning about a party she went to, to celebrate an engagement. Miep made our mouths water telling us about the food they had: vegetable soup with meat balls, cheese, rolls, roast beef, fancy cakes, wine, cigarettes, as much as you wanted of everything (black market). Miep had ten drinks—can that be the woman who calls herself a teetotaler? There were two policemen who took photos of the engaged couple. It seems we are never far from Miep's thoughts, she took down the addresses of these men at once, in case anything should happen, and good Dutchmen might come in useful.

She made our mouths water. We, who get nothing but two spoonfuls of cereal for our breakfast and whose bellies were so empty that they were positively rattling, we, who get nothing but half-cooked spinach (to preserve the vitamins) and rotten potatoes day after day, we, who get nothing but lettuce, cooked or raw, spinach and more spinach in our hollow stomachs. Perhaps we may yet grow to be as

strong as Popeye, although I don't see much sign of it at present!

May 11—I'm frightfully busy at the moment, and although it sounds mad, I haven't time to get through my pile of work. By tomorrow I must finish reading the first part of "Galileo Galilei," for it has to be returned to the library. I only started it yesterday, but I shall manage.

Next week, I must read "Palestine at the Crossroads" and the second part of "Galilei." Next, I finished reading the first part of the biography of "The Emperor Charles V" yesterday, and now I must work out all the diagrams and family trees that I've collected from it. After that, I have three pages of foreign words taken from various books, which have all got to be recited, written down, and learned. Number four, my film stars are all mixed up together and are simply gasping to be straightened out. Next, Theseus, Oedipus, Peleus, Orpheus, Jason, and Hercules are all waiting their turn to be arranged, for their different deeds lie crisscross in my mind like fancy threads in a dress; it's also high time Myron and Phidias had some treatment, if they wish to remain at all coherent.

Oh, something else, the Bible; how long is it still going to take before I meet the bathing Susanna? And what do they mean by the guilt of Sodom and Gomorrah? Oh, there is still a terrible lot to find out and to learn. And, in the meantime, I've left Lisollette of the Pfalz completely in the lurch. Kitty, can you see that I'm just about bursting?

Now, about something else: You've known for a long time that my greatest wish is to become a journalist some day and later on a famous writer. Whether these leanings towards greatness (or insanity?) will ever materialize remains to be seen, but I certainly have the subjects in my mind. In any case, I want to publish a book entitled *Het Achterhuis** after the war. Whether I shall succeed or not, I cannot say, but my diary will be a great help. I have other ideas as well.

May 13—It was Daddy's birthday yesterday. Mummy and Daddy have been married nineteen years. The cleaning woman wasn't below and the sun shone as it has never shone before in 1944. Our horse chestnut is in full bloom, thickly covered with leaves and much more beautiful than last year.

Daddy received a biography of Linnaeus from Koophuis, a book on nature from Kraler, "Amsterdam by the Water" from Dussel, a

gigantic box from Van Daan, beautifully done up, containing three eggs, a bottle of beer, a bottle of yoghurt, and a green tie. It made our pot of syrup seem rather small. My roses smelled lovely, compared with Miep's and Elli's carnations which had no smell but were very pretty, too. Fifty fancy pastries have arrived, heavenly! Daddy himself treated us to spiced gingerbread, beer for the gentlemen, and yoghurt for the ladies.

May 16—I want to tell you a little discussion that went on between Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan yesterday.

Mrs. Van Daan: "The Germans are sure to have made the Atlantic wall very strong indeed, they will certainly do all in their power to hold back the English. It's amazing how strong the Germans are!"

Mr. Van Daan: "Oh yes, incredibly."

Mrs. Van Daan: "Ye-es."

Mr. Van Daan: "The Germans are strong, they're sure to win the war in the end, in spite of everything."

Mrs. Van Daan: "It's quite possible, I'm not convinced of the opposite yet."

Mr. Van Daan: "I won't bother to reply any more."

Mrs. Van Daan: "Still you always do answer me, you can't resist capping me every time."

Mr. Van Daan: "Of course not, but my replies are the bare minimum."

Mrs. Van Daan: "But still you do reply, and you always have to be in the right! Your prophecies don't always come true by a long shot."

Mr. Van Daan: "They have up till now."

Mrs. Van Daan: "That's not true. The invasion was to have come last year, and the Finns were to have been out of the war by now. Italy was finished in the winter, but the Russians would already have Lemberg; oh, no, I don't think much of your prophecies."

Mr. Van Daan (standing up): "It's about time you shut your mouth. The day will come when you'll see I'm right. I can't bear any more of your grumbling. You'll stew in your own juice one of these days."

I really couldn't help laughing. Mummy too, while Peter sat biting his lip. Oh, those stupid grown-ups, they'd do better to start learning themselves, before they have so much to say to the younger generation!

May 19—I felt rotten yesterday, really out of sorts (unusual for Anne!), with bellyache, and every other imaginable misery. I'm much better again today, feel very hungry, but I'd better not touch the kidney beans today.

* "The Annex." This title was used for the Dutch edition of Anne's journal.—Ed.

All goes well with Peter and me. The poor boy seems to need a little love even more than I do. He blushes every evening when he gets his good-night kiss and simply begs for another. I wonder if I'm a good substitute for Boche? I don't mind, he is so happy now that he knows that someone loves him. After my laborious conquest, I've got the situation a bit more in hand now, but I don't think my love has cooled off. He's a darling, but I soon closed up my inner self from him. If he wants to force the lock again, he'll have to work a good deal harder than before!

May 22—May 20, Daddy lost five bottles of yoghurt on a bet with Mrs. Van Daan. The invasion still hasn't come; it's no exaggeration to say that all Amsterdam, all Holland, yes, the whole west coast of Europe, right down to Spain, talks about the invasion day and night, and makes bets on it and . . . hopes.

To our great horror, we hear that there is anti-Semitism now in circles it had never touched before. This news has affected us all very, very deeply. The cause of this hatred of the Jews is understandable, even human sometimes, but not good. The Christians blame the Jews for giving secrets away to the Germans, for betraying their helpers, and for the fact that, through the Jews, a great many Christians have suffered terrible punishments and a dreadful fate. But one must always look at these things from both sides. Would Christians behave differently in our place? The Germans have a way of making people talk. Can a person entirely at their mercy, Jew or Christian, continue to remain silent? Everyone knows that is practically impossible. Why then should people demand the impossible of the Jews?

It's being whispered in underground circles that the German Jews who emigrated to Holland, and who are now in Poland, may not be allowed to return here; when Hitler has gone, they will have to go back to Germany again. When one hears this, one naturally wonders why we are carrying on with this long and difficult war? We always hear that we're all fighting together, for freedom, truth, and right! Is discord going to show itself while we are still fighting, is the Jew once again worth less than another? Oh, it is sad, very sad, that once more, for the umpteenth time, the old truth is confirmed: "What *one* Christian does is his own responsibility, what *one* Jew does is thrown back at all Jews."

I cannot understand how the Dutch, who are such a good, honest, upright people, can judge us like this, we, the most oppressed, the unhappiest, perhaps the most pitiful of all peoples of the whole world. I hope *one* thing only,

that this hatred of the Jews will be a passing thing, that the Dutch will show what they are after all, and that they will never totter and lose their sense of right. For anti-Semitism is unjust! I love Holland, I who, without a native country, had hoped that it might become my fatherland, and I still hope it will!

May 25—This morning our vegetable man was picked up for having two Jews in his house. The world has turned topsy-turvy, respectable people are being sent off to concentration camps, prisons, and lonely cells, and the dregs that remain govern young and old, rich and poor.

This man is a great loss to us, too. The girls cannot and are not allowed to haul along our share of potatoes, so the only thing to do is eat less. Mummy says we shall cut out breakfast altogether, have porridge and bread for lunch, and for supper fried potatoes, and possibly once or twice a week vegetables or lettuce, nothing more. But anything is better than being discovered.

May 26—At last, at last, I can sit quietly and write you everything.

I feel so miserable, I haven't felt like this for months; even after the burglary I didn't feel so utterly broken. On the one hand, the vegetable man, the Jewish question, which is being discussed minutely throughout the whole house, the invasion delay, the bad food, the strain, the miserable atmosphere, my disappointment in Peter; and, on the other hand, Elli's engagement, the Whitsun reception, flowers, Kraler's birthday, fancy cakes, and stories about cabarets, films, and concerts. That difference, that huge difference, it's always there; one day we laugh and see the funny side of the situation but the next we are afraid, fear, suspense, and despair staring from our faces. Miep and Kraler carry the heaviest burden of the eight in hiding, Miep in all she does, and Kraler through the enormous responsibility, which is sometimes so much for him that he can hardly talk from pent-up nerves and strain. Koophuis and Elli look after us well too, but they can forget us at times, even if it's only for a few hours, or a day, or even two days. They have their own worries, Koophuis over his health, Elli over her engagement, which is not altogether rosy, but they also have their little outings, visits to friends, and the whole life of ordinary people. For them the suspense is sometimes lifted, even if it is only for a short time, but for us it never lifts for a moment. We've been here for two years now; how long have we still to put up with this almost unbearable, ever increasing pressure?

The sewer is blocked, so we mustn't run water, or rather only a trickle; when we go to the W.C. we have to take a lavatory brush with us, and we keep dirty water in a large cologne pot. We can manage for today, but what do we do if the plumber can't do the job alone? The municipal scavenging service doesn't come until Tuesday.

Miep sent us a raisin cake, in the shape of a doll, with the words "Happy Whitsun" on the note attached to it. It's almost as if she's ridiculing us; our present frame of mind and our uneasiness could hardly be called "happy." The affair of the vegetable man has made us more nervous, you hear "ssh, ssh" from all sides. The police forced the door there, so they could do it to us too! If one day we too should . . . no, I mustn't write it, but I can't put the question out of my mind today. On the contrary, all the fear I've already been through seems to stand before me again.

Again and again I ask myself, would it not have been better for everyone if we had not gone into hiding, if we were dead now and not going through all this misery, especially since then we shouldn't be exposing our protectors to danger? But, also, we all recoil from these thoughts, for we still love life; we haven't yet forgotten the voice of nature, we still hope. I hope something will happen soon now, shooting, even—nothing can crush us *more* than this restlessness. Let the end come, even if it is hard; then at least we shall know whether we are finally going to win through or go under.

JUNE 6—"This is D-day," came the announcement over the British broadcast, and "this is the day."* The invasion has begun! We discussed it over the "Annex" breakfast at nine o'clock: Is this just a trial landing like Dieppe two years ago? British broadcast in German, Dutch, French, and other languages at ten o'clock: "The invasion has begun!"—that means the "real" invasion. British broadcast in German at eleven o'clock, speech by Supreme Commander Dwight Eisenhower.

Oh Kitty, the best part of the invasion is that I have the feeling friends are approaching. We have been oppressed by those terrible Germans for so long, they have had their knives so at our throats, that the thought of friends and delivery fills us with confidence!

Perhaps, Margot says, I may yet be able to go back to school in September or October.

June 9—Super news of the invasion. Every evening, war correspondents give news from the battle front, telling us of the difficulties,

courage, and enthusiasm of the army; they manage to get hold of the most incredible stories. We heard that Churchill wanted to land with the troops on D-day. Just think of it, what pluck he has for such an old man—he must be seventy at least.

The excitement here has worn off a bit; still, we're hoping that the war will be over at the end of this year. It'll be about time too! Mrs. Van Daan's grouching is absolutely unbearable; now she no longer can drive us crazy about the invasion, she nags us the whole day long about the bad weather.

June 13—Another birthday has gone by, so now I'm fifteen. I received quite a lot of presents. All five parts of Sprenger's "History of Art," some underwear, a handkerchief, two bottles of yoghurt, a jar of jam, a gingerbread cake, and a book on botany from Mummy and Daddy, a double bracelet from Margot, a book from the Van Daans, sweet peas from Dussel, candy and exercise books from Miep and Elli, and the high spot of all: the book "Maria Theresa" and three slices of whole-cream cheese from Kraler. A lovely bunch of peonies from Peter; the poor boy took a lot of trouble to try and find something, but didn't have any luck.

Yesterday Churchill, Smuts, Eisenhower, and Arnold visited French villages that have been liberated. The torpedo boat that Churchill was in shelled the coast. He appears not to know what fear is—it makes me envious!

June 14—My head is haunted by so many wishes and thoughts, accusations and reproaches. I'm really not as conceited as so many people seem to think, I know my own faults and shortcomings better than anyone, but the difference is that I also know that I want to improve, shall improve, and have already improved a great deal.

Mrs. Van Daan thinks I'm stupid, because I'm not quite so lacking in intelligence as she is; she thinks I'm forward, because she's even more so; she thinks my dresses are too short, because hers are even shorter.

Now I criticize and reprimand myself far more than anyone else does. Then, if Mummy adds her bit of advice, the pile of sermons becomes so insurmountable that in my despair I become rude and then, of course, the old well-known Anne watchword is back: "No one understands me!" This phrase sticks in my mind; I know it sounds silly, yet there is some truth in it. I often accuse myself to such an extent that I simply long for a word of comfort, for someone to give me some sound advice and draw out a little of my real self; but alas, I haven't found anyone yet.

* Original in English.—Ed.

I know that you'll immediately think of Peter, won't you? It's like this: Peter loves me, not as a lover, but as a friend, and grows more affectionate every day. But what is the mysterious something that holds us both back? I don't understand it myself. Sometimes I think that my terrible longing for him was exaggerated, yet that's really not it, because if I don't go up to see him for two days, then I long for him more desperately than ever before. Peter is good and he's a darling, but still, there's no denying that there's a lot about him that disappoints me. Especially his dislike of religions and all his talk about food and various other things don't appeal to me. And yet, why should he keep his innermost self to himself and why am I never allowed there?

Both Peter and I have spent our most meditative years in the "Secret Annex." We often discuss the future, the past, and the present, but as I've already said, I still seem to miss the real thing and yet I know that it's there.

June 15—I wonder if it's because I haven't been able to poke my nose outdoors for so long, that I've grown so crazy about everything that has to do with nature? There was a time when a deep blue sky, the song of the birds, moonlight, and flowers could never have held me spellbound. That's changed since I've been here.

At Whitsun, for instance, when it was so warm, I stayed awake on purpose until half past eleven, one evening, in order to have a good look at the moon for once by myself. Alas, the sacrifice was in vain, the moon gave far too much light and I didn't dare risk opening a window. Another time, some months ago now, I happened to be upstairs when the window was open. I didn't go downstairs until the window had to be shut. The dark rainy evening, the gale, the scudding clouds, held me entirely in their power; it was the first time in a year and a half that I'd seen the night face to face. After that evening, my longing to see it again was greater than my fear of burglars, rats, and raids on the house. I went downstairs all by myself and looked outside through the windows in the kitchen and the private office. It's not imagination on my part, when I say that to look up at the sky, the clouds, the moon, and the stars, makes me calm and patient. Alas, it has had to be that I am only able—except on a few rare occasions—to look at nature through dirty net curtains hanging before very dusty windows. And it's no pleasure looking through these any longer, because nature is just the one thing that really must be unadulterated.

June 16—New problems: Mrs. Van Daan is

desperate, talks about a bullet through her head, prison, hanging, suicide. She's jealous that Peter confides in me and not her. She's offended that Dussel doesn't respond to her flirtations, afraid that her husband is smoking all the fur-coat money away, she quarrels, uses abusive language, cries, pities herself, laughs, and then starts a fresh quarrel again. What on earth can one do with such a foolish, blubbing specimen?

JULY 8—The chief representative of the business, Mr. B., has been in Beverwijk and managed to get strawberries at the auction sale. They arrived here, dusty, covered with sand, but in large quantities. No less than twenty-four trays, for the office people and us. That very same evening, we bottled six jars and made eight pots of jam. The next morning Miep wanted to make jam for the office people.

At half past twelve, no strangers in the house, front door bolted, trays ready, Peter, Daddy, Van Daan clattering on the stairs: Anne get hot water, Margot fetch a bucket, all hands on deck! I went into the kitchen, which was crowded, Miep, Elli, Koophuis, Henk, Daddy, Peter: the families in hiding and their supply-column, all together, and in the middle of the day too!

People can't see in from outside because of the net curtains, but even so, the loud voices and banging doors positively gave me the jitters. Are we really supposed to be in hiding? That's what flashed through my mind and it gives one a very queer feeling to be able to appear in the world again. The pan was full, and I dashed upstairs again. The rest of the family was seated round our table in the kitchen, busy picking the stems—more went into mouths than into buckets. Another bucket would soon be required. Peter went to the downstairs kitchen again—the bell rang twice. Peter tore upstairs, locked the cupboard door. We couldn't turn on the faucet, even though the strawberries were only half washed.

At one o'clock, Henk came and told us it was the postman. Peter hurried downstairs again. Ting-a-ling . . . the bell, right about turn. Finally, Peter and I both lean over the bannisters like a couple of thieves, listening to the din downstairs. No strange voices, Peter sneaks down, stops halfway and calls out: "Elli!" No answer, once more: "Elli!" Peter's voice is drowned by the din in the kitchen. He goes right down, and into the kitchen. I stand looking down tensely. "Get upstairs at once, Peter, the accountant is here, clear out!" It was Koophuis speaking. Peter comes upstairs sighing, the cupboard door closes. Finally, Kraler arrives at half past one.

We eat strawberries with our cereal, skimmed milk with strawberries, bread and butter with strawberries, strawberries for dessert, strawberries with sugar, strawberries with sand. For two whole days, strawberries, and nothing but strawberries, then the supply was finished or in jars.

"I say, Anne," Margot calls out, "the grocer on the corner has let us have some green peas, nineteen pounds." "That's nice of him," I replied. And it certainly is, but oh, the work . . . ugh!

"You've all got to help shell peas on Saturday morning," Mummy announced when we were at table. And, sure enough, the big enamel pan duly appeared this morning filled to the brim. Shelling peas is a boring job, but you ought to try "skinning" the pods. I don't think many people realize how soft and tasty the pod is when the skin on the inside has been removed. An even greater advantage is that the eatable quantity is about three times as much. It's an exceptionally finicky job, pulling out this skin; perhaps it's all right for pedantic dentists or precise office workers, but for an impatient teen-ager like me, it's frightful. We began at half past nine. This refrain hummed in my ears: bend the top, pull the skin, remove the string, throw out the pod, etc., etc. They dance before my eyes, green, green, green maggots, strings, rotten pods, green, green, green. Just for the sake of doing something, I chatter the whole morning, any nonsense that comes into my head, make everyone laugh, and bore them stiff. But every string that I pull makes me feel more certain that I never, never want to be just a housewife only!

We finally have breakfast at twelve o'clock, but from half past twelve until quarter past one, we've got to go skinning pods again. I'm just about seasick when I stop. I go and sleep till four o'clock, but I'm still upset by those wretched peas.

AUGUST 1—I've already told you before that I have, as it were, a dual personality. One half embodies my exuberant cheerfulness, making fun of everything, my high spiritedness, and above all, the way I take everything lightly. This includes not taking offense at a flirtation, a kiss, an embrace, a dirty joke. This side is usually lying in wait and pushes away the other, which is much better, deeper, and purer. You must realize that no one knows Anne's better side and that's why most people find me so insufferable.

Yes, I'm a giddy clown for an afternoon, but then everyone's had enough of me for a month. I loathe having to tell you this, but why shouldn't I, if I know it's true? My lighter su-

perficial side will always be too quick for the deeper side of me and that's why it will always win. You can't imagine how often I've already tried to push this Anne away, to cripple her, to hide her, because after all, she's only half of what's called Anne: but it doesn't work and I know, too, why it doesn't work.

I'm awfully scared that everyone who knows me as I always am will discover that I have another side, a finer and better side. I'm afraid they'll laugh at me, think I'm ridiculous and sentimental, not take me seriously. I'm used to not being taken seriously but it's only the "lighthearted" Anne that's used to it and can bear it; the "deeper" Anne is too frail for it. Sometimes, if I really compel the good Anne to take the stage for a quarter of an hour, she simply shrivels up as soon as she has to speak, and lets Anne number one take over, and before I realize it, she has disappeared.

Therefore, the nice Anne is never present in company, has not appeared one single time so far, but almost always predominates when we're alone. I know exactly how I'd like to be, how I am too . . . inside. But, alas, I'm only like that for myself.

As I've already said, I never utter my real feelings about anything and that is how I've acquired the name of chaser-after-boys, flirt, know-all, reader of love stories. The cheerful Anne laughs about it, gives fresh answers, shrugs her shoulders indifferently, behaves as if she doesn't care, but, oh, the quiet Anne's reactions are just the opposite. If I'm to be quite honest, then I must admit that it does hurt me, that I try terribly hard to change myself, but that I'm always fighting against a more powerful enemy.

A voice sobs within me: "There you are, that's what's become of you: you're uncharitable, you look supercilious and peevish, people dislike you, and all because you won't listen to the advice given you by your own better half." Oh, I would like to listen, but it doesn't work; if I'm quiet and serious, everyone thinks it's a new comedy and then I have to get out of it by turning it into a joke; not to mention my own family, who are sure to think I'm ill, make me swallow pills for headaches and nerves, feel my neck and head to see whether I'm running a temperature, ask if I'm constipated, and criticize me for being in a bad mood. I can't keep that up: if I'm watched to that extent, I start by getting snappy, then unhappy, and finally I twist my heart round again, so that the bad is on the outside and the good is on the inside and keep on trying to find a way of becoming what I would so like to be, and what I could be if . . . there weren't any other people in the world.

[The diary ends here.]

ORTHODOX JUDAISM MOVES WITH THE TIMES

The Creativity of Tradition

EMANUEL RACKMAN

CAN there ever be anything new in Orthodoxy? Does not Orthodoxy believe that what was, should always be? The same question is often phrased in a more sophisticated way: can a revealed religion evolve? Given God's timeless will, can man arrogate to himself the right to change it?

In general, a pat negative is assumed to be the correct reply to questions such as these, so that many American Jews have come to regard Orthodox Judaism as monolithic—as having a fixed philosophy, and an absolutely inflexible approach based on Jewish Law. The very term “Orthodox” conjures up the image of a central authority, comparable to the Pope, who makes ultimate decisions binding upon the faithful. This is not even true of Roman Catholicism, and far less so of Orthodox Judaism. There have always been, and still are, different modes of Orthodox Jewish thought and practice, and Orthodoxy has always admitted a great measure of innovation. It is a fact that Orthodox Judaism has more splinter rabbinic groups than either Conservative or Reform Judaism. And while Conservative and Reform rabbis are predominantly American, Orthodox Judaism has substantial rabbinic groups all over the world; their number and diversity often re-

flect ideological differences as well as national and geographical ones, and some members of these groups may actually espouse ideas that are atypical for the particular groups to which they belong.

A few examples from contemporary Jewish life will show that not all Orthodox Jews think alike or act alike. The two largest Orthodox rabbinic groups in America are at odds over the use of microphones in synagogues on the Sabbath. The largest Orthodox rabbinical seminaries in New York disagree as to the propriety of studying non-Jewish culture. The Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary, by far the largest, advocates the mastering of all Western thought in order to create an ultimate synthesis with Jewish learning—with this aim in mind, it founded Yeshiva University and now projects medical and dental schools. The Mesifitos of Brooklyn hold that secular studies endanger faith, and that if a rabbinical student wants a baccalaureate degree, it would be better for him to major in a subject that would not impinge upon his religious convictions—mathematics, for example. The Lubawitcher Yeshiva simply forbids its students to attend college.

One large group of Orthodox rabbis today seeks greater cooperation with their Conservative and Reform colleagues in whatever areas their programs are similar. They want to work together in the Synagogue Council of America, in the Division of Religious Activities of the National Jewish Welfare Board, in the New York Board of Rabbis, in the Jewish Military Chaplains Association. But another group of Orthodox rabbis—very weak until, with the most recent influx of Jewish immigrants from Central and Eastern Europe, Agudat Yisrael influence came to shore it up—would even refuse to address as “rabbi” anyone not Orthodox.

THERE is a belief in some circles that Orthodox Judaism is a petrified survivor of the past, entirely oblivious to the winds of modern doctrine and the needs of present-day Jewish experience. How erroneous this conception is can be seen from Rabbi EMANUEL RACKMAN's report on how Orthodox thinkers are grappling with all the problems—and all the ideologies—of our day. Rabbi Rackman is spiritual leader of Congregation Shaaray Tefila in Far Rockaway, New York. He was born in Albany, New York, in 1910 and studied at Yeshiva University, Columbia College, and Columbia Law School.

With regard to the re-establishment of the Sanhedrin there is also a wide spectrum of opinion. Even its advocates are not in agreement: some want a central authority only in order to impose uniformity on Orthodox practice throughout the world, others want it in order to effect changes in at least rabbinic, if not Biblical, law. Opposition to the Sanhedrin among Orthodox Jews includes both "rightists" and "leftists." The "rightists" oppose a Sanhedrin on the ground that our generation is not pious enough to make any changes whatever in Jewish Law. The "leftists" oppose a Sanhedrin because they are in dread of what those who control it might do; they prefer that freedom which still prevails in Orthodoxy because of the very absence of a central authority.

ONE should not be surprised to learn that almost every modern approach to religion is reflected in the thinking of one or another Orthodox rabbi. It is not, however, easy to demonstrate this from published sources. Orthodox Jewry does not have a single journal devoted exclusively to philosophy or theology. The literary creativity of Orthodox Jews, as evidenced in such Hebrew periodicals as *Hapardes*, *Hamaor*, *Hakochav*, still goes overwhelmingly into matters juridical—or Halachic, a term to be preferred.* Even Yeshiva University's *Talpioth* has comparatively small sections devoted to problems other than Jewish Law and its sources. Nevertheless, there is sufficient evidence available, in published and unpublished form, to indicate that every trend in current religious thought has a protagonist among Orthodox Jews.

Contemporary religious thinking is generally of three kinds—psychological, sociological, or metaphysical. The psychological approach to religion involves the analysis and propagation of religion with "peace of mind" as its end. The sociological approach involves the analysis and propagation of religion as a means of uniting a group of peo-

ple into a single moral community for the conservation of the values they hold in common. The metaphysical approach is typically Orthodox in spirit, in that it insists on the need for God's revealed will; it sees its main enemy in a humanism that makes man the center of existence and the arbiter of ultimate value.

The psychological and the sociological points of view are best illustrated in the books of Joshua Loth Liebman and Mordecai M. Kaplan, whereas the metaphysical is found in writings by Abraham Joshua Heschel and Will Herberg. Echoes of all three orientations are to be found in the writings of Orthodox Jews, but while Reform Jewish thinkers have been most creative in the psychological, and Conservative thinkers in the sociological field, the leading contemporary Orthodox thinker and teacher, Joseph B. Soloveichik, devotes himself mainly to religious metaphysics.

Like most generalizations, this one is vulnerable. For example, the late Milton Steinberg, a Conservative rabbi, became very much interested in the last years of his life in Existentialism, which stresses the metaphysical, and Mr. Herberg, whose great book, *Judaism and Modern Man*, is a splendid example of religious metaphysics, admits how much indebted he is to Rabbi Steinberg. Nonetheless, Herberg's book is so remote from the kind of thinking prevailing in Conservative circles that it does not quote Steinberg's writings at all, and Mordecai Kaplan only once, and then on a peripheral topic. For the psychological approach of Joshua Liebman, which predominates in Reform Jewish thought, as does a preoccupation with the aesthetic, Herberg has only scorn, a scorn matched by Joseph Soloveichik's. Both regard the humanist root of this Reform attitude as the most modern manifestation of idolatry.

Nonetheless, as I have said, there are exponents of all three approaches among Orthodox Jews. Thus Rabbi Leo Jung often writes and speaks of "Torah as the direction to happy and noble living." The ceremonial of Judaism helps in moments of great emo-

* Halachah means literally "the right way," and refers to a spiritual norm as well as to purely legal precedent.

tional disturbance: "It reduces the expenditure of emotional energy and steadies our heartbeat, preventing us from losing balance in hours alike of extreme happiness or unhappiness." Furthermore, the typical literature that Orthodox Jews publish on religious observances affecting sexual relations dwells on their value in promoting marital happiness and in strengthening the home as the "nursery for well-balanced personalities." In the new state of Israel, too, where the rabbinat is quite completely Orthodox, this viewpoint has not been without its spokesmen.

The sociological approach has one of its ablest Orthodox spokesmen in Professor Maurice H. Farbridge. He writes: "Religion does for the social organism what nerves do for the body. It is the function of the nerves to bind all parts of the body together, and so place the resources of the whole at the disposal of every part. In like manner it is the function of religion to bear the thought and the will of God upon any given point in the social organism." More revealing, however, is the general reaction of Orthodox rabbis to many of Mordecai Kaplan's theses. Orthodox Jews rejected his views on Jewish Law, as did most of his Conservative colleagues, but they took even greater umbrage at his calling Orthodox Jewish theology otherworldly. Many Orthodox rabbis resented this, and whether they did so justifiably is not relevant at the moment: the point is that, like Rabbi Kaplan, they too regard Judaism as very much this-worldly, with its validity determined by its personal and social significance in the here and now.

But the greatest of Orthodox rabbis today, Joseph B. Soloveichik, speaks through metaphysics. Descended from an internationally known family of Talmudists in Volozhin and Brest-Litovsk, Rabbi Soloveichik is not only a great master of rabbinic literature, but a graduate of the University of Berlin, where he became equally proficient in philosophy, mathematics, and physics. At present, he teaches in the Seminary and Graduate School of Yeshiva University, and often gives public lectures that—whether in Eng-

lish, Hebrew, or Yiddish—bring out people in the thousands, for he is a great orator as well as a scholar. It is to be regretted that he has published so little, yet he is a very prolific writer. His greatest influence has been upon the intimate circle of the students whom he teaches and inspires at Yeshiva University, and upon the privileged few who see the texts of his lectures.

SOLOVEICHIK regards as altogether too simple the popular notion of religious experience as one preeminently pleasing and soothing—a stream of delight and relaxation and an asylum from the frustrations of life. This conception of religion Rabbi Soloveichik deems a fraud, the result of a surrender on the part of religious thinkers to the desire of the mass of men to lose themselves in states of bliss. It also echoes Rousseau in his flight from reason, and much subsequent romanticist thought. Religion's invitation has been misinterpreted to say: "If thou cravest peace, if thou cravest integration, make the leap of faith." In the flight from reason and the rejection of objective truth, Rabbi Soloveichik sees the cause of the moral deterioration of contemporary man. He would prefer to see religion wedded to a cold objectivity and rationality, even though faith and reason may at times appear to conflict with one another, rather than derive religion from man's instinctual longings.

Also, he asserts, the highest form of religious experience comes from constant turmoil and from the experiencing of life's irreconcilable antitheses—from the simultaneous affirmation and abnegation of the self, the simultaneous awareness of the temporal and the eternal, the simultaneous clash of freedom and necessity, the simultaneous love and fear of God, his simultaneous transcendence and immanence. True, with the departure of Sabbath's peace, Jews may sing, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." But the road to the green pastures is a narrow and winding one, along a steep cliff, with a bottomless pit below. It is the other words of the Psalmist—"From the deep

I called unto Thee, O Lord"—that describe the most authentic religious experience, and the deep is a deep of antinomies, doubts, and spiritual travail.

That Rabbi Soloveichik has impressed few English writers is evident from the fact that though he anticipated Herberg's approach to Judaism, Herberg does not mention or cite him once in *Judaism and Modern Man*. Yet he is the mentor of a whole new generation of Orthodox rabbis, and they in time will either commit the wisdom of the master to writing or develop it in his spirit.

IN A sense, it can be said that Rabbi Soloveichik is trying to fuse the emotional intensity of Existentialism with the hard logic of rationalism. Yet in traditional Jewish style, his philosophy is derived from, and applied to, the Halachah of Judaism. He is not content with the way in which Jewish scholars have heretofore examined the sources: to reconcile conflicting authorities and to arrive at the correct rule of Law is only one phase of Jewish jurisprudence. Soloveichik finds the essential antinomies of religious reality also incarnated in Halachic matter. A dispute over the extent of liability in a particular tort, the question of a prohibited form of work on the Sabbath, or of the proper preparation of a temple offering—all these may become for him the basis of a theological insight. In this, he is in the tradition of the illustrious Abraham I. Kook, late Chief Rabbi of Palestine, who derived a philosophy of Jewish community, as opposed to mere "collectivity," from Talmudic law on the acquisition of property.

Given the premise that all the Law is God's revealed will, it follows logically that all of it will have theological significance. The totality of the Law is taken by Soloveichik as a realm of ideas in the Platonic sense, given by God for application to the realm of the real. Just as the mathematician creates an internally logical and coherent fabric of formulas with which he interprets and integrates the appearance of the visible world, so the Jew, the "Man of Halachah," has the Torah as the divine idea that vests

all of human life with direction and sanctity. Legislative change is irreconcilable with Halachah, yet creativity is of its very essence. "The Halachah is a multi-dimensional ever-expanding continuum which cuts through all levels of human existence from the most primitive and intimate to the most complex relationships" (from an unpublished lecture by Dr. Soloveichik). Thus, though Halachah refers to the ideal, its creativity must be affected by the real.

Halachic creativity is not an ingenious academic exercise. The man who would bridge the distance between the ideal and the real, who would discover what is the intent of divine will in a new and unprecedented situation, must employ the dialectic of reason in fear and trembling—his thinking must be part of a religious agony. God willed that man obey his Law. God also willed man's welfare. Sometimes the Law and man's welfare come into seeming conflict. The pious jurist must then probe the sources and the commentaries of the saints, must descend into that same crucible of pain out of which the right way was originally revealed.

A recent case in Halachah involved the armed forces of the United States. These were, and still are, in need of Jewish chaplains. The three largest rabbinic groups in America—Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform—instituted drafts. Rabbis were to be drafted compulsorily by their own rabbinic groups. For Orthodox rabbis, there was a significant Halachic problem. Could rabbis undertake to place any colleague in jeopardy? Furthermore, could they undertake to place their colleague in such a position that he might some day have to desecrate the Sabbath or another holy festival?

To this query Rabbi Soloveichik gave an affirmative reply. In a magnificent *responsum* based on a keen analysis of Talmudic sources, he upheld the action of Yeshiva University in calling for the drafting of its alumni for the military chaplaincy. He cited a medieval text permitting one to embark upon a voyage to fulfill a *mitzvah*—a religious commandment—though it was possible that

in the course of the voyage one might have to desecrate the Sabbath in order to save one's own life or the life of another. Rabbi Soloveichik admitted that he had not approached the sources with complete objectivity; that he had had certain intuitive feelings and held certain basic values that prejudiced him in favor of the decision rendered by Yeshiva University and guided him in his exploration of the various aspects and facets of the problem. But this lack of objectivity is merely a fundamental avowal of inevitable human limitation, and is not to be confused with arbitrariness. As anyone who has studied the Talmud knows, the Halachah is too objective a discipline to permit an approach based on transient moods. Nevertheless, in the deepest strata of Halachic thinking, logical judgment is preceded by value judgment, and intuitive insight gives impetus to the logic of argument.

Two other *responsa* by Rabbi Soloveichik reveal the vitality of the Halachah for the resolution of uniquely modern problems. For many years it was the practice in New York City for all foundlings to be turned over to Catholic and Protestant adoption agencies. Recently the city's Jewish adoption agency made a request for its share—since a third of New York's inhabitants are Jewish. Was the request Halachically proper, since there was no way of identifying the faith of the foundlings' parents and the greater mathematical probability in the case of each child was that it was non-Jewish? Could foundlings be reared as Jews and converted to Judaism by foster parents?

Dr. Soloveichik sustained the propriety of the agency's request, in a *responsum* that cited Halachic sources but also referred to mathematical formulas of probability. The Jewish Law frowns upon the use of mathematical probabilities in capital cases. On complex philosophical grounds,* Dr. Solo-

veichik placed cases involving religious identity in the same category. Hence the fact that the majority of foundlings may be non-Jewish becomes inconsequential; if only one foundling may be Jewish, the Jewish community must assert its claim.

On another occasion he was asked about the use of anthropomorphic symbols in the stained-glass windows of an interfaith chapel on a college campus. He opposed their use, and his *responsum* revealed how the historical method may be used in solving Halachic problems. Since Talmudic law, which was developed principally in Babylon, did not support him, he relied upon later medieval Jewish law, which had been developed in Christian Europe. His *responsum* explains why, in a Christian society, it was more imperative to expand, rather than restrict, the prohibition against icons that suggest the Christological idea of God-man. "To what our sages in a non-Christian Babylonia did not object, our forefathers in Christian countries were very sensitive." A similar method can be seen at work in the juridic writings of Rabbi Menachem M. Kasher, who is the editor and publisher of the stupendous Biblical and Talmudical encyclopedia known as *Torah Sheleimah*, and who, by the use of photographs of every available Talmudic and Midrashic text, has wrought a revolution in the study of the sources. On one occasion he dealt extensively with the problem of the international date line and its effect upon

motif. It maintains that the law of *Pikuah Nefesh* which is based upon a value judgment—the appraisal of life as the highest good—transcends the bounds of biological fact and extends into the domain of spiritual activity. Life is not only a *factum* but also an *actus*, not only a tangible reality but also an abstract ethical value to be attained. Death is both a biological and ethical-spiritual phenomenon. The failure of an individual to realize his own personality in a manner decreed by his creator at birth is as tragic as his physical disintegration. One may save a life not only through medical skill but also by extending moral help. Hence, whenever man's inner life, his unique relationship to God, and the mode of his existence as an individual and social being are to be determined, we encounter the problem of *Pikuah Nefesh*, which means here the preservation of a spiritual identity. . . . Hence [the concept of] majority finds no application in this case."

* The following may serve as a sample: "One school sees, in a naturalistic fashion, life and death on a biological level exclusively and identifies *Pikuah Nefesh* (the obligation to conserve life) with the saving of a carnal existence from extinction. The other school introduces an idealistic

the Sabbath. According to the presently effective international covenant, when it is the Sabbath in Israel it is Sunday in certain parts of the Pacific. Now, when shall Jews in those Pacific islands observe the Sabbath—on the seventh day by their local calendar, or on Sunday, on the theory that it was God's intent that the Sabbath day be computed with Jerusalem as the center of time?

The problem reminds one of the great medieval dispute as to whether the earth or the sun was the center of the universe. The Church chose the earth and any other opinion was declared a heresy. Similarly, many rabbis had argued that Jerusalem was the center for the computation of time and that no other place would satisfy the requirements of Jewish Law. Against this view, Rabbi Kasher marshaled all the sources, and he was upheld by Israel's Chief Rabbinate when he asserted that the international date line was binding on Jews. It is interesting to note that, among the arguments advanced by Rabbi Kasher, there are several that are non-legal. He argued, for example, that if "the nations of the world in years gone by used their own capitals" for the purpose of measuring time, it reflected their concern for "national pride and honor. We should not imitate them . . . particularly when they have waived their honor and agreed upon" a more reasonable approach. His decision was also influenced by the practice with regard to the Sabbath already prevailing among Jews in the areas affected by the date line.

Rabbi Kasher more recently overwhelmed Jewish scholars with a *responsum* on the use of electric broilers. According to the dietary laws, meat may not be eaten unless the blood is removed in advance by water and salt. As an alternative, meat may be broiled on a grill. However, a number of rabbis had insisted that the only proper way to broil meat was with wood or coals and with the flame under the meat. In this way the blood would be drawn to the flame and consumed. Rabbi Kasher, on the other hand, repudiated the insistence, in this or any other case, that the only proper method was the one familiar to one's immediate forebears or in one's own

generation. The way an anthropologist would assemble data, he outlined scores of methods used by Jews from time immemorial for the broiling of meat and the removal of blood. He discovered eight different ways in which Jews had prepared the paschal lamb alone. And after a thorough analysis of the sources, he came to the conclusion that neither the nature of the fuel nor the position of the source of heat makes any material difference.

THE trend represented by Rabbis Soloveitchik and Kasher should not prompt anyone to say that Orthodox Judaism is paving the way for certain basic changes in the Law that many American Jews want today. Unfortunately, the clamor for change in the Law too often expresses simply a desire to substitute new values for old ones—to make the Sabbath the occasion for a good time instead of a day of holiness, to make the table a gourmet's delight instead of an altar, to make sexual relations open to lust instead of disciplined for love.

However, as has been demonstrated, the Orthodox view does not exclude Halachic creativity or changes, flexibility, and growth in concept and method in order to meet the most perplexing of the problems that trouble the religious minds of today. But it insists that such evolution must be organic, i.e., it must be a further unfolding of historical continuity and develop authentically out of tradition. Orthodox Jews feel that they are helping the revealed Law to fulfill itself, and in their Halachic creativity they move slowly and with the same turmoil of soul that characterizes the authentic religious experience, but with the firm faith that where the basic values of Judaism still live, the Law will suffice to meet the requirements of life.

In any event, it ought to be apparent that among Orthodox Jews, too, a spiritual quest is now going on. Orthodox Judaism is only beginning to recover from the initially devastating effects of the Enlightenment, but as it develops in America and in Israel, it is not too much to hope that it will reinvigorate Jewish life and enrich Western thought as well.

LEBANON: ISRAEL'S FRIENDLIEST NEIGHBOR

A Middle East Microcosm—with a Difference

RAY ALAN

THERE was the sudden pregnant hush that falls over most Arab gatherings when Israel is mentioned. Then the officer next to me, a member of one of the leading Maronite (i.e., Eastern Catholic) families in Lebanon, said in his impeccable French: "The creation of Israel was one of the cleverest things England has ever done in the Middle East. I use the word 'creation' deliberately for it was no accident, though your government and the Jews did pretend rather weakly to be at loggerheads for a while. It was a dirty trick to play on the Arabs, of course; yet, from your own point of view, what a master stroke! But for Israel, Arab nationalism would already have forced you right out of the Middle East for good. As it is, you are now invulnerable to political blackmail in this part of the world. The Arabs know that if they threaten to get out of hand you can afford merely to shrug your shoulders and fall back on Israel; put out a rumor that you're thinking of giving the Israeli army a few tanks and you'll have the Arabs at your feet, tarboosh in hand."

He paused for a moment and looked round the little group as if to reassure himself.

THE little state of Lebanon, Israel's neighbor to the north, is unique among Near Eastern countries in that its population is nearly half-Christian and its culture profoundly French. It is also unique in being the only Near Eastern country that is known, despite its formal adherence to the Arab League, to look with some favor on the existence of a Jewish state in that region of the world. Here, RAY ALAN gives a first-hand account of the religious, political, and social cross-currents that agitate the life of the Lebanese. Mr. Alan travels regularly about the Near East and has an intimate knowledge of the Arab countries. His article "The Three Horsemen of the Arab Wasteland" appeared in the August 1951 issue of COMMENTARY.

The others, also, were Lebanese—Christians, army officers, drawn from his own social milieu. I was the only foreigner. He went on: "For us, too, I think, Israel is the best thing that could have happened. For, after liquidating first French, then Jewish, then British positions in the Middle East, Moslem fanaticism would have turned its attention to us. Lebanon could not have survived indefinitely as a state in which Christian influence predominates. As it is, I think we shall so survive now, despite Syria's economic war and her efforts to persuade Tripoli to secede."* The others nodded their agreement.

It was no surprise to hear Lebanese, least of all Maronites, talking like this. The Maronites, who are in communion with Rome, form Lebanon's largest religious community, making up just over a quarter of her population of 1,300,000. In July 1947, when Arab fanaticism over Palestine was at its height, the Maronite Archbishop of Beirut, Monsignor Moubarak, courageously sent the UN Special Committee on Palestine and the Arabic press a memorandum declaring that "to consider Palestine and Lebanon as parts of the Arab world would amount to a denial of history."

After dismissing Arab claims to Palestine and upholding Jewish rights, Monsignor Moubarak wrote: "The Palestine of 1918 was arid, poor—the least valued of Turkey's provinces. . . . Jewish immigration has since transformed the country. . . . The presence next to Lebanon of a people so cultured and industrious cannot fail to contribute to the welfare of our nation. . . . Linked together geographically and interdependent economically, Christian Lebanon and Jewish Pales-

* The port of Tripoli, not to be confused with its Libyan namesake, is an important pipeline terminal and refinery town; its population is mainly Moslem.

tine will form a vital cultural bridge between West and East. . . . Their neighborliness will help safeguard peace in the Middle East and strengthen the position of minorities. . . . Lebanon," he concluded, "demands liberty for the Jews of Palestine."

THE Lebanese are both the realists and the intellectuals of the Arabic-speaking world. Even a Lebanese Moslem paper, *Kulshay* of Beirut, can write this, for example, of the Arab delegates to the UN General Assembly: "Their boastfulness and dandyism seem to be intended to make people forget that it was they who were defeated in the Palestine war. They loaf in cafés . . . and spend money as if they were rajahs from Hyderabad. Yet at the same time they frequently pester people with appeals for aid for the poor refugees. Poor refugees indeed, if these are their spokesmen."

Anti-Zionism has not been made the excuse in Lebanon for anti-Jewish demagoguery or discrimination. Religious and political leaders, ministers and officials call on the heads of the Jewish community in Beirut on Jewish feast days to offer their good wishes. An anti-Jewish speech by a politician will evoke, from responsible Lebanese of all sects, protests as prompt as would be made in Europe and America. A self-styled "socialist" deputy, Emile Bustani, director of a local charter airline, discovered this to his discomfiture in March this year. Several other deputies and a major part of the press protested when he suddenly demanded, in parliament, "appropriate measures" against the Jews of Lebanon who, he alleged, were all agents of Israel; less attention should be paid to the Communists and peace-partisans, Mr. Bustani thought, and more to the Jews. *L'Orient*, which has the biggest circulation in Lebanon and Syria, commented in a special front-page editorial: "The suddenness and fury of this anti-Jewish zeal suggest that Mr. Bustani is trying to create a diversion; perhaps his conscience as a Lebanese is troubling him. It is a fact that for some time now his company's planes have been in trouble amazingly often and have made an

increasing number of forced landings in the Bekaa. [The Bekaa is an important hashish-growing area.] It is also a fact that the Lebanese customs have seized vast quantities of smuggled American cigarettes in the areas in which Mr. Bustani's planes land. It looks as if every time CAT [the airline] is in trouble, the Jews of Lebanon will have to suffer the effects of its director's ill-humor."

And *L'Orient* added (I think this is worth quoting at length, for what *L'Orient* says here, in a typically Lebanese idiom, is of importance): "Normally, when the people of Beirut get worked up they take it out on the tramway [which is owned by a foreign company]. They've been smashing streetcars for twenty years. Young nationalists, unemployed musicians, labor demonstrators, students wanting cut-rate cinema seats, deceived husbands—to all of them the tramway represents Imperialism, Capitalism, Oppression, Misfortune. . . . Does Mr. Bustani want to replace the tramway with the Jews?"

A LEBANESE Protestant friend I saw in a queue outside the Brazilian consulate in Beirut was less optimistic than the officers. "Lebanon is finished," he said. "It's only a matter of time before we're engulfed in a Moslem ocean." Since the end of the French mandate in 1946, he told me (I checked his figures later), 70,000 Lebanese—mostly Christians—had emigrated to the Americas, Australia, and West Africa, and the rate was now running at 20,000 a year. The Brazilian consulate had to rent extra premises this winter to shelter from the rain visa-seeking hordes of would-be emigrants.

Up to five years ago the Christians were in the decisive majority in Lebanon. Since then the higher Moslem birth rate and Christian emigration have begun to tilt the balance the other way. If the 120,000 Palestine Arab refugees who are now in Lebanon remain and are absorbed there, the Moslems will have a clear majority and will then be able to claim the presidency. Under the present constitution the president must always be a Christian.

A dangerous controversy has already been

touched off by economic pressure. Jobless Lebanese demonstrated to demand a government ban on the employment of Palestine refugees, who are often taken on at reduced wages. Then Christian and Moslem politicians and newspapers, eyes on the presidency, took sides in the dispute and turned it into a religious wrangle. Pierre Gemayel's predominantly Maronite Kata'eb (Falangist) movement launched a campaign for a fairer distribution of refugees among the Arab states in proportion to their economic resources. Lebanon, say the Falangists, has sacrificed more than enough in support of a policy for which she never had any deep sympathy; its real authors—wealthy Saudi Arabia and Egypt, whose aid to the refugees has been negligible—should now pull their weight.

Labor unrest, even without the refugee problem, is serious in Lebanon. Few reliable social statistics are kept, but no government official or labor leader gave me an unemployment estimate lower than 18 per cent of the total working population, some put it as high as 23 per cent. There is a strong underground Communist party, sympathetically regarded by the embryonic workers' unions—where it does not actually control them—and firmly entrenched in the ranks of lawyers, teachers, journalists, dockers, and refugees alike. The government's answer is halfheartedly to arrest what official communiqués describe as "Communist" demonstrators from time to time, but more often than not these are merely advocates of votes for women, social insurance, free education, or a piped water supply who don't know Karl from Groucho. This kind of "anti-Communism," the standard reaction of Middle Eastern rulers unwilling to forego a few of their more outdated privileges and admit that reform is the best barrier against revolution, actually helps the Stalinists by encouraging the average Arab newspaper reader to reflect—every time he sees a report that more "Communists" have been arrested for campaigning, say, for hygienic abattoirs—that the Communists seem to be the only people interested in his welfare.

A Lebanese *Sûreté* man told me the story of a friend of his who was arrested while waiting for a streetcar. There had been a rather vague kind of demonstration against the rising cost of living half an hour previously and the government, fearing the impression that this news might make on a mission of newly arrived Point Four experts, belatedly ordered a posse of policemen to the scene to put on some kind of show. The nearest eight or ten people to hand were rounded up and sent to prison. No charges were brought against them and for over a week frantic relatives ran from one deputy and government official to another dispensing *bakshish* (there is no *habeas corpus* in the Middle East outside Israel); then, without any apology, inquiry, or explanation, they were all released.

COMPARATIVELY unencumbered on a national scale by the illiteracy, disease, half-baked "nationalism," and Islamic fatalism which weigh so heavily on most Middle Eastern states, Lebanon possesses the resources, human and material, to transform herself into an Arab Switzerland. This is a role history and geography seem to have conspired to thrust upon her. She could be a permanent sanctuary for oppressed minorities in the region, especially Christians, as prominent Maronites have suggested; and she could form not only a "cultural bridge between East and West," in Monsignor Moubarak's words, but a political and social link—mediating and interpreting between the Arab and Atlantic worlds. Internally, by harnessing her prodigious water power, which at present runs to waste in the sea, she could raise her people's standard of living, obviate the need for emigration, and emulate Israel's example to the backward nations of the area.

But the politicians who have governed Lebanon since she attained independence have proved incapable of rising to their opportunities except in the narrowest personal sense. In the diplomatic sphere, they have appeared not merely timid but mortally terrified of doing anything Cairo might construe as rocking the pan-Arab boat. I have

yet to hear a Lebanese foreign minister outline a coherent policy or commit himself to anything more definite than "following the line of the majority in the Arab League." Even in their periodic scuffles with Syria, when vital economic interests are at stake, Lebanese governments invariably allow themselves to be worsted—as ministers themselves admit—lest their devotion to pan-Arabism be called into question. One cannot fairly criticize them for this: appeasement becomes second nature to communities that have, as Freya Stark puts it, "lived for centuries on the edge of massacre."

THERE is no such timidity and self-effacement in internal politics. The only privileged feudal and economic interests that might need to be appeased by a Lebanese government are already in control of the main branches of the administration. The Grand Serail (government building) is the scene of an endless dismal game of musical chairs, with the same familiar figures scrambling periodically for seats.

The electoral system is so rigged as to discourage newcomers from trying to crash the circle. Each deputy represents not a geographical cross section of the population but a religious community. Thus an area in which Sunni Moslems are in a majority might return, say, five Sunni deputies, two Maronites, one Mitwali (Shiite Moslem), and one other. It may well happen that the Sunnis in this area are firmly in the grip of a powerful feudal bey whose influence and armed retainers will insure the election of himself and four nominees to fill the Sunni vacancies: the nominees will be either relatives or henchmen or simply the highest bidders. The bey may also carry on his list candidates for the Maronite, Mitwali, and other seats, each of whom will have paid handsomely for the privilege, for they know that in such company they cannot lose—even if every member of the community they are supposed to represent votes against them. Thus, one man is able, literally, to own a significant group of votes in the assembly and add to his fortune every election.

Unfortunately, while the Lebanese constitution perpetuates in this way the power of the beys, it offers no compensatory guarantee of stability: for, naturally, the beys' interests clash. When an irresistible Maronite runs up against an immovable Mitwali, people get hurt. During the last two years of the late Riad bey es-Solh's premiership (he was assassinated last summer in Amman), public security reached the point of collapse in some areas owing to acts of violence and even vendettas arising out of politico-feudal disputes. Gunmen may even be paraded in the center of cosmopolitan Beirut if political strings are too short. During my last visit there, thirty armed Dandash clansmen from the Bekaa were called into town by one of their chiefs who was trying to get a road-building contract from the minister of public works. Some were sent to advise rival contractors to withdraw their tenders, others were posted conspicuously outside the office of the adjudication committee. The Dandash chief got his contract—at a higher rate of profit than the ministry had ever allowed before, and at an extra, unnecessary cost to the Lebanese treasury of thirty thousand dollars. The affair was given routine coverage in the press, but no one suggested doing anything about it.

Neither democratization nor reforms, however badly needed, nor even disinterested parliamentary discussion are possible in this kind of atmosphere. Consequently it is not the major issues of the day which make political news in Lebanon but affairs of incredible triviality. One of the country's gravest crises since independence arose out of a dispute between the late Riad bey es-Solh and his director of police, Nasser bey Raad. The premier had ordered the arrest of two uncomfortably outspoken journalists. Unfortunately, they happened to be protégés of the director of police, who refused to carry out the order. The premier then ordered their arrest over Nasser bey's head. The latter protested against this slight to his authority and called on his political patron, the president's brother, Sheikh Selim el-Khourri, to intervene on his behalf. A long and dan-

gerous wrangle then ensued which practically brought Lebanese political life and the administration to a standstill. Premier Riad called out his supporters to shout, throw stones, and let off guns in the streets; Police Director Nasser's patron called out even more men to shout louder, throw more stones, and let off more guns. Each side held councils of war, mediators scurried to and fro, and lights burned late in the Serail as compromise settlements were painfully hacked out and incorporated in special presidential decrees promoting Nasser, demoting him, posting him to London to study modern police methods at New Scotland Yard, canceling this, putting him on leave, extending his leave, recalling him, and finally modifying his responsibilities—while upholding his and Sheikh Selim's prestige—in a manner acceptable to all concerned. Twice the dispute was settled; twice it flared up again. The third and last settlement was promulgated, with delightful irony, as an "Administrative Reform."

THUS ineptitude and incompetence flourish, and corruption and nepotism are commonplace. Lebanese of the professional and intellectual elite gnaw out their hearts in angry frustration. The Communist snowball grows, nourished on shattered nationalist illusions. Where men no longer trust their own government and no longer even think of approaching a ministerial office without pocketbook in hand, the Kremlin has no further need of agitators.

I was approached a few months ago, on the eve of a trip to Cyprus, by a group of Lebanese who had worked and owned considerable property in Mandatory Palestine and whose assets are now in Israeli hands. Some day compensation will be paid (sooner, I hope, rather than later, for delay means hardship for people who not only had no part in but genuinely deplored the Arab League's onslaught on Israel, and hard feelings where good will could be cultivated). These Lebanese property-owners beseeched me to use whatever influence I might have, as a wandering correspondent, with the ap-

propriate UN and Israeli authorities to insure that the money, when forthcoming, is handed to them directly, or banked in their names overseas, but not paid through their government. "Otherwise," they said, "we shan't receive a tenth of the amount due."

Every UN and Red Cross official who has worked in Arab refugee camps has met similar fears: they contribute to the determination of many refugees to boycott the various Clapp-Blandford schemes and remain in camp—where they are directly in touch with UN representatives and on hand to receive whatever compensation may one day be paid, without its having to pass through the sticky hands of the local Arab government.

THE part of Lebanon adjoining Israel—in particular the harsh, rocky plateau called the Jebel Aamel—is one of the country's most depressed areas. To step across the frontier (as many do, regularly) is to breach a barrier in time as well as in space and politics.

Just under a sixth of the total population of Lebanon live here, 80 per cent of them afflicted with trachoma; as many have no access to electricity or piped water and their womenfolk have to walk up to two miles a day to the nearest well carrying heavy earthenware pots. More than half the children have no hope of even an elementary education; the few passable schools that do exist are subsidized mainly by foreign missions and at least a third of the teachers are Communists.

By all rational rules South Lebanon should be prosperous. It possesses the Litani, most majestic river in the Levant, and its feudal lord, whom I shall call here Mahmud bey, is one of the most powerful figures in Lebanese politics. He is always "in power," whoever is the premier, either as minister (with a key portfolio) or president of the assembly. The charge for a niche in his electoral list is stiff, but he's a good man to deal with—he guarantees success: he said as much, with disarming honesty, to the Beirut press a few months ago during the by-election to replace the late Riad es-Solh, which his candidate won of course. His words are often as frank

as his face—which would earn him a fortune in Hollywood as a screen brigand—and the over-all effect has convinced more than one innocent Western diplomat that Mahmud bey is nothing worse than a poseur and not a tenth as bad as he looks, sounds, and is reputed to be.

Mahmud bey has everything taped. If anyone could bring electricity, piped water, and schools to South Lebanon, even if it meant retarding development elsewhere, it is he. When he was last minister of public works he built several miles of splendid but uneconomic first-class road from the front porch of his country mansion in the Jebel Aamel to a rough track which had been slated since the French mandate for conversion into a *route nationale*. As his friends pointed out, admiringly, this side road would never have been made by any other minister; now the projected *route nationale* was bound to be built one day.

The president of the Republic, Sheikh Bishara el-Khoury, once asked Mahmud bey, rather naively perhaps, why he did not do more to secure the spread of educational facilities in the Jebel Aamel. Mahmud bey smiled sadly, and with his alarming candor—so outrageous, one feels, he *must* be joking—said: “Your Excellency, it is not the educated people who stand for hours by the roadside to cheer when either of us makes an official tour of the area.” As it is, what cheers the president gets in the south are by courtesy of Mahmud bey. I was once at a party in a garden surrounded by parading phalanxes of fellahin, hired for the occasion, who chanted mechanically: “Long live Mahmud bey!” This went on for over half an hour and the president, who was the guest of honor, got more and more fidgety and cross. At length even Mahmud bey noticed his discomfiture and whispered something to a servant. The man sidled off and soon, phalanx by phalanx, the refrain changed to: “Long live Sheikh Bishara!”

PART of America's Point Four aid to Lebanon will be devoted to harnessing the Litani. But the scheme has aroused so much

indignant opposition in Lebanon, an outsider might be forgiven for believing President Truman's aim was to block the river at its source rather than develop its potentialities. Some of the opposition comes from people like Mahmud bey who have a vested interest in keeping the local population backward and ignorant; some comes from enlightened folk who fear that all the dollars will disappear into Mahmud bey's pocket; and some comes from Moslem journalists and Communists who allege that the intention behind the plan is to divert the waters of the Litani to Israel.

It is true that, were it possible to work out an over-all plan for the rational utilization of the resources of the Levant as a whole, there would be a strong case for allocating the water of the Litani to the territory lying south, in particular Galilee, instead of letting it run to waste in the sea. It is also true that the Litani figured in one of Dr. Lowdermilk's early plans for developing Israel. But no American official I met in Lebanon envisaged any possibility of diverting the river, though one did remark on the pity of spending good U. S. dollars on a project which would almost certainly deteriorate ultimately into just another racket.

I have met scores of people in South Lebanon during the past four years who take it for granted that the area will one day be ceded to Israel. They discuss this future, quite contentedly, in terms of “when” rather than “if.” There are two main reasons for many of them wanting to join Israel. During the Mandatory period most South Lebanese families had at least one member working in Palestine; and a large number of frontier villages lived on the proceeds of smuggling—hashish (en route to Egypt), arms and foodstuffs, and often “illegal” Jewish immigrants, to Palestine; Jewish manufactured goods to Lebanon and Syria. On market days it is still possible to buy Israeli textiles and oranges—bigger and cheaper than the local Saida (Sidon) variety—in South Lebanon, and many an Israeli worker's egg ration is laid across the border; but the smugglers complain that Israeli frontier

guards are too strict—the Lebanese gendarmes and customs men are rarely a problem—and they would prefer, many of them, to be on the Israeli side, therefore, at the start. Periodically the Lebanese government issues a reminder to the people of South Lebanon that it is illegal to deal in Israeli currency, and when a skillful forgery of the Lebanese hundred-pound (\$30) note was discovered recently, the Beirut press took it for granted (incorrectly, as it turned out) that the counterfeits were printed in Israel “to pay for the goods the Jews purchase from Lebanon.” No nonsense about the Arab League boycott here!

THE people of South Lebanon are for the most part Shiite (i.e., non-orthodox, from *shia*, “sect” or splinter group) Moslems of the Mitwali sect. The Shiites broke with the Sunni (orthodox, traditionalist) Moslems over the issue of succession to Mohammed.

The Prophet died in the house of his favorite wife, Aisha, whose father, Abu Bekr, was promptly nominated caliph (*khalifa*, successor), though purely in the temporal sense. The Shiites allege that Aisha concealed Mohammed’s last wish—to be succeeded, they say, by his cousin and son-in-law Ali, husband of his favorite daughter Fatima; Fatima was not, however, Aisha’s daughter and no love was lost between them.

When, after the death of Abu Bekr and assassination of his two orthodox successors Omar and Othman, the caliphate passed to Ali (in their rituals the Shiites solemnly curse the three “usurpers” who stood in his way), Aisha played an important part in stirring up armed insurrection against him. Ali was assassinated in 661 C.E. and succeeded by Muawia (also assassinated in due course), the tolerant, easygoing founder of the Omayyad dynasty, and Shiite hopes were finally dashed by the defeat of Ali’s second son Hussein by Yezid, Muawia’s son, at the battle of Kerbela in 679.*

* Ali’s first son, Hassan, had previously been poisoned by his wife at Muawia’s instigation. Arab politics were already following a pattern which has since become traditional.

The lower sank the material fortunes of their protagonist and his heirs, the higher rose the Shiites’ spiritual claims on his behalf. The legend grew that it was Ali whom God originally chose to propagate Islam and that the angel Gabriel delivered the letter to Mohammed by mistake. Ali and his heirs were given the title *Imam* by their followers. One Imam after another was murdered on the instructions of the Omayyad and Abbasid caliphs and the line finally petered out with the disappearance of the twelfth, a boy of twelve whose whole life had been spent as the caliph’s prisoner. The Mitwali, who are in a majority in Iraq and Persia as well as in South Lebanon, await the return of the twelfth Imam as a messiah. Some of their learned men believe that, after ushering in a golden age, he will be succeeded by his resurrected father who will rule for a short while; father will then follow son along the whole line of Imams until finally Ali himself will reappear to preside over the Last Judgment.

These and many other Mitwali myths are regarded by Sunni Moslems as outrageous blasphemy; but they are firmly entrenched in the minds of the downtrodden and ignorant, and the Mitwali, because their mental isolation is so complete, are suffering far fewer casualties than the Sunnis under the inroads of Western rationalism.

ONLY a few miles beyond the Israeli frontier, not far inland from Tyre and Sidon, is a town into which thousands of Mitwalis stream every year on donkeys, camels, and sagging old trucks to observe the Ashura. Yom el-Ashura commemorates Hussein’s defeat at Kerbela and for all Shiites it is a day of intense mourning. The mantle of twelve and a half centuries slips off effortlessly, and Omayyad perfidy, the intrigues of Aisha, and the details of the fateful battle become suddenly far more vivid than the most sensational news in the morning’s Beirut press.

I have been asked not to publicize the name of the town, as curious non-Moslems are not welcome on the Ashura; a young British Foreign Office official who once ac-

accompanied me there was howled at by a mob for producing a camera. But the visitor has only to follow the main inland road from Sidon towards the three snowcapped peaks of Mount Hermon, climb steeply into the bleak Jebel Aamel, and he will come upon the town suddenly, built around the sides of a bowl in the hills, with picturesque Persian-style villas on the outskirts and a dirty fly-blown main street and market place in the center.

A strand of barbed wire reinforced by gendarmes with sticks keeps the crowds from straying onto a rectangular enclosure, the size of a hockey pitch, in the middle of yellow wasteland beside the schools. Here the battle of Kerbela is reenacted, and microphones and loudspeakers, on hire from Sidon, allow the leading combatants to pause occasionally to deliver speeches.

Hussein, the tragic hero, is a friendly, stocky man with graying hair. He has played the part for as long as most people can remember, and his father before him. Perhaps he has no son to take over from him—it would be grossly impolite to inquire—for he shakes his head sadly as he dons his costume and wipes a great sword, bemoaning the fecklessness of modern youth: no young man can be found to learn by heart the rousing speeches and give time to rehearsals, so he cannot retire.

As the actors file into the enclosure in their imaginative but historically inaccurate costumes and helmets, the big crowd mumbles restrained encouragement and settles down eagerly. Most of the men and boys have shaved their heads for the occasion. Everyone seems ominously high-strung, tempers fray easily, and there are far too many knives, daggers, and small swords in evidence.

Tension eases as the actors warm up to their task. Faces light up hopefully when Hussein announces a minor success. The rival armies—each at platoon strength—line up behind their leaders, forty yards apart, whenever a speech is delivered, the dead rising discreetly to fight again; then, howling blood-curdling threats, they close with a

clash of swords, the hard morning sunlight streaking across the battleground along their blades. Their swordsmanship is energetic bush-clearing stuff and the crowd perspires at the sight, for the October sun is still hot. Bright colors unfold like bursting buds along the flat roof tops and around the farthest corner of the enclosure as the women huddled there begin, one by one, the younger and bolder spirits first, to liberate faces and shoulders from the suffocating folds of drab outer garments; beneath voluminous skirts most of them wear the traditional pantelettes of the region, frilled around the ankles. From time to time a flutter of panic wilts their daring: faces vanish, embroidered sleeves disappear, and anonymity returns: there is a lull in the play and their menfolk might be looking.

DISASTER befalls Hussein just before midday. Outnumbered, encircled, deceived, assailed from all sides, he is called upon by Yezid to surrender. He refuses. The crowd wails with anguish as Yezid leads his troops forward in a final assault. Hussein's dead stayed down the last time they fell to heighten the realism, whereas Yezid is attacking, it appears, at full strength. Somehow time is found for Hussein to make a final speech, and then he is overwhelmed. He suffers blow after blow until he falls and his standard is seized. The crowd howls and raises its hands in despair. Yezid's army hurriedly quits the field while Hussein's men focus attention on themselves and carry off their leader. The odd Christian traveler who may have dropped in, hurries away. The men all around are reaching for their knives.

Suddenly a gruesome little procession emerges from the school behind the densest mass of the crowd. Thirty or more small boys, wearing short white surplices over their everyday clothes and looking oddly like an Anglican choir, are walking gravely in pairs towards the center of town. The crowd parts to let them pass. Down the center of each boy's shaven scalp is the fresh, angry slash of a razor, and with every step they take, more and more blood wells up out of the

cut and runs down their pale cheeks, dripping onto the surplices. They are this year's initiates, introduced by a Mitwali religious dignitary to the Ashura rite. Youths and older men with scarred shaven heads leap into the procession behind them, brandishing knives and big daggers. An anguished, rhythmical chant is taken up which repeats, over and over again, the name "Hussein"; a strange shuffling pace is adopted in time with the chant and all begin to tap themselves on the head with the flat blade of their weapons. The chant and pace grow wilder, subside a little, then build up to a frenzy. One by one the men begin to strike their skulls with the cutting edge of their blades, first gently, soon more violently, easing off at intervals. Blood pours in a swelling flow down their cheeks onto their shoulders. Some of the men are wearing short surplices like the initiates, but the blood is soon dripping down onto their trousers.

The boys lead the way solemnly towards the market place, pass beside the mosque and a whitewashed shrine, continue along the main street. They are silent and have wide alarmed eyes. The procession is now hundreds of yards long and more join in every minute. Frenzied, wailing individuals leap high into the air, striking themselves furiously. An eager crowd lines the streets to urge them to wilder, bloodier effort. Women look on silently from their roof tops.

AT THIS point, when I last saw the ceremony, my host led me, with a number of his friends, up out of the street onto a balcony overlooking the scene. After a few minutes we were joined by a smiling, per-

spiring Hussein. Unmoved by the fanaticism in the streets below he resumed his discourse on the degeneracy of modern youth. Yom el-Ashura isn't the day it used to be, he complained; young men have too many other interests nowadays. . . . They seemed to be doing the occasion justice down below, if blood and noise were any guide, but one asked politely: What other interests? A wealthy landowner in an immaculate tarboosh replied: Communism.

With a jolt we were right back in the 20th century. Everyone began to talk at once. The corruption and nepotism permeating Arab politics . . . the hopeless outlook for youth . . . the nightly gatherings in the homes of radical teachers and doctors to listen to the Moscow radio . . . the lack of a positive, progressive message from the West, which seems irrevocably committed to bolstering up the shoddy status quo, to palace intrigues and diplomatic camel-trading, in the Middle East. . . .

"That procession typifies the state we're in," said a cynical doctor of Iraqi origin. "We are led by irresponsibles with the mentality of children and are being urged to batter and bleed ourselves to death for the amusement and convenience of bystanders."

The first faints had occurred in the street below. Two limp bodies, eyes wide open and white, heads streaming with blood, were carried off in disgrace by agitated relatives. The line of bloody heads and flashing knives stretched away as far as one could see in both directions.

"How are we to alter things?" the doctor mused. "Would you like to try stopping that procession?"

MOVIES AREN'T MOVIES ANY MORE

The Art of the Gimp Takes Over

MANNY FARBER

SOMEbody once told me, no doubt inaccurately, that lady golfers in the Victorian era used a certain gimmick that went by the name of "Gimp." It was a cord running from hem of skirt to waistband; when preparing to hit the ball, you flicked it with your little finger and up came the hem. Thus suddenly, for a brief instant, it revealed Kro-Flite, high-button shoes, and greensward, but left everything else carefully concealed behind yards of eyeleted cambric. Something like this device has now been developed in Hollywood. Whenever the modern film-maker feels that his movie has taken too conventional a direction and is neglecting "art," he need only jerk the Gimp-string, and behold!—curious and exotic but "psychic" images are flashed before the audience, peppering things up at the crucial moment, making you think such thoughts as "The hero has a mother complex," or "He slapped that girl out of ambivalent rage at his father image which he says he carries around in his stomach," or "He chomps angrily on unlit cigarettes to show he comes from a Puritan environment and has a will of iron."

Over the past couple of years one movie after another has been filled with low-key

MOVIE audiences, subjected for the past year or so to a steady diet of massive close-ups, dark symbolism, overheated "atmosphere," have begun to sense that something new has been added to their favorite entertainment. MANNY FARBER, comparing what is now on the screen with the films of the past, here shares with us his conviction that the films have been undergoing a silent revolution, until today "movies aren't movies any more." Mr. Farber has been for a number of years the regular film critic of the *Nation*, and has also written frequently on art. He was born in Douglas, Arizona, in 1917.

photography, shallow perspectives, screwy pantomime, ominously timed action, hollow-sounding voices. All this pseudo-undershot stuff, swiped from any and every "highbrow" work of films, painting, literature, has gone into ultra-serious movies that express enough discontent with capitalist society to please any progressive. In these beautifully controlled Freud-Marx epics, the only things that really move are the tricks and symbols designed to make you think, "God, this is sensitive!"

Somehow the nature of this new mannerist flicker has been misinterpreted by critics, by the good ones as well as the merely earnest publicists. With their preconceptions, their ennui, and their formularized responses to stimuli, the critics go their complacent (or disgruntled) ways, finding movies better (or worse) than ever, but never noticing that movies *aren't* movies any more. Not so long ago, the movies, whatever their over-simplifications and distortions, still rested on the assumption that their function was to present some intelligible, structured image of reality—on the simplest level, to tell a story and to entertain, but, more generally, to extend the spectator's meaningful experience, to offer him a window on the real world. What are they now?

Well, icebergs of a sort, one-tenth image, action, plot, nine-tenths submerged popular "insights" à la Freud or Jung, Marx or Lerner, Sartre or Saroyan, Frost, Dewey, Auden, Mann, or whomever else the producer's been reading; or they are Dali paintings, surrealist fun-houses with endless doors leading the spectator to inward "awareness" and self-consciousness, and far away from a simple ninety-cent seat in a simple mansion of leisure-time art and entertainment; or they are expressionistic shotguns peppering the brain of that deplored "escapist" with mil-

lions of equally important yet completely unrelated pellets of message—messages about the human personality and its relations to politics, anthropology, furniture, success, Mom, etc., etc. The trick consists in taking things that don't belong together, charging them up with hidden meanings, and then uniting them in an uneasy juxtaposition that is bound to shock the spectator into a lubricated state of mind where he is forced to think seriously about the phony implications of what he is seeing.

MOST readers will remember the calculated moment in *Sunset Boulevard*—the kept man in the fashionable men's shop, ashamed of buying the camel's-hair coat with the ex-star's money. Up to a certain point, this scene was unfolded in a straight narrative line, and then director Wilder pulled his Gimp-string. The camera moved in for a very close close-up, the atmosphere became molecular and as though diseased—and there was a sleek clerk whispering to the slightly ill gigolo: "After all, if the lady is paying. . . ." Thus Wilder registered spiritual sickness and business-world corruption in an ad-libbed shot that had all the freshness of an old tire patch, consisting as it did, under the circumstances, of naive moral gibberish that no adult in his right mind would mouth. This indirect shot, with its leaden overpantomiming going back to and beyond Theda Bara, offers a classic example of what the Gimp can do for a director, helping him avoid monotony (by switching from storytelling to symbolic "pseudo-action"), explaining hidden content, and insuring his position in movies as a brave, intransigent artist.

One of the most confusing films of all time, *People Will Talk*, dealt with an unflaggingly urbane gynecologist, a liberal-minded doctor who cured patients with friendliness, played with electric trains, scoffed at radio programs and packaged food, and generally behaved like a Lubitsch portrait of an enlightened college professor. One scene showed him making vague epigrams and looking down his nose at overconscientious note-takers in an anatomy class. Obviously

all this suavity needed some excitement, and so Director Mankiewicz jerked his string and provided the well-analyzed doctor with a weird trick that you'll never see again in a movie. The doctor undrapes the corpse on the slab before him, and—surprise!—you are looking at a naked brunette, not only the most ravishing person in the movie but the whitest and least dead-looking. While the doctor talked on about heartless people and gracefully did things with the corpse's Godiva-like tresses, the audience was so shocked by the beauty and lifelikeness of the corpse that it started thinking all sorts of things about how society nags the individual, even unto death. (Visually, in the best Gimp tradition, this scene was bewitching for its pure unusualness; Cary Grant's classy erotic playing with the dead girl evokes a compound of evil, new kinds of sex, and terrific grace.)

The Gimp is the technique, in effect, of enhancing the ordinary with a different dimension, sensational and yet seemingly credible. Camera set-ups, bits of business, lines ("They don't make faces like that any more") are contrived into saying too much. Every moment of a movie is provided with comment about American society. "Original" characters are sought, the amount of illogical and implausible material is increased, to such a point that movies which try to be semi-documentary actually seem stranger than the Tarzan-Dracula-King Kong fantasy.

We are getting such characters as the abortionist in *Detective Story*, a close-mouthed Dutchman dressed like a low-paid, respectable clerk from an early Sinclair Lewis story about department store life in the Midwest. To make him look as though he has emerged from the bowels of common life in America, he is given a pinched, deathly pallor and a sickly personality that hardly allows him to breathe, much less talk. The apparent intention was to set up a significantly ordinary, true-to-life, entirely evil, grass-roots American; the result was a surrealistic creature who seemed ready at any moment to throw up. Thanks to the canny acting of George Macready, possibly Hollywood's most im-

pressive character actor, this sour figure provided the film with its only good moments.

Two recent pictures have made especially adroit and unrelenting use of the Gimp. In *A Place in the Sun*, Director George Stevens, not content with letting a climax of violence follow naturally upon an inevitable train of events, treats us constantly to macabre darkenings of the landscape, metronome-timed hootings of a loon, and about six other sensational effects reeking with recondite significance. The story is about a not quite bright social climber, and Stevens so buries him in symbols of money, dominance, and sex that every last member of the audience must become involved with the vague meanings of the boy's daydreams. Wherever he walks, there is sex or wealth—usually both together—written out so big that no one can miss it: billboards that out-Petty Petty, languid and sophisticated aristocrats, a Gus Kahn love lyric coming from a midget radio. And of course his dingy furnished room in a depressed urban area must have a window facing on a huge neon factory sign standing for wealth and achievement.

In one protracted example of contrivance, a luscious babe in a Cadillac flashes by the boy as he hitchhikes on some spacious highway, and then comes a broken-down truck chugging straight out of *The Grapes of Wrath* to pick up the disappointed hiker. Immediately, the audience was saying to itself one or all of these things: "This is about the unfair distribution of wealth in the United States," or "His spirit is crying out for joy, ease, and love," or "He has a complex about being raised in a poor, harsh, confined neighborhood." Whenever any particularly delectable symbol crossed the boy's line of vision, he would freeze up with yearning, refusing to act, not answering questions for minutes on end, his wispy shoulders almost but not quite jerking, and occasionally one dead word straying out of his twisted mouth. There were eccentric scenes in which the boy met up with a deputy cop or a suspicious boatman, who—with the help of acting that was probably coached by Emily

Brontë, and camera angles that gave the actors height and took away width—looked like ominous scoundrels from the Dark Ages, and showed you Society intimidating the Outcast, American Justice breaking the Common Man on the wheel.

Symbols are a dime a dozen in Hollywood's storehouse, and Stevens bought up the stock; police sirens, train whistles, double-shots of a boy's face and a remembered kiss, the lame leg of the sadistic district attorney (which makes him more formidable), a shadow going over a face to indicate an evil thought. Such things may seem to come from real life, but actually they are the products of medieval imaginations capable of grasping glaring features of contemporary life only in cliché terms. These creators have entrenched themselves within a vicious circle of decay: having helped to create and foster the world of lurid wealth, romantic love, and Big City glamor, they now express despair and chaos by exaggerating the same corny symbols they originally invented.

It has always been obvious that the movie camera not only reflects reality but interprets it. This fact used to imply the deepening and enrichment of an intelligible structure of plot and character. What is happening now is the complete disappearance of reality in the fog of interpretation: the underground "meaning" of every shot displaces the actual content, and the movie-goer is confronted with a whole crowd of undefined symbolic "meanings" floating entirely free. Shove the camera up against the pimple on an actor's face, and you automatically produce an image of immense importance: it will mean *something*—no matter if you don't know exactly what, and no matter if you have made it impossible to tell your story. Just as comedians now manufacture their humor out of immense card indexes of gags, so movie directors dip into their mental gag file of disconnected bits of social significance, amateur psychiatry, and visual shock effects.

IN *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Elia Kazan pulls the Gimp-string so mercilessly that you never have one plain character or situa-

tion, but vast bundles of the most complicated sociological phenomena. For example, the hero, a sharp-witted Polish mechanic, conveys heavy passion by stuttering the first syllables of his sentences and mumbling the rest as though through a mouthful of mashed potatoes, a device that naturally forces the spectator to sociological speculation; disgusted with the fact that the hero has apparently been raised in a pigpen, the spectator is impelled to think about the relation of environment to individual development. This hero of Kazan's is getting ahead in his work, is a loving husband, makes "those colored lights" with his sexual genius, and is possessed of a delicate moral sensitivity. But all these bourgeois attributes have to be matched with their opposites for the sake of excitement, and so Kazan pulls his string and you see the Polack slobbering, licking his paws, howling like a troglodyte, hitting his wife so hard that he sends her to the maternity hospital, playing poker like an ape-man, exuding an atmosphere of wild screams, rape, crashing china, and drunkenness. And to make sure every two-year-old will understand how bad life is in this Grimm's fairy tale hovel, Kazan hammers his point home with continual sinister lights, dancing shadows, gaseous ooings.

With its freakish acting, nightmare sets, and dreamy pace, *Streetcar* may seem like traditional Hollywood poeticism, but looked at closer, it becomes very different from movies of the past, and in the same odd, calculated way as *A Place in the Sun*, *People Will Talk*, etc. For one thing, the drama is played completely in the foreground. There is nothing new about shallow perspectives, figures gazing into mirrors with the camera smack up against the surface, or low intimate views that expand facial features and pry into skin-pores, weaves of cloth, and sweaty undershirts. But there is something new in having the whole movie thrown at you in shallow dimension. Under this arrangement, with the actor and spectator practically nose to nose, any extreme movement in space would lead to utter visual chaos, so the characters, camera, and story are kept at

a standstill, with the action affecting only minor details, e.g., Stanley's back-scratching or his wife's lusty projection with eyes and lips. On the screen these grimly controlled gestures appear huge, florid, eccentric, and somewhat sinister. Again, there is nothing new about shooting into incandescent lights and nebulous darks, but there is something new in having every shot snotted up with silvery foam, black smoke, and flaky patterns to convey decay and squalor. Never before has there been such a use of darkness in masses as we find in the new films (at least not since the Russians, who probably didn't have any lights). All this to jazz up a pseudo-drama in which nothing really happens on the screen except dialogue in which you see two faces talking, then a close-up of the right speaker asking, then a close-up of left speaker answering, then back to the two, etc. The spectator is aware that a story is being told, but mostly he feels caught in the middle of a psychological wrestling match.

THOUGH there has never been so massive a concentration on technique, the fact is these films actually fail to exploit the resources of the medium in any real sense. Kazan, Stevens, and their colleagues have been shrinking films down to an almost babyish level in situation and grouping. With slumbrous camera movement, slow choreographies of action, sustained close-ups of enigmatic faces surrounded by areas of gloom, and drifting dialogue that seemed to come out of the walls, Stevens in *A Place in the Sun* had time only to unreel in grandiose terms a kiss, a seduction, and a drowning that would have taken him all of five minutes to examine with the straight story-telling technique he used in *Penny Serenade* and *Alice Adams*, both of which he made in the 30's. *Streetcar*, for dramatic action, shows one big character—a neurotic Southern girl on the last lap to the mental ward—in one main situation: talk, talk, talk with an uninhibited couple in a two-room apartment. *The African Queen* was shot entirely in the Belgian Congo, but the characters do almost nothing that couldn't have been done on one

studio set with the aid of some library shots.

Movies have seldom, if ever, been so physically overbearing in their effect. The scenarios are set up so that the story can be told with a small cast, little movement, and few settings. The camera fastens itself on the actors with such obsessive closeness that every moment becomes of overwhelming importance and threatens to disclose some terrifying psychic or emotional fact. The effect becomes even stronger and more curious when the actors occasionally move across the room and this all-revealing eye just barely moves to keep them in focus—as in *Something to Live For*, when a worried advertising ace paces his office, while the camera seems to move back and forth no more than a fraction of an inch. One has the feeling that nothing is any longer of importance except a magnification of face, gesture, and dress, and that these can tell you all you need to know about life in our time.

ALL this seems to have started in an exciting if hammy 1941 picture called *Citizen Kane*. This grim mixture of suspense thriller and tabloid obituary, in which most of the surface facts paralleled events in the career of William Randolph Hearst, combined the thunderous theatrical trickery of Orson Welles with a reckless use of darkish photography and funny angles by a top cameraman named Gregg Toland. Toland threw into the film every device ever written into the accomplished cameraman's handbook—everything from under-cranking (to make the people in "newsreel" clips jerk and scuttle) to crane-shots, two-shots, floor-shots, and his favorite perspective shot in which figures widely spaced and moving far off down long rooms were kept as clearly in focus as the figure closest to the audience. This stuff helped make an exciting film, though marred by obvious items of shopworn inspiration: camera angles that had been thoroughly exploited by experimental films, and the platitudinous characterization of Kane as a lonely man who wanted love from the world but didn't get it because he had no love of his own to give. This unpeeling of a tycoon

was clearly the most iconoclastic stroke in major studio production since the days when D. W. Griffith and his cameraman, Billy Bitzer, were freeing movies from imitation of the stage. Orson Welles's bold jumbling of techniques from theater, radio, and film led inevitably to a shock-happy work that anticipated everything that has since become fashionable in American films.

Oddly enough, this film, which had the biggest cultural build-up before release since Eisenstein's Mexican film, made little impression at the time on Hollywood's veterans. Only a few years ago did the ghost of *Citizen Kane* start haunting every "A" picture out of Hollywood. Before the advent of Orson Welles, the most important thing in motion picture technique had been the story, the devising, spacing, and arranging of shots into a plot line that moved easily from one thing to another. Welles, more concerned with exhibiting his impudent showmanship and his deep thoughts about graft, trusts, yellow journalism, love, hate, and the like, fractured his story all along the line, until his film became an endless chain of stop effects. At every instant, the customer was encouraged to pause over some Kubla Khan setting, some portentously lit floor-shot of an actor, or some symbol (the falling-snow toy, the bird screaming in escape), and think in the terms of what it had to tell about a publisher's immoral pursuit of love-power-respect. The plot was simple enough: a famous man said something ("rosebud") just before dying in his castle on a mountain, and "March of Time" sent out an inquiring reporter to make a story out of it. Eventually we did get the answer, not through the flash-backed memories of those interviewed—Kane's oldest friend, his newspaper manager, the girl, the butler in the castle—but in a final nerve-tingling shot, privy to the director and audience, of the "Rosebud" sled of Kane's lost, barren childhood. The story was presented in such complicated ways and made so portentous with the shadows of meaning cast off by a hundred symbols that you could read almost anything into it, including what Welles had put there. There

were certain dramatic high points like the rough-cut in the "March of Time" projection room, the kid outside the window in the legacy scene, and the lurid presentation of an electioneering stage. But in between these was a great deal of talk, much less action, and almost no story.

Welles bequeathed to Hollywood, which had grown fat and famous on hurtling action films, a movie that broke up into a succession of fragments, each one popping with aggressive technique and loud, biased slanting of the materials of actual life. He told his story backward—which was nothing new—and slowed it even more by breaking it into four situations that didn't flow together but settled stiffly and ambiguously into a sort of parallel construction. He also complicated and immobilized each shot with mismated shock effects that had never been seen before in Hollywood. For example, the ominous figure of Kane was shown in the dark alongside a clearly lit pseudo-Grecian statue and a vast undone jigsaw puzzle that the cameraman had cleverly shot so that it seemed strewn over a marble floor. The spectator had trouble arranging these disparate items into a convincing visual whole, but his brain was mobilized into all sorts of ruminations about avarice, monomania, and other compulsions. Even the devices for moving the story along were complicating and interrupting: again and again, you went from the first part of a sentence spoken at one time and place to the last part of the same sentence spoken years later; this made one less conscious of time passing than of a director stopping time to play a trick on reality.

Welles also showed the Hollywood craftsmen how to inject trite philosophy, "liberalism," psychoanalysis, etc., into the very mechanics of movie-making, so that what the spectator saw on the screen was not only a fat, contrived actor screaming down a staircase, but also some exotically rendered editorializing contributed by everyone from the actor to the set designer. The movie opened and closed on the iron fence around Kane's castle. In between this repetition, which spelled out the loneliness and baronial char-

acter of a tycoon, were similarly meaningful images: Kane in his castle among the boxed accumulations of his collecting; hopeful and innocent Kane gesticulating in front of a huge electioneering poster that showed him as a sinister demagogue. And always, practically on top of the cameraman, his unreal figure suggesting a blown-up cue ball adorned with the facial features of Fu Manchu, with nothing inside him but a Freudian memory giggling around in the fumes cast off by Welles's ideas about how an American big shot goes wrong.

The hidden meanings and the segmented narration were the two most obvious innovations of this film. Toland's camera provided the third, and it was anything but what you'd expect from a film that was advertised as using an unbound camera. Toland's chief contribution was a shallow concept of movie space. His camera loved crane-shots and floor-shots, but contracted the three-dimensional aspect by making distant figures as clear to the spectator as those in the foreground. To accomplish this, Toland had to arrange his actors in widely spaced, parallel arrays across the screen. He also had to immobilize them and cut them off from the natural obscurations of scenery and atmosphere. His powerful lens did the rest. The spectator was faced with an image that exaggerated the importance of the figures it showed to a point where the deep space between them seemed to have been negated. The chief visual effect was the microscopically viewed countenance, one into which you could read almost anything. Almost as important was the static grouping of figures, amounting to a reversal of everything Hollywood had previously perfected in the creation of fluid groupings in unbounded space.

CITIZEN KANE and its Gimp-effects were generally laughed off by highbrows in Hollywood and elsewhere. Their opinion of the film was that it was too obviously theatrical and exhibitionistic to be linked to the main journalistic path of cinema. But one had the feeling, during the war years, that as Hollywood turned out dozens of progres-

sively more realistic action films—Western, war, detective—it was more than a little concerned with what Welles had done in the symbolic enriching of a movie through florid mannerisms. For Hollywood directors and actors couldn't forget that *Citizen Kane* was crazily three-dimensional in the manner of a psychoanalytic hour and that it did start you thinking at every moment of ambiguous drives hidden inside each character. *Citizen Kane* seems to have festered in the Hollywood unconscious until after the Wylers and Hustons returned from their government film chores; then it broke out in full force.

In the acclaimed films of the early post-war years (*The Lost Weekend*, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *Champion*), one began to see Welles's theatrical innovations effectively incorporated into certain films that otherwise tried to look like untouched records of reality. There still had to be a long training in what is known as "semi-documentary" technique (movies shot in real streets with non-studio make-up, natural lighting, spontaneous pantomime) before Hollywood could link Welles's florid symbolism with enough of the appearance of actuality to make it appear moderately reasonable. But by now the lesson has been learned, and the ghost of *Citizen Kane* stalks a monstrous-looking screen. The entire physical structure of movies has been slowed down and simplified and brought closer to the front plane of the screen so that eccentric effects can be deeply felt. Hollywood has in effect developed a new medium which plays odd tricks with space and human behavior in order to project a content of popular "insights" beneath a meager surface.

THUS has a revolution taken place in Hollywood, probably unbeknownst to the very men—directors, actors, and critics—who have led it. If the significance of the New Movie is understood, it may well be that Hollywood will never be able to go home again. Any attempt to resurrect the old flowing naturalistic film that unfolds logically and takes place in "reasonable" space seems

doomed to look as old-fashioned as the hoop skirt. For better or worse, we seem stuck with an absurdly controlled, highly mannered, over-ambitious creation that feeds on everything in modern art and swallows it so that what you see is not actually on the screen but is partly in your own mind, partly on the screen, and partly behind it. You have to read these pictures in a completely different way from the one you've been accustomed to. They are no longer literally stories or motion pictures, but a succession of static hieroglyphs in which overtones of meaning have replaced, in interest as well as in intent, the old concern with narrative, character, and action for their own sakes. These films must be seen, not literally, but as X-rays of the pluralistic modern mind. But the popular ideas deliberately half-buried in them have the hard, crude ring of Stone Age tools, though most of them come out of psychoanalysis and the Popular Front morality plays of the depression. The most ambitious of the current film-makers got their higher, and highest, education in the New York of the latter 30's and have never lost the obsessive need to "improve" the world through art. They are by now too sophisticated and weary really to believe that this will work, but the hangover of conscience, regret, guilt, and frustration still produces in their movies the new Worried Look. They have lost the spirit and convictions of the radical 30's, but the characteristic feelings of those years remain, expressed vaguely in a bleak, humorless, free-floating, and essentially pointless misanthropy—social significance gone sour. There may be nothing wrong with misanthropy as a working viewpoint, but when, as in *A Place in the Sun*, it takes its conception of workers, tycoons, and debutantes from a world of ideas fantastically unrelated to current American experience, it is merely a negative sentimentality. The emotional impact of a technique committed to elegant, controlled, mismatched power effects is as modern as ammoniated toothpaste; but the popular ideas to which this technique is wedded seem almost as dated and provincial as those in *Damaged Goods* or *A Fool There Was*.

IN ISRAEL'S GREEN PASTURES

Four Tales by a Reflective Shepherd

A. A. DAVIDSON

We Had Some Fine Times Then

MAURY NISSIM was a small, trim, dark-blond fellow whom I knew slightly in France before I went to Israel; knew slightly in Israel the first time I was in Israel, and next heard of again shortly before I left Israel for the second time. He was said to be living in Tel Aviv, and since it was in Tel Aviv that I heard this, I went around to see him. He was staying in a typical Tel Aviv house: two stories high, cement blocks overlaid with peeling plaster, washing strung across the court, shingles advertising "Diplomated" teachers of all languages, and every bit of electrical and plumbing installations visible on the outside in a variety of pipes and tubes and discolored leaks. My knock was answered by a colored girl in gold jewelry and an advanced stage of pregnancy, we spoke in Hebrew and she asked me to come in, then called out to Maury in French that he had visitors.

He came in from an adjoining room wearing only trousers and undershirt, but my quickly formed opinion about the nature of the ménage was wrong: the young lady was the wife of a friend.

"Well, for Christ's sake! Come on in!" he said. "Jesus, what a surprise." Maury speaks a very fluent brand of American English, learned chiefly from expatriates in Paris. He

also has a first-rate command of French, German, Hebrew, Ladino, and Bulgarian. He brushed some soiled linen and a roll of film off the sagging couch, and invited me to be seated. The young person said goodbye, Maury patted her paternally on the belly and on the behind, kissed her cheeks, and closed the door behind her. Then he repeated his opening remarks. Then he asked what I was doing.

"Getting ready to go back."

"You, too? So am I."

"To Bulgaria?"

"You think I'm nuts? Naa. To France. To civilization."

"Cecil Ginzburg said you were in a fishing co-op."

"Cecil Ginzburg is full of it. A fine fellow, but full of it. I *was* in a fishing cooperative, yes. No more. I mean, no more cooperative. I couldn't care less. But still, we had some fine times while it lasted. If I had an English accent like Cecil's, I might have gotten a government job, too; but I figured, what the hell. Build up the country. Supply food. Rugged outdoor life, all the rest of it. So I joined this co-op. Y' wanna hear about it?" He got up and rummaged around until he found a pack of cigarettes. We lit up. "I can only afford Matossian now," he said.

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"Well. You remember Herbert Sam?"

"The Egyptian? Yes."

"That's him. I met him right after I got my *shikrur* from the army. The Israeli army, not the Bulgarian army. And he told me about this co-op. The Misrad Dayag—the, how d'ya call it, the Bureau of Fisheries, was going to give us a permit and help us get a loan and so on. And I met the fellows and everything seemed swell. You know where Jubjuba is? On the coast? It's down near the Egyptian line, and there used to be a little Arab settlement there, not even a town, just about seven or eight houses and a well.

A. A. DAVIDSON, author of these sketches of life in Israel, was born in Yonkers, New York, in 1923, the son and grandson of American Jewish farmers, and attended New York University and Yeshiva University. He describes himself as "a convert to what is generally called Orthodox Judaism." Believing "that cities corrupt and large cities corrupt largely, and that it is not permitted for Jews to live in Galut when they can live in Israel," he has put his beliefs into practice by emigrating to Israel, where he is engaged in animal husbandry. An earlier group of Mr. Davidson's sketches appeared in the December 1950 COMMENTARY.

And nearby a British barracks of some kind. There's a nice beach, too. So we moved in, just waiting till we got everything fixed up, in the meanwhile. We pooled what money we had and bought a dory so we could practice rowing anyway. Hell!" he said, suddenly and explosively. He rubbed his chin.

"IT ALL seemed so important at the time. Now—I couldn't care less. The set-up was like this. Herb and a Turkish fellow we called Izmir, they were the brains, the liaison people with the Misrad Dayag and whoever the hell it was that was making the loan. They used to stay up in Tel Aviv and come in on weekends. So that left me, Hannah, Nate, Freddy, Sue, Amnon, Igor, and Jack. Hannah was living with Nate, Freddy was a Moroccan, Sue was living with Amnon, Igor was a Ph.D., Jack used to be in the Foreign Legion. I guess that takes care of everybody. While we were waiting for the Misrad Dayag to fix things up, what we did for a living was this: The Agudat Ha-Shomrim, the Watchmen's League, paid us to guard the pump at the well. The police paid us to guard the old barracks. Somebody paid us to post a lifeguard at the bathing beach, I forget who. People were always coming there on bathing parties. So we had enough money to get by while we were waiting, and we took each a turn on guard duty. And believe me, there was plenty to guard."

"I believe you," I said.

"The Arabs used to come sneaking around every few nights. They knew we had women there. Once they shot the electric light bulb—what am I saying? The kerosene lamp, the chimney, shot in my room, right off the base. Boy, did we ever duck! Except Jack. Jack was mad. He lit a cigarette and he walked outside with his rifle. Slowly. They shot at him, he shot at *them*, they ran. We found blood on the sand next day. They left a boat and a net, so we had more practice. And visitors, did we ever have visitors. From all places. Women used to bring us wine and talk about how romantic. Boy. We had some fine times. But no permit, no loan.

"Then one night we threw a party for Amnon's birthday. He's a sabra, you know how they are, they never been outside the country and they feel they got to show that they're just as hep as everybody else. So he brought in lots of liquor and we all got as

drunk as owls. And Jack got *really* drunk, crazy drunk, and he at once got the idea he was back in the Foreign Legion.

"He started to yell, '*A l'attaque! Suivez-moi!*' and we did, first, because we were all drunk, and second because he said he'd shoot the first man he caught skulking. We charged out the door yelling and just our luck! we saw some figures on the road, so we started to shoot. We kept on shooting till our ammunition gave out. And then we forgot all about them and went back into the house and started singing. What did we sing? '*Auprès de ma blonde,*' I think."

"But the people you were shooting at—?"

"Oh, yes, them. Well. That was embarrassing. They turned out to be a patrol from the Agudat Ha-Shomrim, checking up on our guard. They were real mad," Maury sounded almost puzzled. "Not like anyone was hurt, I mean. Well, they took away our guard job from us. Then the police decided it was cheaper to buy a padlock for the barracks than to pay us to watch it. And then it came on winter and the lifeguard job went away, too. Then Freddy went to Tel Aviv and got a job with some American airline he used to work for in Casablanca, he was in seventh heaven."

"I can imagine," I said. Without meeting him, I felt I knew Freddy. He was one of a long line of Freddies, Dickies, Jackies, from Morocco on up the Mediterranean, who learned English from the U.S. army and can never again be happy with their old way of life. Most of them are doomed. Freddy was lucky. For the female Freddies there is no hope at all.

"And then Hannah and Nate split up. They still live together in the same room, but she says to him, 'Don't think you can touch me any more. That's finished,' she says to him. Then she says, 'Give me five pounds.' 'Give me ten pounds.' And he does. Then he cries. He's crazy, that poor bugger. And Igor left for Australia, and so one, two, three, no more co-op. Only Jack stayed on. He used to go out in one boat with a naked Arab and throw detonation in the water and sell the fish that were killed, but the police stopped him."

"And after it was all over, I suppose you got the permit and—"

"What? You nuts or something? Never got a thing. Let me tell you the pay-off of

the whole business. It seems the Misrad Dayag is a Mapam enclave in our Mapai economy. And none of us had the slightest affinity for politics, let alone being good Mapamnicks. They never had the slightest intention of helping us at all. One of them told me so later on. Not that it matters now. I couldn't care less."

"So you're going to France?"

"Betcher life."

"When?"

"Pretty soon. I've had enough of the East. I was raised in an Oriental country and now these three years here. Enough. I'm waiting for the war to start, then I'm going into the American army as Bulgarian interpreter. I'm so happy Bulgaria is with the Russians because she is always on the side that loses. Then I will get even with all those sonsabitching fascists that turned Communist so quick. Then—well, we'll see. But I'm through with small, Oriental countries."

He rubbed his chin again and looked dreamily out the window.

"Still," he said, "we had some fine times."

Doctor Basileus

THE true homeland of the Jew is the Exile. His people has spent a great deal more time in the Exile than in Israel itself. Can the Jew, then, not be at home in Israel? Yes; for in Israel he is in exile from the Exile itself."

Dr. John Anthony Basileus (Dr. Med., Gen. Practitioner, said the brass plate near the gate—the one now green with vedrigris and the other a hazard of rusting iron and falling masonry) put down his pen and closed, without blotting, the ledger which currently served him as commonplace book. He sat for a moment in silence trying to remember something. A soft, bubbling noise in the corner of the room told him what it was, and he got up and took the sterilizer off the *petiliah*, the single-burner asbestos wick kerosene stove. The flame, forgotten, continued to burn—or, rather, smolder, as Dr. Basileus took a small egg from the sterilizer and poured the water into a teapot. In his dietary habits he gave great scandal to the plump, serious Rumanian nurse who assisted him in his clinical work.

"Honestgod, *Doctore*," ran her opening lines, "why you are not eating more?" and

her fingers scurrying to thrust in a scrap of escaping hair or fix an undone safety pin or an undone button.

"Eating much is bad for thought: it causes humors to arise to the brain, Sister Goldman."

"It is not so. How you can believe such thing?" She would turn her round, red, serious face at him and scan the thick nose, the spectacles with one opaque lens and the bridge mended with adhesive tape, the straggling gray mustache and irregular teeth.

Or—"Honestgod, *Doctore*, how you can cook food in this sterizor? where you have put before dirty instruments, diseased thing?"

"If I trust my patients' lives to sterile technique, Sister, I may also trust my own."

He put two lumps of sugar in his tea (tea and sugar alike a gift from the police; probably smuggled; ask no questions, Anthony John, but take what the day brings. In the past the day had brought a rich father and a foreign education, a spendthrift brother, an unfaithful wife, a loss of faith, and a calm compassion which passed no judgments and made no demands. Take what the day brings) and cracked the egg against the littered desk. Several times a day Dr. Basileus would buy a cornucopia of peanuts in the village and he always saved the paper, which—always—was a document or form or notice of some kind from "the late Mandatory Government" which the winds had scattered about the same time as they had scattered most of the local Arabs across the Jordan. It pleased Dr. Basileus to read these while he ate, and then to use the backs of them for writing up his records. There was a most pleasing variety. Criminal trial reports, testimony from civil suits, statistical accounts, orders and decrees, what not. It pleased Dr. Basileus still more to think that these papers in the distant future might be used to reconstruct the history of the times. He saw himself as a clerical scribe of the past, going every day to the monastic lumber room and idly picking up separate leaves of parchment or papyrus, and then—on the back of a fragment of a rare Latin history or a leaf of a lost apocryphal Gospel, setting down in his cramped and corrupt script the daily accounts of the abbey. To make any systematic attempt at collecting these papers would altogether spoil his pleasure.

At such times he regarded himself from

afar as, also, a civilized scholar surviving into the times of the barbarians (although who were the barbarians, the Moslems or the Jews, or both, he was not quite certain). Calm and forbearing, he goes about his daily tasks amid the ruins. He was also capable of regarding from afar this observer himself, and of smiling at him; for this attitude might have been taken at any time during the last eight centuries by any member of the family of Basileus.

His cousin Christopher had sat in this same room the night before he fled with the others. Tears ran down his face.

"We have lost our country," he had sobbed.

"That is not news," Dr. Basileus had said. "We lost our country when the kingdom of Jerusalem fell to the Turks. We have lost our language, we have lost our culture, some of us have lost our religion as well. It is Antoninus's nonsense that has persuaded you that you are an Arab. 'The Arab Awakening' indeed! They are walking in their sleep. Really, I have no patience at all with you, Christopher." But he said it gently. And uselessly.

Dr. Basileus remained in his crumbling house and had never been molested. Instead of treating illiterate Arabs for trachoma he now treated, for the same complaint, illiterate Jews who spoke the same language. As before, he read Dickens in English and Balzac in French, and wrote epigrams in old ledgers. A new pleasure was the collecting of records on scraps of empire. Nashashibi and Hussein, Latin church and Greek and Evangelical, were replaced by Mapai and Mapam, Sephardim, Ashkenazim, Yemenites. The sun scorched in summer and the roof leaked in winter. Take what the day brings, be it quarreling Christians, feuding Moslems, or discontented Jews. . . . "We wept when we remembered Zion." . . . Who weeps now? The Moslems may, but is it not rather late for the descendants of the Crusaders to weep?

"Honestgod, Doctore!" Sister Goldman had said; "I cannot to understand why you are staying. Yes, I am content that you stay, but how is it you are not going away with your others?"

"Go ye not unto the Gentiles," Dr. Basileus had quoted; "—nor unto any city of the Samaritans, but go ye unto the lost sheep of the House of Israel." And he had peered at

her to see if she recognized the source or the irony of his quoting it. But—

"You are good man, but I cannot to understand you."

Doctor Basileus smiled and finished his egg.

Don't Talk About Money

ONLY as far as Beersheba, said the man sitting next to me in the bus.

In Beersheba I am going to pick up my things and go back to Lydda. If they are there, I mean. I hope they are there. A chappie I know from Eilat promised that he would leave my things off at Beersheba when he came up with the lorry, and he was supposed to come up last week, so they ought to be there by now. I had great plans for Eilat. It was Solomon's dowry present from Pharaoh, king of Egypt, you know. Even when I was still in Calcutta I used to dream about Eilat, because you see, from the map it is quite obvious that Eilat is the key to the Indian Ocean. I saw there—in my mind only, of course, a great, new city, something like New Delhi, only *ours*, of course; and something like Calcutta. But with no slum quarters. I have studied something of engineering and something of architecture, only I did not take my certificate. My word, my grandfather was angry with me because I did not take my certificate.

Well, then you must come into the business once and for all, he said; and I did not want to go into the business, so I went and spoke to Granny. Granny is Cochinese, you know: not the black Cochinese, but the white. They come from Spain, I think. Anyway, my grandfather is very proud to have married a Cochinese, because his parents were Baghdadee. She said, Silas, do not force the boy to go into the business. He is not a businessman, he is a scholar, he should be a rabbi.

He will not learn to be a rabbi by gadding about in the Himalayas when he should be studying, my grandfather said.

Then let him go to my family in Cochin, Granny said.

Cochin, my grandfather said. In Cochin they know everything, he said, but not how to make money. I am here for that.

And you must give the boy a decent allowance, Granny said.

My grandfather said, Do not talk about money.

Look, there is Masmiyah, see all the new houses. When I came here there was not a new house. But they were built too hastily, look: already, cracks. . . . You must move slowly when you build or what you build will not last. In India the ancient ruins are in better condition than the new houses here. . . . Perhaps I will not stay in Lydda, perhaps I will settle in Ascalon and raise fowls. I think I should like that. Best of all, I should like to found an *ashram*, but the people here are not ready for that, they have no interest in things spiritual. Once, in the Himalayas, in an *ashram*, I asked the yogi why the *Baghavat Gita* begins with a negative; and this is what he said, You must first be negative with the world before you can be positive with the Divine. . . . Of this I am not sure, but here I see they strive for the opposite, which is surely wrong also. Now my grandfather has a more simple philosophy: he says, If you want to be a millionaire, you must act like one. That is just what he did, he set up one of the very first places in Calcutta for motor cars, all his money and the rest borrowed, and he dressed up like a man who owns ten jute mills, and in a very short time he was a millionaire. If he would invest his money in Eilat it could be the city I have dreamed of, but he would not like it there, they are some of them working on *Shabbat* and they would laugh at him with his spectacles and great white beard. . . . No, I did not get a place as engineer or architect, but as bookkeeper. I have studied accountancy as well, but I did not take my certificate. He was very angry, my grandfather. Never did I see him so angry except when I said I was going to be married.

Why do you want to be married so young? he asked. You are only twenty-five. Look at your Uncle Solomon, he is fifty-five and unmarried.

And then when he heard that my wife's mother is a Bene Israel, he was enraged, for, you know, the Baghdadees look down on the Bene Israel. They are the oldest community of Indian Jews, but they are very dark, very poor, and very ignorant; and my grandfather said, You will never marry a Bene Israel.

Then you will never be mayor of Calcutta, I said. For many years it has been my grandfather's ambition to be mayor of Cal-

cutta, and he has promised the Bene Israel community that if they will support him, he will allow them to be given honors in the Baghdadee synagogues. And if he makes a scandal against them, he will not become mayor, and he is very near, he is already a magistrate. So I said, We will go to Israel.

Go, he said. Go anywhere, but go.

It will cost money, I said.

Speak to Granny, my grandfather said. When he is willing to give, he always says, Speak to Granny. When he is unwilling, he says, Don't talk about money.

But Eilat, that's not what I expected. I do not see the possibility there for the city I dreamed of. There is no respect for the things of the soul, and a city is more than bricks and plaster. So people come there to make a little money and they go away again because of the bad conditions. . . . A few months ago my grandfather came to visit us in Lydda. You are wasting your time, he said, spraying drains for the municipality all day and reading your books all the night. You should open a big shop and put in a big stock and the public will have confidence and your business will increase. . . . Then I asked him to sustain me in printing my philosophy, and he said, Do not speak about money. You have a job with Government, it is healthy, out-of-doors work, your wife is fruitful: be content. Do not talk about money.

The Lady in the Cup

AT THREE-THIRTY in the morning the guard came in to get Rory up.

"Wakey, wakey, rise and shine," he said, tumbling the blankets. "'Arise, shine, awake, awake; the glory of the Lord is revealed upon thee,'" he said, bending over the bed. Rory shot up.

"Got it," he said, bent down, poured water over his fingers, and hopped out and into his clothes and shoes while the guard held the flashlight for him. They went out together into the cold and the stars. The settlement was so high up and the hills were so abrupt, that they seemed to be really among the stars and not just under them.

"Had your breakfast?" Rory asked, huddling into his jacket.

"You mean my dinner," the guard said. "No, I'm going now."

"Who's the *shomeret* this morning?"

"It's Sally, thank heaven. Gerda's done."

"Amen to that," Rory said.

Who was *shomeret* made all the difference in the world. Sally, now, was a pleasure to everyone because everything was a pleasure to her. The children were all darlings and never gave a bit of trouble, the guards were all lovely boys and there was always hot coffee fresh and she made the sandwiches the way you wanted them. Gerda, on the other hand, was hell. She made the coffee when she first came on duty, and then let it get cold; cut the bread before it was needed and let it get stale; made sandwiches any which way—and woe to him that complained!

"You've got a lot of cheek!" she'd spit. "I've got twenty-four babies to care for and worry about," she'd jaw at you. That was it, she was afraid of the babies—afraid they'd smother, take fits, fall out, anything. When she was on duty they always cried, and no wonder, with that face on her, and that heavy hand. Poor kiddies! And the parents! Pity the girl if a mother took it into her head to come have a spy and found her precious crying and the girl away in the kitchen for a cup of coffee or making a bite for the *shomer*. . . . All the mothers would talk about nothing else for days. Suggest, if you will, that they put *two* females on duty in the nursery, then, instead of one—ah, no, that wouldn't do, either: More work. They would not admit you can't have it both ways; and as for the idea of putting the kids in with their own natural mother—oh, Lord. Heresy. Destroying the foundations of the *kibbutz*.

But this morning everything was fine, just fine. Cheerful, capable Sally had a nice, hot breakfast for the guards and the driver and the shepherds, those whose work had them up so early; and all quiet in the nursery.

"The top of the morning to you," said Sally.

"The top of the morning to you."

"Isn't it lovely, the way he talks so Irish?" Sally asked the *shomer*. "It comes from sitting on what's-his-name's tomb. Thomas Fox" (—Wolf Tone—Rory corrected.) "Wolf Tone, I mean." She had to sit down to finish her laugh at the mistake. "Solly Clein is Irish, too, but he didn't ever sit on Wolf Tone's tomb, that's why he talks like the rest of us."

"Now you're making things up," said Rory, happily. "It's true, as children, we did use to sit on Wolf Tone's tomb, poor man—"

"Well, if I am, you just let me. I didn't make that up about the lady in the cup, did I?"

Rory turned to the guard, who was eating eggs. "She's told the girls that there's an old Irish legend, if you look into a teacup long enough you'll see your true-love's face. All I said was, at home we had teacups that had pictures painted on the inside bottom, and the people did say, if you could see the lady in the cup it was a sign the tea wasn't strong enough."

"Never mind; I like my way better," said Sally.

THE sun hadn't come up yet when Rory reached the sheep pen, and only the kerosene lamps hanging in the *dior* gave a faint light to the yard. The pre-dawn silence was broken only by the occasional clatter of hooves on a rock, by the snuffling of the ewes and the grunting of the rams, or by Ezra's or Fred's calling from time to time, "Here's one," and "Take her in." A ram had been selected as "teaser" and a canvas apron fastened loosely on him. He moved freely among the ewes and when he found one in heat, attempted to mount, but was prevented from coupling by the apron. At this point he was seized by the horns and pulled away: his attention once diverted, he instantly forgot the ewe and began searching for another. The ewe, meanwhile, was dragged or pushed unwillingly into the *dior*, where her back was painted for identification. After the search, the ewes in oestrus were bred and given extra rations; the rams were forcibly fed with milk after each mating. At noon the mating was repeated to ensure results, and then the ewes went back into the flock. The whole business took about an hour each time. Rory was sure—quite sure—that no one would make jokes about perversion among shepherds who had ever joined in such a morning's work. Drenched with sweat, the three men struggled to control the animal sensuality which—if controlled—meant better lambs, finer wool, more milk. The darkness, the smells of sweat, suint, and urine, the gurgling and panting of the beasts in the darkness—it was either the epitome of sensuality or its utter denigration.

It was a scene from some inferno; it was not conducive to promoting lust in men.

But it was over at last—at least for the time being—and Rory was able to take the flock out to *mireh*, down the rocky slopes (“... a good sheepfold should always be on a rocky slope for the sake of drainage,” Ezra said), across the road that led up to the *kibbutz*, along the dusty path through the fields, and over to the hills that made up the morning pasture. He jogged back and forth, avoiding—when possible—the dusty side of the column. It was astonishing how long a column one small flock of sheep could make when they were stretched out single file. When in front, he sang; when behind, he whistled, or clapped his hands; when the sheep stalled and were loath to budge, he crooned to them in a low, tremulous tone. And when the poor wittolds scattered in panic, as they did for such slight causes as a lizard’s scuttling across them, or a bird’s starting up from the grass, he rounded them up and spoke quietly and soothingly.

“... Our Shepherd, the Shepherd of Israel...”

(Ezra said, “A good shepherd should always be in front of his sheep to lead them, but a good shepherd should always be in back of his sheep to keep them from straggling.”)

On the hills were whole groves of *sabras*, the native prickly-pears, now in fruit; orange-pink, egg-shaped fruit: the devil’s own job to get the spines off them if you didn’t want a nasty lot of ulcers. What you did was, you cut off the whole fleshy leaf, on which the fruits grew like fingers; you pronged it onto a stick, and you rubbed it in the dust until all the prickles were off. Then you made two cuts and popped out the inside and ate it, pips and all. There were plantations of olive, fig, and grape. “Grape trees,” Tabib called the vines, Tabib being the Christian Arab who rented the plantations from the *Apotropos*.

“What *you* wish, eat,” Tabib said; “but do not let the sheep eat the trees.”

ABOUT nine o’clock the sheep stopped grazing about and gradually collected in one place, where they lay chewing their cud, or standing with their heads under one another’s bellies for the coolness. Rory looked about for a nice flat rock and for a moment paused in choice between one covered with white and green lichens and one that had the penny-bits in red and brown. As a good Irishman, he chose the green, looked carefully for scorpions, and sat down and looked about him. To the left was the Sea of Galilee, blue in its deep pocket, bordered with Syria and Jordan. Northwest were the “Horns of Hittin”—you daren’t go there, for it was still mined, they did say. Behind towered Mount Hermon; to the south, rising from the low hills, rose Mount Tabor.

He opened his knapsack, Rory did, and took out his *tallit* and *tefillin*, and said his bit of prayer. Then he had a sandwich and poured some tea out of the canteen into his pannikin. He glanced at the sheep: all quiet—a far cry from this morning’s messy work. He turned his attention to the cup.

From the slight movement of his hand the liquid was a bit atremble and he gazed at it as it calmed, and in the lessening ripples of its surface he saw an image take form.

Then he spun his head around and he broke into a delighted grin and jumped to his feet.

“Well, I wondered if you’d turned to stone and if I’d have to roll you back down the hill by myself,” she said. And, “Will you show me what it is you do out here?” she said, fussing with her long brown hair and smiling.

“Sally, darling,” said Rory, laughing with pleasure, “I will that.”

And he showed her the personalities of the flock, and the view, and how to fix *sabras*, and the colored lichens, and the hand-cast bronze bell on the old wether’s neck. And he showed her the vines and the plantations, and they ate the soft, ripe, purple figs until their tongues were nearly rasped with the sweetness of them.

BRITISH SOCIALISM'S CRISIS OF FAITH

The Bankruptcy That Comes of Success

IRWIN ROSS

THE British Labor party, it is fair to say, suffers from the exhaustion that often comes with success. It would also be fair to say that it suffers from the exhaustion that comes with failure. For, like other historic revolutions, the Labor party's "cautious revolution" of 1945-50 found that real achievements are frequently accompanied by frustrated ideals.

In its six years of office, Labor realized, more fully than is given most administrations, the program on which it had campaigned its way to office. That program had been a consciously limited one; it did not set out to achieve immediately the socialist dream for which the Labor party had been agitating for half a century. Before having to step down, Labor had resoundingly vindicated the gradualist approach, and proved to a doubting world that socialists were serious

IN BRITAIN's recent municipal and county elections, the Labor party scored impressive gains. To some extent, no doubt, this merely reflects a natural dissatisfaction with the continuing austerity of life under a Conservative government, despite its campaign promise of "more red meat." But, in the opinion of many observers, it also presages a return of Labor to power in the next national election. All the more important, then, is the question: what does Labor want? Having accomplished its most pressing aims during its past five years in office, what is Labor's program for the future? This question has been causing Labor's theoreticians to lose more than a little sleep; and the various answers proposed indicate Labor is aware that a fresh approach is necessary. Here, IRWIN ROSS reports on trends of current thinking on Britain's left. Mr. Ross's most recent article in COMMENTARY was "Big City Machines and Liberal Voters," in the October 1950 issue. He has also written frequently for the *Reader's Digest*, *Harper's*, and other periodicals; and he is the author of *Strategy for Liberals* (1949). Mr. Ross was born in Chicago in 1919 and was graduated from Harvard in 1940.

fellows who could both win power and exercise it effectively. Its electoral defeat, however, came at the very moment when it had exhausted its program and would have had to confront directly its more grandiose historic ambitions. Since last fall, it has been clear to all observers that Labor's next step, and indeed its whole future, have become problematic. The old *élan* is gone. Fresh thinking and new inspiration are needed. All of which provides a fitting occasion for a reappraisal of Labor's accomplishments and failures, as well as for some speculation as to its future course.

Labor did succeed, first of all, in attaining many of the goals—both immediate and ultimate—of old-line social democracy. It nationalized some 20 per cent of the economy and, by the use it made of its fiscal powers as well as by selective direct controls, it established the long-sought "planned economy." The substantial edifice of the Welfare State, which had been slowly growing in Britain for over forty years, was enlarged and refurbished. At the same time, the Labor government proved itself equal to the complex managerial tasks it had assumed. The nationalized industries were, on the whole, operated with efficiency. Britain's postwar recovery was the soundest in Europe. Full employment was maintained and inflation kept within narrow limits—at least until the post-Korean rearmament boom. And over the span of years, the living standards of Britain's poorest citizens were substantially raised. (An indication of this vast economic upgrading was recently provided by B. Seebohm-Rowntree's and G. R. Lavers' study *Poverty and the Welfare State*; comparing living conditions in the city of York in 1936 with those in 1950, the authors conclude that a total of 31.1 per cent of the working-class inhabitants of York were below the

poverty line in 1936—and only 2.77 per cent in 1950.) The increasing redistribution of national income has penalized the well-to-do to about the same extent that it has favored the very poor. Given sufficient time, Britain's rapacious income tax—combined with drastic death duties—will whittle the great fortunes down to very modest hoards and prevent any sizable accumulations of new capital in private hands. Socialism-by-surtax has been a consequence of necessity as much as of dogma; it continues under a conservative government. It has hardly been an unmixed blessing.

As remarkable as the changes wrought by Labor has been the surprising ease of the operation. Back in the 30's, Harold Laski was not alone in arguing that if the Labor party was ever strong enough to legislate a socialist program, the Conservative opposition would probably resort to extra-parliamentary forms of resistance. At a time when constitutional governments were toppling on the Continent, this was regarded as realistic thinking. Without doubt, one of the Labor party's major achievements (as of Great Britain herself) has been to confound these gloomy forebodings. It proved the case for gradualist socialism even more emphatically than did the Scandinavian experience—for Sweden and Norway could always be regarded as "marginal" instances.

But how, indeed, explain the effortless manner in which the Labor party carried out its program? True, economic planning was easy to effect, for the Labor government had inherited a wide range of controls imposed during the war. As for Labor's measures of nationalization, Britain's experience highlighted a fact which had been insufficiently appreciated in the past: the first industries any socialist government would be likely to take over would be the inefficient and less profitable ones, in whose defense the capitalist community would hardly exert any extraordinary vigor. Such was the case until the Labor government reached iron and steel. In this instance, the Conservatives were preparing for a stiff fight—which the Laborites deftly limited by curbing the powers of the

House of Lords to hold up legislation passed by Commons.

But these considerations hardly suffice of themselves to explain the serenity of Britain's "cautious revolution." What Britain's Marxists had overlooked in the 30's was the fact that the Conservative community is just as much committed to democratic forms as the Laborites are. It was a mistake surely, to see British Tories as carbon copies of their Continental brethren; variations in national character and tradition make a profound difference. Even Laski, before his death, acknowledged that British democracy had a stability and flexibility which he had hardly foreseen in the mid-30's. His book *Reflections on the Constitution*, published posthumously, implicitly repudiates his former views: he spends an entire volume discussing a wide range of constitutional problems without ever referring to his earlier thesis that parliamentary institutions probably could not sustain the shock of widespread social reform.

IN THE course of attaining its goals, the Labor party found, however, that the semi-socialist economy, instead of evolving with facile inevitability into a socialist society, was beset by a host of built-in dilemmas. As these technical difficulties multiplied, the old socialist vision tended to recede. Where was that harmonious, good society in which the factory was transformed and the workman attained to a new, luminous dignity? Either the orators had lied or the bureaucrats had fumbled. In any case, the socialist militants could barely repress their dismay.

Let us run the range of Labor's new dilemmas. There is, to start with, the fact that it was confronted with a world it never made and whose conditions it didn't much relish. It found itself menaced on the international scene, not by "reaction," but by a totalitarianism that claimed exclusively to represent "true" socialism. It had to involve itself in a huge rearmament program—after years of clamoring for "butter instead of guns." It was compelled, willy-nilly, to recognize those very "imperial responsibilities" in the Near

and Far East it had always mocked. It found itself putting Communists in jail in Nigeria, Malaya, Malta—after having spent years denouncing the Tories for doing exactly that. Though Labor did not shirk its responsibilities in all this, it had no real stomach for the job. The icy waters of the cold war administered the first chill to socialist ardor.

In internal affairs, there was the problem of maintaining incentives for capitalists in a state run by socialists. These days, all factions in the Labor party are committed to some species of “mixed economy,” as a hedge against the dangers of the omnipotent state, but many Laborites are ambivalent in their attitude toward the “private sector.” They concede the value of a degree of private enterprise—but they also feel a profound emotional repugnance towards private profit. They want to retain a measure of capitalism but at the same time to ring it with infinite restrictions. To a large extent, the crux of the dilemma is taxes. You do not have the conditions for a dynamic capitalist sector when high corporate taxes make it difficult to start new ventures, and high personal taxes dampen incentives at the source. It is hard to see how you can retain capitalist organization without capitalist incentives. But that is just what some socialists seem to have in mind. Last summer, largely as a concession to the Bevan group, the Labor government proposed dividend limitation for three years. But the more irrepressible comrades were dissatisfied: they demanded that the limitation be made permanent.

An even more urgent concern of any socialist government is the inflationary pressure inevitably generated by a full-employment economy. Full employment puts the unions in a strategic position to bid wages up faster than any corresponding rise in labor productivity—a process which a prospering employer has little reason to oppose but which, if prevalent throughout the economy, is likely to cause an accelerating inflation. But how can a Labor government impose wage restraint? Its persuasive powers have a limited range of effectiveness, for a union must be diligent in pressing the claims of its

members lest it lose their allegiance to unofficial leaders of a more irresponsible temper—as has occurred in a number of wildcat strikes. On the other hand, a democratic socialist regime can hardly use compulsion without seeming to betray democracy.

The same problem is seen in other areas—for example, how to channel scarce manpower into vital industries. Today 500,000 essential jobs remain unfilled in England—solely for lack of applicants. At the same time, the distributive and service trades (including the football pools) are swollen with “redundant” personnel. For some years the Labor government had a labor-direction law on the books, but it was applied in only a handful of cases. Had it been invoked on a mass scale, the labor movement would have split on the issue. Theoretically, labor mobility can also be achieved by wage incentives, but here again a socialist government is limited by the hard facts of economic life: it cannot manipulate wage differentials beyond a certain level without adding to the inflationary pressures. No one has yet devised a formula to resolve these dilemmas; perhaps none can be devised.

AN EQUALLY ticklish problem, which Labor theoreticians had not anticipated, involves a necessary reorientation of the workers’ attitude toward the boss. In the long run, Britain’s economic health depends on a steady increase in productivity, which, at least in part, depends on the willingness of workers to work harder and more efficiently. To persuade the average workingman to such enlightened self-interest is a difficult task under any circumstances, but especially so for a socialist movement. For in the past, both the union militant and the party militant had been imbued with the psychology of the class war; their only concern was to squeeze the boss harder, not help him solve production problems. Today, by contrast, the worker is asked to cooperate with the boss in order that everybody, in the long run, will benefit. This reversal of attitude goes against the grain, and, with isolated exceptions, the various schemes for “joint con-

sultation" set up in industry since the war have scored no extravagant successes. This is true in nationalized plants as in private industry. In the nationalized railways, a Fabian Society study has pointed out, joint consultation is effective only in the higher echelons, and remains a mere formality on lower levels. In the coal mines—the first industry to be nationalized—the workers are generally as loath to cooperate with their new bosses as with the old. The fact that in many cases the new bosses *are* the old doubtless encourages this attitude.

This points to the basic difficulty the Labor party encountered once it was granted its old wish for the nationalization of wide stretches of the economy: propaganda over many decades had led its enthusiasts to believe that vast changes would impend once control was shifted from rapacious capitalists to the benign state. The average socialist might have been hazy about the specific marvels that would occur, but he had a real emotional stake in the expectation that life, somehow, would be wondrously different. Instead, nothing earth-shaking happened. Material conditions did significantly improve in the mines, to be sure, but for the average worker in the railroad roundhouse, or the electrical generating plant, life went on pretty much as before. The same foremen, the same managers, the same work routine—if the worker was "alienated" from his job before, his alienation has hardly been lessened. Nor did the nationalization of 20 per cent of the economy seem to affect the structure of society outside the factory. If this was socialism, the dreams of yesteryear had somehow been betrayed. Perhaps they had always been—only dreams. Nevertheless, their deflation was painful, and aggrieved cries were heard for "more socialism"—without any clear idea of what that entailed.

NONE of these issues figured explicitly in the October election; Labor simply stood on its record—while also seeking to present itself as the peace party and the Conservatives as the war party. In the end, more people voted for Labor's record than for the

Conservatives' promises, but the accidents of vote distribution gave the Conservatives a majority in the Commons.

Today, in opposition, Labor faces the urgent task of drafting a new program that can cope with the realities of Britain's hybrid economy and still engage the enthusiasm of the party stalwarts. But Labor has to do more than merely find solutions for a series of isolated technical problems. It needs a new approach, new rallying cries. The simple fact is that the old appeals are played out. People can no longer be aroused by hunger and economic injustice—for they have largely been eliminated. Nor can the Welfare State any longer fire men's passions, now that it has been established. As for public ownership, it has become about as exciting a subject as civil service reform in the United States. Despite this exhaustion of its old program, the Labor party can, of course, still fight and win elections—exploiting a Conservative government's mistakes, or rallying the faithful with some synthetic appeal, or merely playing on bitter memories of the 30's. But electoral success alone cannot exorcise the grave crisis of faith in which the party is plunged.

Labor's official pronouncements indicate scant awareness of its plight. Its new proposals have advanced little beyond the familiar orthodoxies. On the other hand, there has been a steady production of unofficial lectures, broadsides, and books—much of it under the auspices of the Fabian Society—that does give evidence of original thinking.

Proposals for the future differ in many details, but on at least one point there is agreement: the bloom is off nationalization as therapy for the nation's ills. No group in the Labor party any longer thinks in terms of taking over industry after industry until virtually the whole of the economy passes into public control—though some people do believe that a few more industries, such as chemicals and aircraft production, still ought to be socialized on the old pattern. This retreat from nationalization has a number of obvious causes: the fear that thoroughgoing socialism has a totalitarian potential; the

plain fact that many British industries are so intricately organized that it would be impossible to run them as nationalized monopolies; the dismay at the emergence of top-heavy bureaucracies and the fear that they repress the man-with-an-idea, whose freedom of action suddenly seems precious.

If socialism is not to come by nationalization, let it come on the heels of the tax collector! Such is the view of a number of Laborites who urge a renewed push towards economic egalitarianism. They argue that the income tax has greatly limited extremes in income, but not in property. True, death duties are already quite steep, but these modern Levelers maintain that over the last thirty years the increase in capital values has compensated for the increase in such taxation. What they want is a capital levy, which they argue for both in terms of abstract morality and as a practical measure to persuade workers to accept wage restraint in an inflationary period. But these people overlook one major long-term problem: if you threaten the business community with piecemeal expropriation (for the logic of one capital tax is always its repetition), how are you going to retain the monetary incentives necessary to the free sector of the economy? This does not mean that a capital levy would be unfeasible in all circumstances, but there is a major dilemma here that many socialists have not bothered to ponder—it is so much easier to get enthusiastic about soaking the rich.

THE more sober Laborites have devised another—and probably more realistic—path to the New Jerusalem: decentralized control. The new insistence on diffusing authority appears in many areas: in the resurgent claims of Scotch and Welsh nationalism, in the exhortations to Labor rank-and-filers to take up the chores of local government, and in the many new schemes to exercise social control over industry without centralizing all power in Whitehall. As far as industrial organization is concerned, the new plans have the virtue of encouraging wholesome competition, local initiative, and a kind of work-

shop democracy obviously absent in nationalized industry. The aim is, in the words of G. D. H. Cole, to “fling power and responsibility into many hands, to rely on the people throwing up their own leaders.” Cole, by the way, is as wise in these domestic prescriptions as he is absurd in his diagnosis of foreign affairs.

Much of the gospel of decentralization has already received the official imprimatur. In 1949, the Labor party went on record, for example, as favoring the socialization of individual firms in industries afflicted by monopoly or incapable of producing enough goods. The publicly owned company would freely compete with private enterprises, trying to spur them out of their sluggishness. It would be an honorable contest, in the best traditions of commercial sportsmanship. There was also a plan, announced in 1949, whereby the government would promote competitive small enterprise by leasing out buildings and equipment, as was done on a small scale in certain sections of the country where the Labor government sought to locate new industry. This scheme also called for a considerable increase in public financing—a kind of RFC for the little man. Because of Labor’s slim majority after the February 1950 election, both these plans never got off the board.

In the current emphasis on decentralization it is only natural that the cooperatives are getting their innings. The cooperative movement marked time during Labor’s term of office, its leaders going along with the government—until they discovered that further ventures in nationalization might threaten their preserves. There was a minor crisis in 1950, when the Labor party proposed the nationalization of industrial insurance, which endangered the cooperative insurance business, and in the end the Labor party changed its proposal from nationalization to mutualization. Meantime, the Fabian Society set the tireless Professor Cole to work on a new study, recently published as *The British Co-operative Movement in a Socialist Society*. Cole argues that while it was appropriate for the cooperatives to remain aloof from the

capitalist state, they should link arms with the socialist planners. His boldest proposal is for the government to finance an effort to turn large department and chain stores into cooperative enterprises—"Mutuals." The government would provide the money to take over the businesses; the customers would be paid dividends on purchases; and they would also be able to buy share capital, thereby reimbursing the government for its outlay. Consumer control would thus be extended to an area of the economy into which the existing cooperatives could hardly advance under their own power. If one thinks it an improvement for boards of directors to be elected by consumer-shareholders rather than non-consumer-shareholders, this proposal will commend itself, but just what the improvement will consist in, is not clear to the non-cooperative eye. And one is further inclined to ask: what is the advantage to a London longshoreman in owning a small piece of Selfridge's department store? One has to search further for the palpable feel of socialism.

Cole also wants producer cooperatives to share in the state's bounty. He suggests that the Cooperative Wholesale Societies and the trade unions jointly sponsor new ventures in industries, such as clothing and bootmaking, where small-scale operations are feasible. He wants the government to rent facilities to the new groups and, where necessary, advance capital and give them orders. This scheme, indeed, has a certain pertinence to the problem of introducing a socialist ethic into the factory, for a worker in a small producing co-op could have a real sense of participation. And it would also mark a step toward the realization of the syndicalist vision of an industrial society under "workers' control." Rather surprisingly, a number of cooperative leaders apparently agree with the main outline of Cole's plan.

EVEN with a sizable increase in cooperative organization, the capitalist sector of the economy would still bulk large. Here the Laborites still have a headache. They have to retain enough of the old incentives to

keep private industry dynamic, while simultaneously enforcing a pious social discipline on the capitalists and giving the workers a sense of "participation." It is a difficult, and in any ultimate sense, perhaps an impossible task, but some interesting ideas have been advanced.

In *The Future of Private Enterprise*, published last year, George Goyder suggests certain legal changes that would drastically alter the purpose of the "public company." (In American terms, a public company is a corporation whose stock is sold publicly.) Present-day boards of directors are solely concerned with their stockholders' welfare; Goyder would make them equally responsible to three other groups: workers, consumers, and community-at-large. He would legislate, in point of fact, a sense of responsibility that now exists only in the rhetoric of "enlightened" business. He wants, on each board, a "consumer director" and a "community director" who would be charged respectively with carrying out the company's obligations to these outside groups—and who would be subjected to searching questions by consumer and community busybodies at annual board meetings. He also wants the workers to be regarded, in a legal sense, as members of the company, with rights of representation on the board of directors. He proposes, also, that in the general articles of every public company there be a clause stating that any surplus funds left over after the payment of stipulated dividends and reserves be distributed for certain set purposes: bonuses for the workers, playgrounds for the community, and so on.

At first glance, it would seem as if Goyder were overwhelming a simple business enterprise with an impossible burden of public duties. But such would not be the case. The managers would still manage the firm, and their aim would be to make profits. Moreover, Goyder is opposed to statutory dividend limitation; thus adequate returns would be available to attract risk capital for new ventures. But such returns would be legally limited to fifty years, after which the stock would be redeemed out of a sinking fund.

It is fair to reward capital for past risks, says Goyder, "but that reward should not continue in perpetuity—any more than a worker is paid in perpetuity after his retirement from the company." After the original capital is retired, ownership would be in the hands of the workers and managers. But would even a fifty-year period be entirely fair, if a depression should cancel dividends for an extended time? And it is unclear what would happen if an old company wanted to float a new stock issue for expansion. These and other technical—but by no means minor—details aside, Goyder's "constitutional" approach offers some interesting possibilities for Labor's planners.

Austen Albu and Norman Hewett have also advanced novel designs in the same field. In their Fabian pamphlet *The Anatomy of Private Industry*, they urge distinctive policies for the "private" and "public" companies. (A private company is a corporation whose stock is closely held.) They argue that the private company—where the classic owner-manager is still to be found—is the only place left in the capitalist sector of the economy where initiative responds to the traditional incentive of a high rate of return. Hence, to maintain the enterprise of these true free-enterprisers, Albu and Hewett would deliver them not only from the threat of dividend limitation but also from onerous taxation. This is a sensible proposal, and, from socialists, rather courageous. The authors would, however, consider as private companies only those with ten stockholders or less, rather than fifty as at present—this in order that their reforms benefit only firms really managed by their owners.

As for the public companies, where ownership and management are largely divorced, they would impose a policy of drastic dividend limitation, on the theory that managers work efficiently even when stockholders get less money. (But their formula seems so drastic as thoroughly to dry up the sources of equity capital.) They would have government and worker representation on the boards of public companies (up to two-thirds of the memberships) and have surplus profits

paid over to a government-controlled investment corporation. The government would also finance new investment in private industry, where necessary. This whole set of proposals almost amounts to socialization in the name of private enterprise. It has to be evaluated as much in political as in economic terms: is it wise to vest this much power in the Board of Trade? Socialists newly fearful of the Irrepressible State are likely to back off in dismay.

THESE plans for constitutional reform of private industry still by-pass a crucial problem in any semi-socialist society: how are you going to change the worker's attitude—and his relation—to his job?

A few people in England have begun to realize that the factory is the great new uncharted frontier for socialist experiment, but the leaders of the Labor movement are not among them. The official policy of joint consultation has the formal assent of trade union leaders and company managers, but in most shops it is effectively sabotaged by hostility on both sides. Management, brought up in the old tradition, resents any sharing of responsibility—even if it makes the final decisions—and the workers' leaders cannot easily reorient their thinking to collaborate with men whom they will later have to fight over wage issues.

Even where both sides are eager to collaborate for the common good it is a painful process. The Tavistock Institute recently undertook an exhaustive study of union-management relations at the Glacier Metal Company, a light manufacturing firm, with some fifteen hundred employees, that has long been renowned for its progressive policies. The Tavistock findings—detailed in *The Changing Culture of a Factory* by Elliott Jaques—show the immense difficulties involved. When worker and management representatives would gather to discuss some technical matter, all sorts of hidden tensions, resentments, aggressions would impede a meeting of minds. The Tavistock team conducted what amounted to sessions in group therapy, helping the participants to "work

through" their problems. In the end, a number of reforms in payment systems and in the organizational structure of the factory were effected, but they involved an extraordinary effort. Could joint consultation be equally effective throughout British industry without thousands of "observer-participants" roaming the factories, psychoanalyzing managers, straw-bosses, and workers alike?

Moreover, joint consultation on matters ranging from canteen operations to production short-cuts hardly seems the whole answer to the problem of job alienation. For the consultative plan is carried out by delegated bodies, and the worker at the bench still remains uninvolved. Apart from occasional observations on the need to break down assembly-line isolation and promote group incentives, the British have come up with few ideas that could be immediately applied in their factories. This is less dismaying than the fact that only a few socialist theoreticians are even concerned with such problems. P. C. Gordon-Walker probably expresses the dominant view when he writes in *Restatement of Liberty*: "Once the State discharges on behalf of society the main social obligations that attach to wealth (i.e. introduces full social security), then industry, whether in public or private hands, can without scruple regard man at his place of work as economic man and nothing else." A socialism of economic men? A strange end to all the fervent years.

THESE varied proposals are no more than a beginning in Labor's ideological house cleaning. It is not surprising that the party moves cautiously—any political party is a sluggish body, encrusted with traditions, loyal to its pieties, loath to experiment boldly lest it fracture the delicate coalition whose

unity gives it power. It is usually afraid of ideas and acquires them slowly. But the whole history of British Labor over the past fifty years proves that ultimately the party wheel horses come to accept the most heretical notions. And what's more, they come to apply them.

Today, of course, the party's reorientation is made even more difficult by the need to discard emotional stereotypes that have long served it well. If it is going to operate a mixed economy, it cannot hold out the hope of an endless process of economic leveling. If it wants to mobilize all energies to expand production—Britain's only hope of escaping its economic squeeze—it cannot wave the red flag in the bosses' face. If it is going to rearm to resist Russian expansionism, it will have to slough off its semi-pacifist set of mind. If it is going to participate in plans for European defense, it will have to forego its "little Englandism." If it is going to fight Communism and chaos in the Middle and Far East, it will have to realize emotionally what it already admits tacitly: that the surrender of "imperialism" is no panacea.

Nor can British Labor any longer exploit the old illusion—so prevalent in the 30's, particularly among intellectuals—that socialist rule will suddenly transform the whole face of society and the soul of man. The truth, of course, is that the Labor party has no new culture to substitute for the old. Changes in the culture and character of British society are taking place, of course, but decades may pass before any basic alteration is evident.

On any trial balance, however, the Labor party's achievement remains impressive. If it is currently suffering from the exhaustion of success, few socialist parties can boast of the same ailment.

FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

SEVEN MEN IN SEARCH OF A RABBI

A Road Block on the Return Home

S. T. HECHT

AS CHAIRMAN of the Rabbinical Committee, an honor no one else had wanted, I rose to report on my reconnoiterings in New Jersey for a rabbi (we were without one). I had been here, I had been there, I said, I had made inquiries, and I believed, I said humbly, that I had found a man for our small synagogue. I described him as a refugee, young, talented, and he seemed, I was about to say, to have enough learning for our needs. Suddenly Mr. Greenspan's hand shot up, and with it Mr. Greenspan himself.

Now, to look at Greenspan was experience enough, but to hear him in the full flower of his eloquence was memorable. His abilities had impressed themselves on me from the first time I had encountered them at our Men's Club meetings.

"Mr. Waxman!" he addressed me.

I appealed to the chairman, indicating that I still had the floor.

"Just one word," Mr. Greenspan insisted. "Bluster?"

As coldly as I could I replied that I would like to conclude my remarks.

But Greenspan was subject to control neither by heat nor cold.

SEVEN men from a small Jewish community in New Jersey go across the Hudson to New York on a mission, and learn—as have hundreds before them—that "returning to Judaism" in our times is no simple matter. S. T. HECHT, who here relates this episode, teaches English and economics in the East Side High School in Newark, New Jersey; he was born in Poland in 1895, came to the United States in 1906, and studied at Columbia University and New York University.

With his glasses off now he called back to me once more, "Bluster?"

"Who is blustering?" I demanded. "I'm giving a report."

"Bluster tsu bluster nit?"

Suddenly I understood. Mr. Greenspan wanted to know, in his best Litvak Yiddish, if the young refugee could "blow"—on the shofar.

"He plays the piano," I said.

"Nul! Shon gut!" and he sat down with a feeling of triumph.

Triumph it was! With his marvelous eyes and that last thrust of his, "Shon gut!" he had persuaded his cronies that we young fellows were quite prepared to throw out the true, the tried, and the kosher, and drag in the golden calf of Reform Judaism. Who knows! The way things were going in our little town, with young American Jews, veterans, moving into the garden apartment house development, next we'd be using the saxophone instead of the shofar on Yom Kippur.

Mr. Epstein, the president of our Men's Club (the best little bunch of pinochle players between the Hackensack and the Hudson rivers), announced the result of the vote. My young refugee was *not* to be invited, not even to be looked over. On the spot I offered my resignation. But to my surprise Greenspan arose. He did not think I should resign.

"You done a good job," says he. "Only we don't like the man. But a good job, Mr. Waxman, you certainly done."

I failed to hear what other encomiums he was laying at my feet because my admiration for his capacity for nice distinctions led my

mind off to a recent altercation I had had with my wife. It was an excellent soup I told her she had cooked; only I didn't like it. I thought it had been wrong of her to get angry with me, and so I saw how wrong it would be of me to get angry with Greenspan.

"Try again," he says. "Maybe next time you find something better."

They left the chairmanship still in my hands, but I noted they enlarged the Rabbinical Committee, loading it heavily with old-timers.

So now we were seven, and it was decided that all of us drive into New York and let ourselves loose, so to speak, over the city, in search of a rabbi. We agreed to meet on Sunday at nine in the morning in front of our little synagogue. I warned them to be prompt. "Not at eleven!"

"Don't worry," I was assured, and as I left I saw them scraping chairs together while a hunt went up for a deck of cards.

AT NINE promptly I was there, and of course no one else had arrived. I sat in the car keeping the radio and the heater on while I restively waited. At nine-thirty I was more than huffish, at which point David Deutch pulled up in his car, looking dapper and smiling. But I could not afford to alienate the only man on the committee, "young" (under fifty) like myself, who stood for a change from the old set-up. Together we bemoaned the backwardness of our elderly Jews who were in control of the synagogue. We wanted to renovate the place, on which not a penny had been expended in years. We wanted a young rabbi whose services we could understand, who would understand our growing children, and who would understand our own problems—second-generation Jews, most of us back from the war, and eager to embrace our religion, which before the war we had been separately fleeing in our own ways. The war and Hitler had indeed made a change.

At nine forty-five Mr. Itzkowitz and Mr. Klein drove up. They at least excused themselves for being late, in a fashion.

"Sunday morning," said Abe Klein, with a cigar in his mouth, "is nice to sleep."

Itzkowitz sold paper bags, boxes, twine, and other supplies to retailers. He was a tall man with a haggard look, as if someone were

pursuing him. Klein, short and full-blooded to his florid cheeks, had one of those bright, beady-eyed looks and a sense of humor of a kind I found hard to relish. He owned a prosperous liquor store and called me "professor."

"Compared to me you are a professor. Me? I'm igomus. Never went to no college like you. You wanna hear something funny? One time my teacher in school holds up a ball and drops it, and then she says to me, 'Abie, what was that?' I says it was a ball. 'No, Abie. That's gravity.' 'Teacher, what I seen was a ball,' I says, and she hollers, 'Sit down, stupid!' So tell me, professor, was it a ball I seen or was it gravity? Gravity you don't see. You feel it (he pronounced it 'fill') like fish. Get it? Gefilte fish!"

By ten-thirty Blumberg, Klepper, and Greenspan arrived. David Deutch, in the car with me, whispered, "Keep your shirt on, Waxy."

"Is everybody here now?" Greenspan asked, sailing up toward us.

"Is this what you call nine o'clock?" I asked bitterly.

"So is no use for getting mad, Mr. Waxman."

"I've been here since nine!"

"So have a cigar," he says, looking at me through his glasses. "Is an honor to serve with you on the same committee."

Who could be angry with such a man? I knew that he held me in respect because I had once run into Mrs. Greenspan on Main Street. The broad hello she gave me and her smile set me wondering what she could be wanting.

"Mine husband has a cross on you," she began.

"A cross?" I asked bewildered, wondering what new sort of hex she had in mind.

"Yes. A cross. He likes you."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "A crush!" and once again I felt helpless among the Litvaks.

Our four cars were lined up before the synagogue.

"Is no use going mit four cars," Greenspan suggested.

"Why not?" said Abe Klein. "It would make a better impression."

"If we'll make an impression they'll ask for more money for the rabbi," Itzkowitz said, laughing.

So we decided to use only two cars al-

though Abe said that if we used four we could spread over the city easier. But just then Miss Brandt, our volunteer Sunday school teacher (poor thing, *nebbich*, thirty-one already and no feller in sight—and so-o educated!) appeared in her short fur coat looking very cold. She tried the door of the synagogue and it was locked.

"The children will be here soon," she said. "Where's Gittleson?"

Gittleson was our sexton and he had the key.

So instead of starting out for New York we first had to find out why Mr. Gittleson wasn't on the job. None of us quite knew where he lived. I volunteered to find him, and with Deutch in my car we went looking for the *shammes* and found him, after much wandering and inquiry, living in a decrepit house, on the second floor. Mrs. Gittleson answered to our knock, an old woman, who when she heard who we were exclaimed, "*Hot zich ubergeshlofen!*" ("he overslept"), and pushed the key at us through the partly opened door.

ON OUR way back to the *shul* I said, "Do you think, David, that we'll ever clean this mess up?"

But David was more hopeful than I.

"Wait till all the boys come back," he said. "We'll take the place right over from 'em."

But all I could think of was my father's *kleisel* on Ridge Street in New York's Lower East Side. It was on the upper floor of a rear house, the lower occupied by a tinsmith. I recall that on the Sabbath, while we prayed we had the harmonious tinsmith's hammering coming up from below, and while I recited the *Shmone Esra* silently, as did everyone else, clang, clang, clang, pounded the man below us. So here, in East Reedville, New Jersey, after all my wanderings and my flight from the *shul*, I had come back to the same thing again, even to the clanging and honking from the gas station, the trucks, the cars. What a dunce I had been in my haste to get settled again after the war, to grab up a house in Reedville without inquiring about the synagogue. It was only after I had been in for a few months, my house bought, that I discovered that across the tracks, in East Reedville, there was a *shul* after all. As I drove back to it now, the key in my pocket, I kept recalling

how shocked I felt seeing it the first time, jammed in between a gas station and a cleaning store. You've traveled the long way home, I had said to myself, looking at it, but not altogether in despair because the memories of my father's *kleisel* were not unhappy ones. I would go in, I said, and introduce myself. Perhaps it was destined to be so; that thought of destiny being something newly acquired since the war. Before the war, like the rest of us, I was "the master of my fate." I was returning to my own people, my father's learned Jews, who knew Torah and could conduct a service. But what had I found in this wilderness, this *midbar*, between the Hackensack and the Hudson?

I DELIVERED the key to Miss Brandt, and we got into two cars and at last were off. But we were not long on our way when Greenspan asked if Deutch and I would mind going first of all to the Yeshiva.

"What kind have they got there?" Deutch asked innocently. I saw Greenspan suppressing a smile.

"You talking like it was merchandise, Mr. Deutch."

"He means—" I began.

"That's right, professor. You explain."

Klein got under my skin, but I didn't want him to have the satisfaction of knowing it. So I asked him what sort of rabbi *he* would like.

"Professor," he said, taking the cigar out, "I got no use for any of 'em."

Greenspan, at heart very religious, asked Klein to justify himself, and I was glad to be taken out of the conversation. Greenspan was the scholar, and he, to give him credit, had once confided to me that in our neck of the woods one didn't need much learning to pass for a Talmud *chochem*.

"If you're asking, I'll tell you," and that round, usually cherubic face of Abe Klein's turned a shade serious, if not angry.

"When I was a boy," he began, "my father died. We were very poor and my mother wanted me to say *kaddish* for my father, but I didn't know how. So she asked some guy if he would teach me and he said he would, if she paid him. I remember how she looked when he said it and I knew she could not help herself because she had no money. We were living somewhere God knows in three rooms in New York and my

father had left her three kids, me the oldest. I was ten. So I told my mother I would learn by myself if she got me a book with the words in English. But I wouldn't go near the synagogue again because of what that louse told my mother. If that's religion, I says to myself, then I want none of it. But every night, so help me, I remember standing right in the street by a drug store with them colored globes in a window where the light was good, and with that little book my mother got for me I read the words in English, saying the *kaddish* for my father and then coming home to my mother and saying to her that I come from the *shul* and that I said it. So now, Mr. Greenspan, maybe you know why I got no use for the whole tribe of 'em."

"So why you coming along to find a rabbi when you got no use for one?" Greenspan asked very mildly, for we all had been moved momentarily by Abe's story, even I, who disliked the pride he took in his ignorance.

"Strictly for the ride, Greenspan, and the professor's company," Klein replied, laughing at his own humor.

BUT the basic question, what kind of rabbi we would get, was not settled in the car, no more than it had been at our meetings. We had received from our chairman a sort of roving commission. We were to look over the field, and like the spies Moses sent out from the wilderness of Paran to inspect the land of Canaan, so were we to bring back a report. Now I ask you. For a major project such as Moses had in view twelve men were deemed enough. But we, from the wilderness of East Reedville, only sent out seven men. Seven men charged with one directive: go to New York and look over the rabbinical situation. Don't hire nobody. But Greenspan wanted to beguile us into first going to the Yeshiva, where they trained the Orthodox. I knew that the younger men whom Deutch and I represented on the committee would feel betrayed if we brought back recommendations for an Orthodox rabbi. At the Yeshiva none other was available.

"There's a place in Brooklyn," said Greenspan, and he mentioned the word "Yavneh." Deutch and I had never heard of it.

"Is it Orthodox?" Deutch asked.

Deutch was a tall, thin fellow, with glass-

es, and very well dressed. He was from the garden apartment house crowd, and he warned us that if we got an Orthodox rabbi none of the young Jewish residents would join the synagogue.

"So what you want?" cried Itzkowitz. "Reform maybe? Maybe you want throw out our Prayer Book and put in Kaplan's?"

"Who is Kaplan?" Deutch asked, more willing than I to expose his ignorance.

"Ai, ai," groaned Greenspan, and he scratched his neck.

"Would be better maybe," he said pensively, "I should give you young people a lesson as what goes on in the world among Jews. Never heard of Mordecai Kaplan!"

"Is better they shouldn't hear," cried Itzkowitz, getting very red.

"Don't be getting excited, Benny," Greenspan warned him.

"Why not getting excited, Meyer? Them young people don't know from nothing and is telling us what kind of rabbi to get! You seen Kaplan's *Siddur*. You seen his Haggadah. Left out the *Shvoch Hamoshim*!"

"Look, Benny. You got blood pressure, Minnie says. So what is the excitement? Them young people wanna learn. They don't know."

WE HAD crossed the George Washington Bridge, and we had turned into Riverside Drive when David, whose car we were in, cried, "Oy! A flat!"

He signaled our other car to stop and we all got out to examine our misfortune.

"This means," said Abe Klein, "that God didn't want us to come at all."

"Since when you are God?" Greenspan asked laughing.

Deutch had stripped off his overcoat, and I, to make him feel better, followed suit.

It was a beautiful day, a snowless winter, and the river carried the sun and the sky in magnificent reflection. For a brief moment I forgot I was the chairman of the Rabbinical Committee, and I became a boy in New York again. I retraced the thirty-five years of my life, my college wanderings among the radicals, my graduation into the depression, the years in Nebraska working as an asphalt chemist for the state highway department, then back East again, glad to leave those arid, unintellectual regions, vowing never to go back there; marriage; a good job at last,

then the war, and the return of my lost Jewish feelings, and here now, with this bunch—doing what? Looking for a rabbi. Was I looking for a rabbi really, or was I looking for my Jewish self once more? And what was Deutch there, with his coat off and the jack lifting up his car? What was he looking for? Klein, I knew, was looking for nothing. But Greenspan and Itzkowitz, and those others in the second car, were they looking for something or did they have it? Why wouldn't the same thing do for us, for me? I felt drawn toward them—they were Jews—and I felt repelled by their ideas of Judaism—and yet I myself, if you had pressed me, didn't quite know, wasn't prepared to say what I was looking for. All I could say and feel at the moment was that Deutch and I were young American Jews and that we had lived through something Greenspan couldn't understand. Perhaps he could. Why not talk it out with him? Talk it out among ourselves?

"Hey Waxy," David called, and he tossed me a lug wrench.

Between the two of us we had finished in fifteen minutes, and were ready to go.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

But Greenspan called attention to David's and my own untidiness, and we saw that our hands needed washing. Abe Klein at this point suggested we drive down to Second Avenue for a good meal.

"You boys can spruce up while we eat."

Greenspan would have none of it. We had come for business, he said.

We found a restaurant on Upper Broadway.

Greenspan, the true Litvak, ordered "a gless tea mit lemon," and I saw how things stood when the orders were in: five teas and two coffees.

"Nothing else?" asked the proprietor, indignant that we should take up so many seats, silver and napkins and glasses of water, and order so little. So we ordered something else. But to me, the five teas with lemon and two coffees were the handwriting on the wall. Those five would turn thumbs down on any proposal David and I might make.

"The Yeshiva isn't far from here," Greenspan hinted.

David declared emphatically that if it was for an Orthodox rabbi we were going he would not go along.

"So don't go!" Itzkowitz, that harried-looking soul, cried rather loudly and got red in the face once more. Again he demanded to know if David and I only wanted a Reform rabbi.

"I don't want an Orthodox rabbi," David said, raising his voice and setting down his coffee, which was spilling.

"Why not?" Itzkowitz answered just as loud and perhaps louder.

"He don't know what he wants," Abe Klein threw in. "Ask the professor."

"Please, gentlemen!" cried Greenspan, who saw that the proprietor was approaching.

We were informed that we were in a restaurant, not a meeting hall.

Out on the sidewalk the power of democracy triumphed. They voted, teas against coffees, to set out for the Yeshiva. David said he would not go inside, but I persuaded him to come along anyway.

"We're just looking," I said.

"Sure. That's right," said Greenspan, and he led us up the few steps inside.

"Say!" exclaimed Abe Klein once he was inside, and when he saw the solid mass of people, surely over a thousand, gathered in the huge auditorium for some occasion or other, everyone in rapt attention to what the speaker had to say—when Abe saw the dignity, the order, the small-town yokel in him subsided, went into hiding. Greenspan was expansive with pride. But there was nobody there to greet us. We waited and nobody paid any attention to us. By degrees we all must have been getting smaller and smaller.

But not for long. Greenspan to the rescue!

"From what kind business is this?" he asked, collaring someone who happened to pass through. "Is a Rabbinical Committee come from out of town looking for a rabbi and is nobody to talk to?"

They flung themselves into the Yiddish language and presently Greenspan came up smiling as the man went away.

"Is coming a Mr. Stein to talk to us," he said proudly, and presently a stocky, barrel-chested man appeared wearing a skullcap.

"Mr. Waxman," said Greenspan to me. "You speak. You the chairman."

I introduced myself, saying that we were a committee in search of a rabbi.

"All seven of you?" he asked, a trace of

amusement escaping his well-guarded manner.

He showed us into a conference room, where we all found seats at a long table with himself at the head, after which he informed us that this was not his regular work, but that he was merely taking Rabbi Beder's place because we had come from out of town. What sort of man were we looking for? he asked. I was sure he had put the question to me, but Greenspan grabbed the torch.

"Mr. Stein," he began.

"Rabbi Stein," he was softly corrected with a round smile.

"Allright. Let be Rabbi Stein. Is in our community a very tough problem, so leave me explain how is. In East Reedville is a small Jewish population which is mostly merchants, also in Reedville, from across the tracks, which comes to us to *shul* because in Reedville, which is very *goyish*, is no synagogue at all. Is more than twenty-five years we built our little *shul* in East Reedville, and everybody work hard to do it. Mr. Itzkowitz over there, and Mr. Klepper and Mr. Blumberg, and me, we was the organizers and believe me we work hard. But not everybody is lucky enough to have such work. Is a *mitzvah* to build a *shul*. So everything goes allright, thank God, and we pay off the mortgage, we burn it and make a big party, and is even a little money in the bank when comes the war and we don't have no rabbi and is no need for one. But now, after the war, is these young men, Mr. Waxman, the chairman from the Rabbinical Committee, and Mr. Deutch, they coming back from the war and is suddenly wanting to be Jews. Is moving in more young people which never lived before in East Reedville in a big apartment house from two hundred families, many Jewish, and now they wanting a modern up-to-date *shul* with a rabbi which speaks English and English-speaking services. We old-timers, Rabbi, you understand how we feel. We like our *shul*. True, is better *shuls* in existence, but ours we built is what we like. Is ours. So is a problem, Rabbi, mit these young fellows coming in and asking to be members but making trouble all the time with this and with that. Everything is no good. So is a problem how we should get a rabbi which will please everybody, which is impossible when is

young and old together in one little place."

GREENSPAN must have said many other things which I have left out, and which must have been familiar enough to Rabbi Stein, who listened with patience and apparent interest. When Greenspan finally stopped, Rabbi Stein, in a very gentle voice that surprised everyone because he looked like a man able to quarterback any varsity team, begged to be excused if he would appeal to be coming to the point too bluntly. In a most perfect English he informed us how deeply he felt our troubles. We were not the only ones these days.

"But, gentlemen, I am obliged to ask you a very material question. How much is your community willing to pay for a rabbi?"

Perhaps he saw the consternation on my face. The question had not even been considered.

Now no one was ready to speak, and as chairman I felt called on to reply to Rabbi Stein. I confessed that we had not fixed on any sum. We were making an effort to find out so as to inform our membership.

Rabbi Stein asked how many members we were and I said that we had about fifty. He then asked what dues we paid, and when I told him twenty-five dollars, he looked embarrassed.

"Not much money there for a rabbi," he said.

It required, he told us, a minimum of five to six thousand dollars a year to hire a rabbi. If he had applied a mallet to each of our skulls he could not have silenced us more efficaciously. But as though that weren't enough, he added, "Have you a home suitable for a rabbi to live in?"

I answered we had none, feeling very small and humbled.

"That makes it even more difficult. You'll want a married man, no doubt. A commuting rabbi is as good as no rabbi at all. It takes a rabbi in residence to build up a community like yours, to knit the different elements together."

"But if we haven't six thousand?" Abe Klein suddenly exploded.

"Then you haven't got it," Rabbi Stein calmly replied.

"You mean we don't get a rabbi," Abe shot back. "We can go hang ourselves, isn't that right?" He turned to me. "You see,

professor, it's like I told you about my saying *kaddish*."

Fortunately Rabbi Stein did not understand his allusion. He inquired further into the nature of our population, its potential growth, and wound up by saying that it was next to impossible to find a good man for less money.

"What a racket!" Abe murmured as we filed out, Rabbi Stein himself seeing us to the door, speaking to us as we moved along and saying that there were many communities waiting for rabbis. "They're asking for rabbis, regardless of cost."

OUTDOORS again Abe let go now real loud. "Six thousand dollars! What a racket!"

"Rabbis is no racket," Greenspan answered warmly, and then, "But is a lot of money. I remember we could get a rabbi for two thousand before the war, no, Meyer?"

Itzkowitz concurred and they all agreed that at these prices there was no sense in going elsewhere. We began moving toward our cars when Greenspan announced that he would go visit a cousin in the Bronx. So Itzkowitz rode home with the others and David and I went alone. I kept thinking of my father's *kleisel* where they had no head-

aches about getting a rabbi. Every Jew there was a learned Jew, and more than one could deliver a *drosch* at a moment's notice. They kept a *rebbe* for the children, who, I remember, was a tempestuous soul who bit his pencil to pieces while he taught us *Chumesh*. Each family paid him a pittance and he lived on free enterprise. (If you must know, he nearly starved to death. I once told my mother what a madman he was eating pencils, and she said, "What do you want, he's hungry.")

I reminisced to David about my father's *kleisel* and then our conversation became serious. David was enthusiastic about the young couples in the garden apartments. "Give 'em a young rabbi and they'll come flocking in, but if Greenspan and Itzkowitz have their way, you won't see one of them."

Again he repeated his credo: They'd move in and take 'em over. But when I was alone in my own car driving home I set to thinking about our problem. Greenspan had the virtue of knowing at least what he wanted. What did we, young American Jews, want in our synagogue?

My wife greeted me at the door. "What did you find?" she asked.

So maybe you can tell her.

CEDARS OF LEBANON

LEARNING AMONG THE HEBREWS

A 17th-Century Report

SIMONE BEN ISAAC LUZZATTO

THE Jews have, on past occasions, liked to refer to themselves as the People of the Book, that is, of the Bible. Yet it might be almost as true (if not as theologically significant) to say that they have been the people of books, for it is doubtful if book learning has elsewhere been as widespread and as highly prized—prized sometimes, indeed, so highly as to become a subject for caricature in our day. But it was in no satirical mood that Simone Luzzatto wrote of Learning Among the Hebrews: he was both too learned and too Hebraic.

Rabbi Simone ben Isaac Luzzatto (1583-1663) was born, lived, and died in Venice, where he sat on the rabbinical collegium. A

humanistic rabbi of the Renaissance, he championed Maimonides against the Cabala, wrote an Italian treatise on the compatibility of science with faith, as well as the book *Discorso circa il stato degli Ebrei* ("Discourse on the Situation of the Hebrews"), from which this selection, somewhat condensed from the original, is taken. The "Discourse" is a work of apologetics, of a rational rather than theological order, distinguished by its clarity, frankness, and fine prose style. Previous chapters from this volume appeared in the April and May 1947 issues of COMMENTARY.

The translation, the first into English, is by Felix Giovanelli.—Ed.

Consideration XVI

Of the zeal for learning and the several classes of Doctors amongst the Hebrews

WHATSOEVER People and nation dedicated its memory to sempiternity, aspired thereto by Arms or Learning. The Greeks immortalized themselves by inventing the most noble Arts and Sciences, and the Romans by Triumphs and Empires.

As long as it was protected by Divine favor, the Hebrew Nation was celebrated for both Arms and Learning amongst all the peoples coeval with it. As for the handling of Arms, famous are the accounts unfolded in Holy Writ and the narrations of Josephus the Hebrew [Flavius Josephus]. It is noteworthy that even at the time they had fallen from Divine favor and sunk to the nadir of their Dominion, they were still capable of great valor and magnificent energy, after the manner of fire which at the very moment

of its extinction redoubles its light and splendor. The human kind had already been subjugated by the Roman power, save that part of it which the intractability of the heavens [the climate], the sterility of the terrain, and hostility of the sea defended from so vexatious an oppression. Only the Hebrews, so insignificant compared to the multitude and number of other Peoples, took up arms to vindicate their liberty and defend their Religion; and willingly exposed their lives to slaughter. On which account such valiant Emperors as Vespasian and Titus, though able to draw upon the course of all men, fell often to doubting of their victory. Nor less famous and illustrious were the Hebrews in the exercise of letters and sciences, since by universal consent, to them is attributed the honor of having had the most lofty Doctrines; this, Eusebius shows most excellently in his Book of Preparation. And Holy Writ more often glorifies the Nation for its Wisdom than for its martial qualities.

But once constrained by Divine decree, they were subjugated by the Romans, their Temple was destroyed, their City invaded, Religion oppressed, the People captured and dispersed. They lost every vestige of martial glory and their spirit was crushed and abased. Not only this, but every intellectual light within them was extinguished and a shadow fell over the splendor of their erudition, since the virtues demand to be accompanied and nourished by ease and the comforts of life.

This proved an even greater disaster and calamity than military defeat. Though the decay of martial glory occasions subjection, it does not follow in the least that the honor and glory of a people is thereby lost, for all its being subject to another. Rare are the Cities with absolute power, infinite those which made subject have yet been resplendent in the radiation of their virtues. Though submissive to the Romans, Greece was most celebrated, as long as Learning flourished. So much so that it shaped at will those who were to impose their laws upon her. On which account it became a nice question whether the Romans had conquered the Greeks (by violence and Domination), or whether the latter had conquered the former, since they bent and configured them in their own image by infusing in them their Learning and ideas, and stamping them with their customs. But in the sequel, when they [the Greeks] were overrun by barbarians destitute of sciences and liberal arts, they sank before the eyes of the world into oblivion. Wars and Victories unenhanced by the Praises and Encomiums of Poets are but vain noise and tumult; but Letters and Learning look to eternity.

With the fall of their Empire and in the course of their long and miserable dispersion, the Hebrews would have been plunged into ignorance, had not the need to understand Holy Writ, so laden with hidden Doctrines, spurred them to some application of intelligence and curious knowledge. And it is noteworthy that just as Zeal for their own Religion withheld them from an employment of certain humanist disciplines out of fear that a dissolute curiosity should lead them to erroneous opinions or evil affirmations, so did this selfsame Zeal and feeling induce them not to abandon learning altogether, that they might be rendered capable

of formulating Articles of faith and pursuing Scriptural exegesis.

BUT to say something of the Literary pursuits of the Hebrews in that vast space of time which the Nation hath been captive but during which not every scintilla of Learning had been extinguished, be it known that three are the main Classes into which can be reduced their studies centering round Sacred writings.

First are the Rabbis and Talmudists; second, Philosophizing Theologians; and third, Cabalists and other professors of Arcana. Amongst Hebrew Rabbis are those who ascribe unto themselves the possession of traditions governing the observance and performance of the Rituals contained in the Law. Over a long span of years, these traditions had been orally transmitted, from the time of the Legislator [Moses] to the age of Antoninus the Emperor. In the latter's time, Aphorisms and Treatises were set down by one Rabbi Judah, a man of great renown. Rabbis claim the Scriptures to be obscure and succinct, wherefore it is impossible that, by human conjecture, its true and germane purport can be divined; hence, it is not credible that so prudent a Legislator [as Moses] should relinquish so hazardous an enterprise to the arbitrament and placid temerity of each and all; rather is it reasonable to suppose that he had revealed its exposition to those most familiar to him, and hence most elect, thus assuring in every time its successive communication to posterity.

For example, when the Scripture establishes that the Holy Feast of the Sabbath is to begin at Sundown of the sixth day of work, it does not declare from what Horizon of the Earth must Sundown be reckoned; the Horizons of the earth being infinite, we are left in ignorance as to the literal meaning of the Scripture, as to which place must be the first to Solemnize the Feast Day and which must be next. Moreover, it assigns the observance of certain Feasts to specified days of the month and certain seasons of the Year, though not explaining whether the month is to be computed from the moment of the Moon's emergence from a certain position in the Zodiac to its return to that position (denominated by the Astrologers one periodic cycle); or whether from

the conjunction of the Moon with the Sun to the conjunction following; or, further, from the Moon's appearance (after having extricated itself from the solar rays) to the second appearance (after having completely lost its illumination by reason of its conjunction with the Sun).

Thus do Rabbis sustain it to be reasonable to suppose that Moses had designed to anticipate all scruples and doubts by means of an Oral Tradition. Circumcision itself, so solemn a Ritual of the Jews, was never clearly explained in the Scriptures, e.g., what member or part of our body was to be affected? For even Ears have been called uncircumcised by the Prophets. Jeremiah says: *Ecce incircuncisae aures eorum, et audire non possunt* (Behold their uncircumcised ears; they cannot hear). Like citations could be drawn elsewhere. Wherefore it is credible that the Rite had been consigned to tradition and custom.

It can be further adduced in their [the Rabbis'] favor that the Hebrew Language, which is wanting written vowels, had also been without vowel points (which serve in the stead of vowels) for thousands of Years, from the time of Moses Legislator till after the time of the Most Learned Translator of the Scripture, who according to his own testimony, pursued his labors without resorting to vowel points. It must needs be confessed that over a long space of time, tradition insured the correct and irreproachable reading of Holy Writ.

Many other reasons are advanced by the Rabbis in question, but I wish to tarry no longer at this point. Unto these Doctors, the Hebrews have, universally, in every time and place, lent punctual assent in whatsoever pertained to the performance of Rituals and the execution of Precepts, and especially of ceremonials. Since these last are open and visible observances that have undergone no alteration through a variety of periods, the Jews believe in all faith that these self-same Rabbis have brought away and transmitted what they had actually seen performed by their elders, deeming them loyal and veracious reporters and narrators of the things of Antiquity.

NEXT is the second Class, the Scholarly Theologians, or Philosophizing Ones, as we are fain to style them. They have

been those who, coupling human reason with the authority of the Divine Word, have attempted to expound the Scriptures while preserving a harmonious concert between reason and authority. Amongst these may be named two very illustrious men who flourished amidst the Nation at a time when some vestige of liberty clung to it.

The first was Philo of Alexandria, who lived before the destruction of Jerusalem, in the reign of Caius Caligula, to whose court he was named Ambassador by the Hebrews. An account of his Legateship has come down to us; and Josephus, in the sixth book of his *De Bello Judaico* [*Of the Jewish War*] makes honorable mention of him, not only as a man of surpassing erudition in the Greek tongue, but of incomparable wisdom both Human and Divine. In expounding Holy Writ, he was inclined in the Allegorical Mode; though he joined to Allegory philosophic, natural, moral, and political concepts. His method of explication was that followed by Origen, amongst Christians the most learned, and likewise an Alexandrine. It is not to be believed that he [Philo] utterly abandoned the literal and Historical sense, but rather that he did this in order to entice and seduce the minds of the Greeks, to whom his efforts were addressed. For that reason he availed himself of the Translation of the Seventy [the Septuagint] rather than of the Hebrew Text, notwithstanding that that translation deviated some from the Hebrew. This he did to adjust and conform himself to the humor of the Greeks. His works, though they were translated from the Greek into the Latin, have never been rendered into the Hebrew language. Had he applied his efforts to teaching the Hebrews rather than to converting the Greeks, he would no doubt have garnered a greater harvest from his labors; and finding his people already disposed to an apprehension of his doctrines, he would have honored the Nation more, and would have obtained greater applause than he found amongst the Greeks.

The second great Author was Josephus Sacerdotus [Flavius Josephus], that renowned and most prudent Historian, who in the books entitled *The Jewish Antiquities*, shed not a few lights upon many Scriptural passages; his works were also published in the Greek Language.

ASIDE from these two illustrious men there are no others of our Nation who have left behind them monuments in the Greek or Latin languages. But when Learning had passed into the Arab Nation after the decline of the Roman Empire, many of the [Hebrew] Nation composed books of various sciences in the Arabic Language. Amongst the most ancient of them to come to mind is Rabbi Saadia, who thrived eight hundred years ago and was styled *Excellentissimus*. He enriched us with a most learned book on the Articles of the Faith. All those Hebrews who followed in his wake for the next five hundred years or thereabouts also composed their books in the Arabic and Agarene languages; which books have since been lost, by reason of the passing of time and the decline of the Arab Empire.

Preeminent amongst the learned of that time was Rabbi Moses [Maimonides] of Cordova, a Spaniard, but by Residence an Egyptian. He was coeval with Averroës the Commentator; and by the excellence of his Learning, by his universality in all sciences, he hath been reputed amongst the greatest men ever to flourish in the Nation. Amongst many books that he has left us, he composed a Theological work [*Guide to the Perplexed*], which is authoritatively cited on more than one occasion by the greatest and most eminent Theologians of Christendom. It was translated and printed in the Latin language and is replete with the highest learning; in it are expounded the most important dogmas of the Hebrew belief.

For brevity's sake, I shall not enumerate other conspicuous doctors of this second Class. To these Doctors aforementioned do Hebrews bow in opinions and dogmas appertaining to the Articles of their Religion, as well as in matters of deportment in human society and civil life amidst any nation or people. For, if Rabbis [the first Class] have in such and such a wise laid down rules no longer adaptable to the present state of things, they [the Doctors of the second Class] say that such ought not to be observed as an immutable and eternal law, holding that the Rabbis had written as befitted the state and conditions of those peoples amidst whom they had been dispersed. They deem them to be incorruptible Reporters of ceremonial observances, not Prophetic Legislators for all posterity, espe-

cially in what concerns human affairs that are subject to contingency and diversity and dependent on an infinitude of circumstances. And their civil law is not constitutive and imperative, for they themselves have taught us that any pact and voluntary constitution or convention in civil matters supersedes all previous ones. Though the Hebrews do much depend upon the Doctors of this second Class, they do not fail, nevertheless, to reduce their dicta and pronouncements to conformity with Doctrines commonly embraced.

NEXT are the Cabalists, the Third order of Hebrew Doctors. Their doctrine, though receiving the plaudits of some part of the Nation, does not oblige them to any acceptance thereof. Especially is it well received in Levantine parts and Poland.

"Cabal" signifies properly that which is received; and the word is to be related to him who learns from a master, just as the word "tradition" has to do with him who teaches and inculcates the Doctrine. The Cabalists say, therefore, that just as the tradition for the observance of Rituals was consigned to Rabbis, so was the hidden interpretation of the Scriptures delivered to the Cabalists.

Their Doctrine is divisible into two principal parts. One, which can well be called practical, concerns itself with certain extravagant combination of Letters, calculations of numbers, figures of Hebrew characters; even the apex of an alphabetical letter is scrutinized by them with marvelous attention. In these endeavors, the Cabalists exercise themselves chiefly upon the names of the Deity. There is another part, more theoretical and scientific, which considers the dependence of the corporeal world upon the spiritual, the bodies of things and their Archetypes. They hold that there subsist a number of seminal principles and origins of all sensible things, which are like to continuous founts; and, in the manner of aqueducts and canals, divert into things the efflux of Divine power and energy destined for this, our corporeal world. They enumerate ten fundamental principles that are applied to such functions. The Pythagoreans also had recourse to this number in the determination of their principles, but these were doubled in consequence of their

distinct [or differentiating] principle of good and bad.

The principles of the Cabalists resemble in part the Ideas of Plato. But in my judgment the Cabalists were led to introduce them for divers reasons. Plato followed the notion of Heraclitus, Cratylus, and Protagoras, who held the All, which we feel and apprehend, to be continual movement and flux, wherefore, we have cognitions only of motion and relation, and we come to know only our internal passions and commotion.

But the Cabalists, basing their thought on tradition, make a further addition, in order to lend it greater probability. They observed that all worldly things are closely related by short and distinct gradations. The elements, for example, are annexed to each other, as hath been shown by Aristotle in his Book *De Coelo et Mundo*; thus, between stones and metals intervene mineral substances; and amongst metals, Nature does not pass over immediately from lead to gold, but there intervenes between them a diversity of metals that ascend by gradations to the value of gold. Similarly, Coral comes after minerals and before vegetables.

All other things are distinguished by subordination and do not admit of abrupt transitions; rather are they bound and conjoined in a gentle progression. Thus, according to the Cabalists, in the passage from the infinite, which is One, immutable, and incorporeal, to what is finite, multiple, variable, and corporeal, there must mediate certain essences, which, in part, by their spirituality and excellence have some correspondence with God; and by their dependency and created quality similarly partake sympathetically of worldly creation.

These essences are the Ideas of the Cabalists, differing amongst themselves according as their purposes differ—some of these Ideas looking to rigorous justice, others to piety, and still others to a clemency. These essences differ from the Angels in that the latter have as function contemplation and the execution of Divine commands, even assuming a corporal guise under which they appear before men.

Then, in addition, the Cabalists posit an essence between body and soul, by means of which the soul is made capable of passions and feelings; this essence they suppose

to be a spirit of most tenuous body corresponding to the vehicles that Platonists assert. And they hold that, after the passing of the Body, this essence mingles with the Air, where it suffers the afflictive pains arising from errors committed in life.

The Pythagorean transmigration of souls was another opinion held by the Cabalists in question, though never by the Talmudists.

THIS is what I have bethought me to say concerning the learning of Hebrews in matters of Holy Writ. As for their application to human sciences, not only are they under no ban, but they are enjoined by Legal precept to dedicate themselves to the contemplation of natural things, the end proposed being a probable recognition of God's greatness. Even more do they deem themselves bound to address themselves to the study of Astronomy, both in virtue of the need to determine the Institution of Feast Days, and because that science is a kind of introduction to the apprehension of Divine power and wisdom; this last in conformity with the saying of the Psalmist: *In coelis praeeparabitur veritas [or fides] tua in eis*. That is, the heavens are the place and the means whereby God prepares the souls of men for faith; this, through a contemplation of their vastness, celerity of motion, constancy of periods, and immutability of cycles.

Of a truth, the Hebrews being in their present state of subjection and free only to give a scholarly employment to their minds, ought to apply themselves thereto singlemindedly and assiduously. And they ought to hold for a certainty that the unity of dogmas, the Princely protection with which they have been favored, and the self-preservation which through so long a course of time they have against so much oppression assured themselves, have, humanly speaking, been a consequence of the virtue and learning of some few of them, who had acquired credit and authority before Ruling sovereigns. Since they have no other means whereby to aspire to the favors and graciousness of the Powerful, they must take heed that, failing an appreciation of Letters and the esteem of the judicious, they stand on the brink of some notable declination and despised oppression greater than any they have ever suffered in the past.

LOVE STORY

DANNIE ABSE

THE convict, Samson, hears the sound of his jailors
throwing dice and cursing, and in his blindness, she
who was his lover, now featureless, somewhere
in the sunlight walking, her yellow hair a long flame
about her head; and she who was his first bride,
a phantom haunting the golden fields of Timnath.
The convict, Samson, staring at his memories
gone like spilt faces into a sunless room,
and all her voices melted, untold, unreachable.
The plough rusting without labor and tomorrows
going out like yellow torches in the wind,
like yellow butterflies sinking into the dark river.
And he who once was judge, now grieves defeated.

—Blood lay on his cheek that night and all her yellow
hair spread over; she asleep and quiet in her breathing,
and he awake strangely sad, wondering what
it had been, where it had been strange—

Samson in the prison listening, blind tears rolling
from where his eyes were once—betrayed, ah betrayed,
and she who was his queen now sipping blue wine, childlike,
in the brothels of Philistia.

No one now remembers, no one.
No one now may light his lampless ways toward her.
Untold, untold, the sobbing companies of Delilah,
her yellow head beneath the chariots; untold, untold,
the mute shadow under the shadow of the walls of Gaza,
how first she severed her veins but did not die;
untold, untold, his blindness on her breath,
and the desert wind with its worn accusing voices.
He who was blind is now dead, these many years,
and she who betrayed him has faded in the dark,
both forever lonely now for humans—and the shifting sand
has buried deeper the graves of all—untold, untold,
only the cold ruins remain, silence and a jawbone,
the wind and a footstep under the stern dumb stars,
and marvelous ghosts people a yellow page of Judges.

DANNIE ABSE has published two volumes of poetry and is the author of a play produced in London in 1950. Dr. Abse was born and brought up in Wales, served as a doctor with the RAF during the war, and at present practices medicine in London.

ON THE HORIZON

A CODE OF HONOR FOR A MUTINOUS ERA

Herman Wouk on the Problem of Responsibility

SPENCER BROWN

BEATEN down by the intellectuals' steady lament of "alienation," the innocent reader of little magazines may sometimes conclude that, intellectually speaking, Ellis Island is more populous than the continent, and nobody ever manages to become a part of the going life of the mainland except a few traitors who end up in the Lucebuilding and a few mavericks like T. S. Eliot, now somehow successful on Broadway.

Yet during World War II many intellectuals suddenly found themselves in possession of power—not absolute power, to be sure, or power in their own line of ideas, but real power of life and death over many other men. In short, they had important jobs in Washington or commissions in the army or navy.

The situation was not wholly unprecedented. During the Cultural Reign of Backbiting in the Red Decade, and during the Spanish Civil War, Communist intellectuals achieved considerable power, but their only problem was to try to hold and extend

it. By definition they could not have what anybody else would call moral problems; they were immune to that sort of thing, and have gone on claiming immunity to this very day. The non-Communist intellectual in World War II, on the other hand, if he accepted—and almost all did accept—the necessity of winning the war, and if he snatched a seat in the Pentagon game of musical chairs or became a lieutenant commander in the navy with a destroyer-minesweeper to play with, had to adjust his principles of proud irresponsibility to the moral problems of command and of getting a job done.

These problems are familiar in past literature. Aeneas, Creon, and Henry V are perhaps too ancient to mention; but Conrad and Kipling are full of conflicts of allegiance and more or less explicit moral codes of action. The reason, I think, is fairly clear: Conrad had lived with Nostromo and Lord Jim, Kipling with his bridge-builders and colonial administrators. The modern writer who has been around had done all sorts of odd jobs, no doubt, but subordinate odd jobs. At best he has been in charge of the college paper, and he has spent most of his life among other intellectuals.

Whatever the causes, the modern intellectual's favorite literary works concerned themselves little, if at all, with problems of responsibility and command. Such problems had been sent downstairs to the literary servants' quarters, so to speak—to the slick magazines, the pulps, and, of course, the detective story, where the Private Eye concentrated on the Job To Be Done, betraying everything to that end. Except occasionally when a Faulkner, Orwell, or R. P. Warren

SPENCER BROWN examines Herman Wouk's Pulitzer Prize novel, *The Caine Mutiny*, as a study in power and responsibility—a theme which had virtually disappeared from serious American fiction, but, the times being what they are, may perhaps be expected to regain some of its old importance in the coming years. Mr. Brown, a member of the English literature department of the Fieldston School in New York City, has published articles and poetry in the *New Yorker*, *Partisan Review*, and other periodicals, and is the author of a book on intercultural education, *They See for Themselves* (1945). He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1909, and is a graduate of Harvard.

brought them upstairs, or Cozzens up to the landing, codes of action did not in general intrude on really literary conversation.

This state of affairs Herman Wouk has tried to remedy in *The Caine Mutiny*; and though it is possible that I may exaggerate the significance of his attempt, it is certain that some intellectuals have minimized it. *The Caine Mutiny*, while wonderfully whetting the what-comes-next curiosity, has neither the literary skill of Burns's *The Gallery* nor the endless rage of Jones's *From Here to Eternity*; but they are callow and sophomoric in contrast. Wouk's huge sales and Pulitzer Prize are due, I am sure, not wholly to his narrative power but partly to his introduction of great moral issues and great spectacles created by man or nature.

In these last, however, he invites damaging comparison. His account of the might of the American fleet humbled by a typhoon is inferior in both descriptive power and irony to Hanson Baldwin's historical sketch; of the typhoon itself, to Richard Hughes's novel *In Hazard*. In his study of cowardice in a crisis, he rushes past the opportunity and fails dismally by the standards of Crane or Conrad or even Harry Brown's *A Walk in the Sun*.

In his treatment of moral issues, Wouk nods toward but does not seriously compete with *Billy Budd*. Melville deals with wickedness rather than petty malice and incompetence; his good captain must uphold discipline even though absolute good must be destroyed and absolute evil triumph, as if Desdemona were to be hanged for accidentally killing Iago. Wouk narrows Melville's tremendous gulf between good and evil; Wouk's Claggart is merely sick, his Budd is merely scared, and nobody gets really hurt; Captain Vere becomes the lawyer who gets the accused off while wishing to convict him. Wouk neither resolves moral issues nor leaves them magnificently insoluble. Instead, he comes up with a navy code of honor, more sophisticated and viable than the schoolboy's or the disciplinarian's, more responsible than the intellectual's, but still too easy an answer to the moral dilemma.

THE novel deals with the officers and crew of the destroyer-minesweeper *Caine* during the war with Japan. The *Caine* is

commanded first by Captain DeVriess, who sacrifices tidiness and navy regulations to efficiency under fire; then by Captain Queeg, a frightened, incompetent paranoid who sacrifices everything to "the book," to his comfort, and to his pleasure in inflicting indignities on subordinates. Other chief characters are Stilwell, a competent helmsman hounded to insanity by Queeg; Executive Officer Maryk, honest and unsophisticated, the best seaman on the ship; Lieutenant Keefer, a brilliant bohemian and novelist; and Lieutenant Willie Keith, a bright, normal Princeton boy with a rich and doting mother.

In a crudely sentimental passage, Willie receives from his dying father a Bible with the marked verse: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Willie accepts this as his guiding maxim at the beginning, and throughout the novel the other characters struggle for his and the reader's conversion to their various principles. (Wouk's evident intention of telling the story as the education of Willie is, I think, imperfectly fulfilled: Willie is too vacuous to be a hero, too active to be an observer.)

After a series of successful encounters with the Japanese and unsuccessful encounters with Queeg, the officers and men of the ship are caught in the great typhoon of December 1944 off the Philippines. Queeg's rigid stupidity threatens disaster, and Maryk, who has been prodded toward just such a step by Keefer, deposes Queeg in accordance with navy regulations on the ground that Queeg is insane. Maryk saves the ship but must undergo court-martial. He is acquitted through the skill of Greenwald, a Jewish lawyer and navy pilot, but his naval career is ruined; Willie supports him in his trial; Keefer backs down. Later Keefer, in command of the ship when it is hit by a Kamikaze, jumps overboard, thinking all is lost; Willie stays aboard and puts out the fire. After the war it is Willie who commands the *Caine* in its last trip, to the boneyard. He wins the Navy Cross and will no doubt win back May, the girl whom he ditched because of his mother's disapproval of her but whom he suddenly, during the Kamikaze episode, realizes he loves and must marry.

For almost two-thirds of its length the novel is a mixture of excellent adventure, a love affair about as exciting as tapioca with

Scott Fitzgerald sauce, and a campaign against a nasty skipper—a campaign reminiscent of *Mister Roberts*, with more depth and complexity and much less humor. The last third, however, Wouk devotes essentially to his skillful though incomplete study of codes of honor; and it is these that I propose to analyze.

THE most primitive of these codes—the one that all the characters are on some level familiar with and influenced by—is, essentially, the code of the American high-school boy. If this code is ever made explicit, it will go something like this:

1. Never rat on anybody.
2. Adults (the rules and those who administer them) are irrational. Evade them if possible; if not, gripe about them.
3. Do not take an adult (or superior) into your full confidence except to attack another adult.
4. Nevertheless, in a severe crisis, find and follow a father-figure.
5. Evade responsibility: do not be your brother's keeper.
6. Never, even if you are a leader, go far ahead of the crowd's morality.
7. Otherwise, act for the good of the school.

This statement the reader will wish to extend and modify, but it is probably accurate in the main; and certainly the acts of the subordinate officers in both *Mister Roberts* and *The Caine Mutiny* fit into it. Wouk's purpose goes beyond comedy, but for large sections of his novel the officers and crew follow very much the same schoolboy code as in *Mister Roberts*. Captain DeVriess is both sloppy and tyrannical; Willie and the rest resent and ridicule him; but in battle and seamanship they look up to him, and on his leaving the ship they present him with a strictly unregulation wristwatch. They should have deposed Captain Queeg on the occasions of his cowardice in battle; yet battle is no longer much of a terror to them—they bear charmed lives. Instead, they endure his irrationality up to his cowardice in the typhoon, of which they also are mortally afraid. Then Willie finds his father-figure in Maryk, who alone can save them all, and supports him in his "mutiny."

However, *The Caine Mutiny* presents and analyzes at least three additional points of

view. The first is that of Captain Queeg, no dummy sadist but a careful study, to whom Wouk gives pathological mannerisms without tediously tracing their origin in early traumata. The mainspring of Queeg's trouble is his partly conscious inadequacy in managing either men or ships. It is no trick for the lawyer Greenwald or the brilliant Keefer to prove him insane, nor is it hard for the reader to formulate his fears into an authoritarian bureaucrat's code of action that goes as follows:

1. Follow the book and evade responsibility—the "book" is the best available evasion.
2. Be a good fellow to your officers as long as things go right, or if you need allies in a campaign.
3. If *anything* goes wrong, first clear yourself and then throw the whole book at the offender.
4. Never admit ignorance or a mistake; there are always enough regulations to cover you up.
5. Where you see a head, strike.
6. Insist on minutiae: if all little regulations are kept, no great occasion will arise and no decision need be made that the book will not make for you.
7. Do not be afraid to chisel on regulations if the chiseling is standard officers' prerogative (the episode of the case of liquor).
8. Otherwise, act for the good of the navy.

SO LONG as Queeg's disciplinarian, school-marm code clashes only with the schoolboy's, the result is mainly comedy. Early in the novel, the *Caine* is on target-towing duty; Queeg, absorbed in chewing out a seaman for a flapping shirttail, steers in a full circle and cuts his own towline. The crew is vastly delighted; but officers intent on doing a good job—Veblen's instinct of workmanship edging out the schoolboy code—see an omen of serious trouble. Unfortunately for Queeg, in war there are great occasions and great decisions. Sooner or later he must sink the ship or be deposed by the competent.

To these complications is added another in the satiric observations of a highly intelligent person, Lieutenant Keefer. Keefer is fully drawn and amusing. A promising young novelist, he takes malicious pleasure in composing reports in navy prose complete

to the last foggy repetition and conscientiously split infinitive, "like a concert pianist improvising on *Chopsticks*." His intellectual's code is less a constellation of imperatives than a series of exasperated sneers:

1. The bureaucrat and the system are always wrong and contemptible.

2. The intellectual, the wit, is always admirable and has the right to put himself first. The intellectual can do in a few minutes the work piled up through months of weary negligence.

3. "The Navy is a master plan designed by geniuses to be executed by idiots." The intellectual never uses the navy way; instead, he invents a filing system even more cumbersome and inaccurate.

4. Facility with words will take care of any situation.

Willie and the reader see in Keefer the revolt of the sensitive against the military. Keefer's novel thus becomes the naval *From Here to Eternity*, and he is part of the bohemian tradition of defiance of tradition and authority. He is the musician in Dos Passos' *Three Soldiers*; he is Greenwich Village in uniform.

Wouk, however, is also interested in what happens to the Navy when the intellectual is in a tight spot. Though a clever officer who knows his Conrad, Keefer does a Lord Jim jump when the Kamikaze hits, and his facility with words will never erase this memory. Like Lord Jim's, his great funk is not single: he has flubbed Maryk's trial too—fortunately for Maryk and Willie, since the defense counsel has correctly foreseen that Maryk's action, if taken on his own responsibility, on the instinct of workmanship, is more convincing than as part of an embittered officers' revolt. And Keefer's failure is melodramatically underlined when his brother, the despised product of a military school, dies heroically in saving his carrier. Without Keefer's saturnine and half-hearted rebellion, however, and without his intelligence and reading in psychiatry, Maryk would not have taken the initiative in relieving Queeg of command. The intellectual pushes the innocent craftsman into taking over and then jumps back himself.

SO FAR, in Willie's and the reader's eyes, Queeg is all wrong, the others right in varying degrees. But here Wouk introduces

his *deus ex machina*, Greenwald, apparently the one man in the Navy able to get Maryk off, unimpeachable in courage as a wounded Navy flier and indisputably brilliant as a lawyer—and a Jew. Greenwald wins the case ostensibly by proving Queeg insane, actually by proving him a coward, and then with a flag flourish declaiming that no naval officer could be a coward unless insane. At the celebration after the trial Greenwald, illuminated by alcohol, makes an unlikely speech outlining his code almost syllogistically:

1. Maryk is guilty, though Greenwald has defended him and got him off. Maryk is deservedly a dead duck.

2. Keefer and his code are abhorrent, since he runs out on his friend and the code does not protect the nation from approaching danger.

3. The Jew is disliked by the navy (and, by inference, the nation), but the navy is fair to him. "In the corridor, Greenwald lounged against the wall and remarked to Maryk, 'Captain Blakely doesn't like Jews. Intonations on the name "Greenwald." I have absolute pitch for those harmonies.'

"'Jesus,' said Maryk miserably.

"'It won't make any difference. You're not supposed to love Jews necessarily, just to give them a fair shake. I've always had a fair shake in the navy, and I'll get it from Blakely too, despite the eyebrows.'"

4. Much of navy routine is silly, but it is the regulars, the professionals, the Queegs, who have kept Greenwald's mother from being melted down to soap by the Nazis while the Greenwalds were just learning to fly.

5. Therefore, the professionals, the navy, even the Queegs, are somehow admirable. Their system should be upheld over the bodies of the nice, competent, but misguided Maryks and especially the Keefers. (At this point we seem to hear the voice of A. E. Housman offstage, stoically intoning his "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries.")

At the conclusion of his speech Greenwald throws his wine in Keefer's face and leaves, saying that he will be waiting in the lobby ("You'll probably lick me. I'm a lousy fighter"). But the intellectual feels himself too much in the wrong to accept the challenge of slightly tipsy honor. Willie and Maryk by their silent embarrassment con-

cede that Greenwald has won the moral victory.

In the end even Keefer comes to respect the navy and the military school for producing heroes and to realize the loneliness of command. "You can't understand command till you've had it. It's the loneliest, most oppressive job in the whole world. It's a nightmare, unless you're an ox. You're forever teetering along a tiny path of correct decisions and good luck that meanders through an infinite gloom of possible mistakes. At any moment you can commit a hundred manslaughters. . . . Exec is nothing. It's command, command." Bohemia produces only Lord Jims. Willie, of course, has been convinced long before. Though he cannot stomach Queeg's cowardice, he learns through his own heroism that a tradition of unquestioning loyalty alone can save the nation of Keefers and Willies. He sees in his rival for May's hand the same weakness he has seen in Keefer, and he can therefore look forward to victory in love as in war. His late-discovered loyalty to May will be rewarded; but he deserves his official reprimand along with his Navy Cross.

THERE Wouk leaves us. I have an uneasy suspicion that he may be suggesting that only a citizen army and navy, ready at all times, can both defend us and remove our guilt, for we are all guilty of condemning Queeg. It would be so much neater if more captains were like DeVriess, skillful seamen, understanding of people and careless of spit-and-polish. But there aren't enough DeVriesses to go around. Wouk seems to praise conformity at all levels. It is not simple optimism: he does not say that whatever is Queeg is right. It is pessimism: he implies that civilization is threatened by barbarism and must be barbarously ready to repel attack, with the navy book and even Queeg as the price of survival.

Reluctantly Wouk offers us a concept of the navy as a kind of priesthood. As in the Catholic Church, the sacraments of duty and the defense of the nation acquire their virtue *ex opere operato*. The immorality of a priest does not invalidate a Mass or an Absolution; if he ought to be unfrocked, the Church will

not interrupt a sacrament to do so. Queeg, however, is a coward and cannot carry out the defense of the nation. Fact here vitiates miracle, and there remains only the illogical consolation that, though some naval commanders are spiteful martinets, they are statistically effective because there are so few Queegs. The good man, Willie, succeeds in the navy through sheer persistence, yet he is to leave the navy at the end of the war. Are we being left with the injunction to respect authority as such, no matter what its nature?

At every turn Wouk disappoints the thoughtful reader, who nevertheless must be grateful for so much genuine stuff instead of mere slickness or the talented wails of over-age adolescence. Speculation on the reasons for his comparative failure may come simply to the tame conclusion that Wouk is not a great writer. But certain paradoxes remain:

If *The Caine Mutiny* is read only as an apology for the professional, Wouk undermines that reading with more complex and profound possibilities. His acceptance of Greenwald's code is dictated either by his ready appreciation of the Job To Be Done (the war), or by his unwillingness to move too far ahead of readers accustomed to an all-sufficient code, or by both. But he is uneasy about offering so simple a solution. And his uneasiness indicates both the central shortcoming of the novel and his awareness of the magnitude of the moral problem that he has raised but not successfully solved.

One more suggestion: the intellectual, in spite of his splendidly wretched alienation, does from time to time participate in the intoxication and the pangs of power, and will probably participate more and more in the coming years. He cannot have failed to notice that power has its own moral problems and that it may require a "code of honor" even in the middle of the 20th century; but he is not yet studying the question, and he is not writing his novels about it. In this respect if in no other, *The Caine Mutiny*, for all its huge sales and its Pulitzer Prize attempt at serious fiction, is ahead of the intellectuals. If it cannot teach them their own business, it at least points to where an important part of their present business lies.

THE STUDY OF MAN

THE "OLD COUNTRY" WAY OF LIFE

The Rediscovery of the Shtetl

MOSHE DECTER

APPARENTLY, nothing less than its recent bloody extinction could bring the existence of the *shtetl*—"the Jewish little town of Eastern Europe"—to the attention of American social scientists. At that, the first full-length study of this peculiar social organism had to come into being in a rather roundabout way.

As Margaret Mead tells the story in her foreword to *Life Is With People*, by Mark Zborowski and Elizabeth Herzog, it all started when a group of anthropologists—including Miss Mead and the late Ruth Benedict—were prevented by the war from studying at first hand the Micronesians, Melanesians, Polynesians, and other "primitive" folk who had, for so long, been their stock in trade. Seeking fresh outlets for their talents and energy, they undertook to use their scientific training for the

benefit of the war effort. Ruth Benedict, in particular, began studying European cultures at second hand with a view to providing guidance for those government officials who were concerned with stimulating the resistance movements there. It did not take long for Miss Benedict to suspect that the Jews who lived in the East European countries were a significantly unique cultural group. After the war, through Columbia University's Institute for Research in Contemporary Cultures, Miss Mead and Miss Benedict, together with their associates, began under more relaxed conditions to experiment with the wartime methods they had developed for studying cultures "at a distance," i.e., without benefit of the usual field work. With the help of a grant from the Scientific Research Department of the American Jewish Committee (of whose staff Mark Zborowski is a member), they initiated a special project to determine whether there was something to Miss Benedict's original guess about East Europe's Jews.

Sure enough, to the evident surprise of practically everyone—excepting Mr. Zborowski, who is an excellent Jewish scholar—it began to look as if Miss Benedict had hit upon something. To quote Margaret Mead: "As the seminar studying Jews began to work,* it became clearer and clearer . . . that we were not merely dealing with differences among Poles or among Ukrainians which could be referred to a difference in religious faith, in occupational opportunity, or traditional social position in the society, but with a living whole, that the East European

TURNING away momentarily from its Melanesians and its Polynesians and its Micronesians, modern anthropology has discovered, not without a healthy sense of wonder, that there used to exist in Eastern Europe a Jewish culture; an account of this discovery has been written down in a new book of extraordinary interest: *Life Is With People*, by Mark Zborowski and Elizabeth Herzog (International Universities Press, 430 pp., \$5.00), which tries to describe for us the basic culture of a typical small Eastern European Jewish community. As MOSHE DECTER here points out, the phenomena of Jewish life put a certain strain on established categories of thought—with provocative results. Mr. Decter is working on a doctoral dissertation about the East European ghettos under the Nazis. He was born in 1921 in Farrell, Pennsylvania, and is a graduate of the New School for Social Research.

*Its methods include "interviewing Eastern European Jews, observing life in Eastern European Jewish households [in America], and analyzing history and literature, drama and pictorial records, analysis of films."

Jews had in fact a living culture, which was essentially all of a piece whether they paid their taxes and marketed in Polish or Ukrainian or Hungarian, or were ruled by Czar or Emperor. We realized this with growing excitement for while all anthropologists have the experience of working out the essential form of the cultures which they study, we seldom have the experience of discovering the existence of a whole at which we had not guessed."

Having concluded that a culture existed, the seminar attempted to draw a portrait of the shtetl's way of life, to establish "the main regularities" of its existence. The Mead-Benedict school of anthropological thought eschews the establishment of statistical frequencies, the presentation of anthropological minutiae, a narrow concentration on local or temporal variations. It is interested rather in the central attributes of a culture: its language, its religion, its set of values, the specific constellation of social mechanisms and institutions, and the feeling of its members that they belong to one group. As Franz Boas once put it, a study of this type "requires a deep penetration into the genius of the culture, a knowledge of the attitudes controlling individual and group behavior." In other words, this treatment is distinct from the so-called functional approach to social phenomena in so far as it is concerned rather with the discovery of fundamental attitudes than with the functional relations of every cultural item. And it is also not historical, but attempts to handle the material as if it had been caught in a still camera's view. The goal of such a study is to construct, in the large, an "ideal type" of the culture. It is not Belz, or Shnipishok, or Tolne whose way of life is here described. It is none of these and all of these. It is The Shtetl.

THESE is inevitably something amusing about this enterprise—its naivety, its original ignorance, its bookish enthusiasm. One can only surmise with what mixed feelings Sholem Aleichem's great character, Menachem Mendel, would have greeted the discovery that he was not, after all, a Russian citizen of Jewish persuasion! There are hundreds of thousands of people now alive who knew for a fact, and at first hand, what Ruth Benedict so excitedly guessed at. There are also at least a couple of million others who knew from Yiddish literature that the Jews of Eastern Europe constituted a special community of their own, quite

distinct from, say, that of the Ukrainian peasant or the Polish landlord. As a matter of fact, so widespread and common was this conviction, that only the denying of it could have caused a commotion anywhere outside of Columbia University.

It is pleasant to be able to say, then, that despite such inauspicious origins, *Life Is With People* is a good book. The authors and their associates have indeed provided an informative and well-rounded study, the best of its kind in English. Previous studies have dealt exclusively either with one particular community, one locality, or one aspect of shtetl life. *Life Is With People*, on the other hand, offers a detailed description of the totality of shtetl life, literally from the cradle to the grave. The network of customs, habits, superstitions, old wives' tales, and prescriptions that governed the care of an infant; the significant differentiation between the sanctity of the Sabbath and the profane life of the rest of the week; the habits, prejudices, and regimen of eating; marriage; burial; holidays; the market; the "chase after *koved*" (prestige) and the "chase after *parnosseh*" (livelihood)—each of these and practically every other relevant side of shtetl life is dealt with carefully and accurately.

Over and above this, the book explores the intricate social pattern developed by the shtetl in accordance with its traditional concept of the unity of God, Torah, and Israel—we might express it as the unity of values, customs, and institutions. The shtetl felt that its primary—perhaps only—significance inhered in its existence as a segment of a people chosen by God to live by the Law of God. Necessarily, the basic injunction of the Law was that the Law should be learned; and, as a result, learning became the most important criterion of prestige and social status in the shtetl. The Yiddish language provides a whole typology of status in the rich vocabulary describing the degrees and kinds of learned men. Zborowski and Herzog list the following, and there are many more: *lerner*, studious one; *ben Toyreh*, son of the Law; *baal Toyreh*, master of the Law; *lamd'n*, erudite one; *talmid chochem*, wise scholar; *masmid*, one who always bends over his books; *charif*, the acute; *iluy*, young genius; *oker horim*, "uprooter of mountains," i.e., one who excels in competitive scholarly pyrotechnics; *gaon*, genius.

The two other criteria of prestige were wealth and *yichus*—"family background with respect

to learning and wealth." Zborowski and Herzog rather apologetically record that "economic pressures and outside influences had made of wealth a constant contender for first place in the value hierarchy," despite the fact that learning was historically, traditionally, and ideally the primary, and wealth the subsidiary, value. But the history of all civilized peoples, including the people of Israel from the days of their earliest settlement in Palestine, would suggest that, not "outside influences," but irrepressible economic and social forces make for a high social valuation of wealth. Nevertheless, in the shtetl a learned man automatically belonged to the aristocracy; while a wealthy, but ignorant, man belonged only if he used his money in accordance with the Law. This meant that the shtetl society was a mobile one—because anyone who learned, or who showed he had the capacity to absorb large quantities of the unlimited substance of learning, could move to the top. And since the shtetl developed an intricate system of education in the Law to prepare as many as could qualify for a full life of scholarship, this mobility was more than formal.

ALL this is very well set forth in *Life Is With People*. The book, however, is not uniformly successful. In its concern with the balance, reciprocity, and harmony of shtetl life, much of the less harmonious reality is ignored. True, there is ample discussion of the life and way of the *prosteh*—the common folk—as well as of the *sheyneh*—the "beautiful," or the upper class—and even of class stereotypes and antagonisms. And it is also true, as Zborowski and Herzog point out, that social antagonisms were in the end curbed by the fact that everyone accepted the same traditional pattern and lived by the same code. Yet what is not conveyed by the book, is the intense quality of the antagonisms and tensions that clearly did exist: the arrogance and dictatorial tendencies of the wealthy over against the grumbling envy and grinding misery of the poor; the insufferable aloofness and high-caste "untouchability" of the learned as against the depressed status of the ignorant; the hauteur of the ruling *sheyneh* and the deep resentments of the *prosteh*. These are largely subsumed in the epilogue under a hypothesis deliberately, but quite arbitrarily, borrowed from physics: the concept of a field of forces, in which all factors that make for tension and antagonism cancel each other out, and thus form a set of reciprocal pluses and

minuses. It is all too easy to construct this kind of simile, but it can mislead the uninstructed into the illusion that the shtetl was a relatively placid and stable utopia. The illusion will be reinforced by the failure of the authors to convey the unbelievable poverty of the shtetl. The reader is given no more than a hint of the painful physical drabness of what the book refers to as the "outward shell" of life—the pathetic shabbiness of the clothing, the mudholes and the bogs, and the garbage and filth for which they were depositories.

The previous work of Ruth Benedict and Margaret Mead would lead us to expect *Life Is With People* to be especially suggestive in the area of social psychology, and some intriguing insights are proposed. Yet one is left with the feeling that these insights are not pressed as deeply as they might have been.

For instance, there was the shtetl's passionate concern for the preservation of good health, which is detailed in this book. Zborowski and Herzog also indicate the central role of food in the shtetl: ample and well-prepared food was the symbol and expression of mother-love, the criterion of the woman's success as housekeeper and hostess. But no complementary attempt is made to link these two phenomena with that fabulous and specifically East European Jewish anxiety and hypochondria which, even today, finds expression among American Jews in over-feeding and over-dressing, in over-protection and over-prevention of every sort.

Similarly, Zborowski and Herzog have a full and interesting discussion of the excessive verbalization that characterized so much of shtetl life. Virtually every aspect of one's life was subjected to critical examination and evaluation by one's fellows, resulting in, among other things, an almost total lack of privacy. Speeches at weddings and Bar Mitzvahs, hysterical outbursts at funerals and during the initial week of mourning, the violence of arguments and bargaining, all added to the uproar. The authors propose an explanation: the signal importance of the *word* in a community whose existence was predicated on the study and interpretation of an oral tradition, the Law—a community whose most vital activity was studying aloud, and whose second most vital activity was praying aloud. Yet as a matter of fact, the men, who are most under the influence of the Law, are ideally silent—it is the women who are the talkers, screamers, wailers. Concern with the Law would seem to lead rather to the

careful weighing than to the free expense of words.

A possible key to this pattern of over-feeding, over-protection, and over-loquaciousness is to be found in the interesting suggestion—unfortunately, never amplified—of Zborowski and Herzog that the Jews of the shtetl had an overpowering fear of death, despite the assurances of their tradition that real life begins only after death. When we consider that the funeral and the initial period of mourning were the occasions of outbursts of the most wildly hysterical wailing and speech; that to the minds of both primitives and children, speech and life, death and silence, are often taken one for the other; and further that the fear of death would go far toward explaining the passionate concern with health, and the prevailing hypochondria—then we seem to be on the verge of a social psychological complex that is of great interest and importance, and that can be described as follows:

The shtetl woman plays a far more crucial social, psychological, and spiritual role than either its inhabitants believed or Zborowski and Herzog recognize—perhaps both took too seriously the legal position of women, which was inferior. The woman, as we have said, was the great talker; by the shtetl's standards, the woman was allowed, even expected, to be more expressive than the man in speech, in laughter, in tears. The wailing at funerals and during mourning was the work of women, not men. The woman, considered inferior in every way, did not need to conform to the shtetl's notions of what was proper behavior for senior adults. The women, indeed, had a penchant for the charms and superstitions of the surrounding peasantry, denounced as sheer idolatry by the soberer menfolk. At the same time, the woman played a most significant role in the life of the shtetl, overtly through her economic activity, and more subtly, through the medium of food, as the giver of love; she was also, through the same medium, the giver of life and of health. May it not be inferred that the obvious, masculine principle of the Law did not encompass all of shtetl reality? That a fundamental undercurrent of life persisted around the symbol of woman, who was the center of a complex which found no expression in Talmudic disputation and rabbinic *responsa*, but which did emerge in the attitudes toward food and physical well-being and illness, toward speech, and toward death?

IN OTHER words: the portrait of shtetl life in *Life Is With People* is too often content with surface appearances. Depths are pointed to, but rarely explored. There is, for example, the depth of history, the two or three thousand years that lay behind the multiplicity of sociological data. It may well be that history is not essential to the understanding of a "primitive" group of people. But history is indispensable for the study of any people that is no longer "pre-logical" and that lives within civilization; it is especially necessary for the study of any major segment of the Jewish people, whose whole pattern of life, thought, and religion is predicated on, and made meaningful by, a profound sense of history.

There is a brief passage from the Mishnah that has been the subject of study and interpretation by Jews for two thousand years. The passage appears in the introductory section of the daily morning prayers which pious Jews have been reciting for only a few centuries less than that:

"These are the things for which the Torah has fixed no limit: leaving grain at the corners of the field for the poor; first fruits; offerings brought to the Temple on the Three Festivals; the practice of charity; and the study of the Law.

"These are the things the interest on which a man enjoys in this world, but whose principal remains for him in the World To Come: honoring one's father and mother; the practice of charity; timely attendance at the synagogue morning and evening; hospitality to wayfarers; visits to the sick; the provision of dowries for needy brides; attending the dead to the grave; devotion in prayer; making peace between man and his fellow. But the study of the Torah is equal to all of them together" (Mishnah Peah, Chap. 1).

So historical a people are the Jews, that these few sentences, apparently so remote in time and space from the East European village, tell us as much about the everyday life of the shtetl Jew as a library of monographs. We can draw a line from these sentences to the vast variety of institutions the tiny shtetl found it necessary to maintain: *gemilus chesed* (communal loan association), *hachnossas kaloh* (communal organization to provide poor brides with dowries), *hekdesch* (city hospice for paupers), *malbish arumim* (communal association providing clothing to poor people), *hachnossas orchim* (communal organization which took care of tran-

sients; also individual hospitality to strangers), *bikkur cholim* (communal organization to assist sick paupers; also individual visits to the sick), *bes yesomim* (orphanage and organization in charge of the orphanage), *chevrah kadisha* (burial society), *cheder* (elementary religious school), *Talmud Torah* (educational institution for orphans and poor children), *Yeshiva* (institution of basic study of Talmud), *chevrah Mishnayos*, *chevrah Shas*, *chevrah Tehillim* (communal groups organized to study, respectively, the Mishnah, the Talmud, and the Psalms).

This passage suggests to us the things for which men were honored: first for the study of the Law, then for performing ritual obligations and giving charity. But since only the wealthy could fully indulge in the giving of charity "without limit," we might expect that, in reality, right after the study of the Law would come wealth. If we realize further that this passage was still being recited daily in the 19th-century village, with its injunctions about the corners of the field (when there were no fields), the first fruits (when Jews harvested no fruits), and the offerings to the temple (when the temple had not existed for two millennia), we are told something about the shtetl's identification with the past, and we can appreciate how it could feel as close to the Talmudic sages and Maimonides as to Elijah of Vilna (18th century), and how the ancient academies of Yavneh, Pumbeditha, and Kairouwan could be conceived of as local Yeshivas with different names. All this indicates a sense of cultural and religious continuity and national commitment, and helps explain the familiarity with which the shtetl Jews discussed not only the sages of the Talmud and the characteristics of "the world to come," but also the number of times a day Rothschild in Paris changed his shirt.

THE paradox was that the shtetl, more miserable than this book shows it, also was part of a chain more magnificent than it imagines. The anthropologist's single snapshot, slightly retouched and beautified, prevents us from grasping the second reality as well as the first.

With all due respect to Ruth Benedict, Margaret Mead, and the authors of *Life Is With People*, it can be safely asserted that the greatest "anthropologist" of the shtetl was the Yiddish novelist and writer Mendele Mocher Seforim. Neither the misery nor the glory escaped him. He was fortunate in being closer to the shtetl than the authors of the book, and in simultaneously having acquired, from the Jewish Enlightenment, the distance and the Western categories which made it possible for him to conceive of himself as the historian of the "Convocation of Jewry," the "*Knesses Israel*." He too concerned himself with a cultural portrait of the shtetl's way of life, or, as he put it more precisely, its *lebens-shtayger*: life-rhythm—and to this end he created in his books a gallery of historical-sociological types and constructs that rivals Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*—and with the same conscious purpose of recording an epoch.

Perhaps such an achievement—paralleled in some measure by the work of two other great Yiddish writers, Sholom Aleichem and Peretz—requires so special a combination of circumstances, talent, and genius that it is possible only once. In any case, Mendele's writings are for the most part untranslated—one suspects they are even untranslatable. For those who do not know Yiddish, and who wish to know something of the world whose language it was, *Life Is With People* makes an excellent introduction. Its defects are those of omission. And what it has to offer is rich, authentic, and, one hopes, of considerably more than passing interest.

LETTERS FROM READERS

The FBI and Mr. Gersh

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The article "The Day the FBI Came to Our House," which appeared in the January 1952 issue of COMMENTARY, has been brought to my attention. Frankly, I was surprised to see such an obvious and intentional attempt to hold the FBI up to ridicule being printed in your magazine.

You, of course, know, as does the public in general, that the FBI has been given definite responsibilities under Congressional enactments and presidential directives to seek facts, through investigation, which pertain to violations of the law or relate to the internal security of the country. We have always attempted to discharge these responsibilities in an efficient and straightforward manner. The overwhelming cooperation which the public has given us by voluntarily furnishing information has made it possible to bring our investigations to expeditious conclusions. In many cases they have served to remove suspicion from innocent persons falsely accused.

You can appreciate, I know, that in carrying out our responsibilities as an investigative agency, we conduct thousands of interviews with private citizens throughout the country each day. Time after time citizens communicate with us or call at our offices to volunteer information which they feel relates to matters within the jurisdiction of the FBI.

In connection with the interview with Mrs. Gersh, it was believed that she might possess information pertaining to a case under investigation and our agents called on her, as they would call on any other citizen under similar circumstances, to solicit her cooperation in furnishing whatever information she might have. The interview was of a routine nature and she talked to the agents on a voluntary basis. Had she or Mr. Gersh so desired, they most certainly could have declined to be interviewed. They not only did not do so but, on the contrary, did discuss pertinent matters with the interviewing agents.

In the light of these facts, it is difficult to understand why Mr. Gersh chose to distort the circumstances of the interview in such a way

that the agents were portrayed as sinister individuals, and that he, his wife, and child were pictured as being subjected to an "unhealthy," as he calls it, experience.

I think that it is very evident from a review of the article that Mr. Gersh clearly intended to give an exaggerated and unfair account of the interview. I am surprised that, as editor of a responsible publication, you did not make inquiry in the interest of ascertaining the facts before you printed the article.

JOHN EDGAR HOOVER
Director

Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The article Mr. Hoover objects to was not written "to hold the FBI up to ridicule." It was, I hope, a piece of reportage—not only of events, but of the effects of those events upon a family of normal, law-abiding citizens.

Mr. Hoover cites presidential directives and Congressional enactments which give him the right and duty to send his agents to see us. Fine. I agree. But a little criticism is a healthy thing, our grandfathers taught us.

Mr. Hoover says we talked to his agents voluntarily. Of course. We are good citizens and generally in agreement with the FBI's purposes. In general agreement, I said, and not in complete agreement—especially with its procedures.

I made several points in the article. One major point was that the agents who search out Communists have a duty to know what is Communism and what is a Communist. I consider myself a comparative expert on Communism and Communists. I got that way fighting them for many years, in the labor movement and elsewhere. It was our impression, confirmed by other experiences with FBI agents intent on similar tasks, that these men were not qualified to determine whether a man was or wasn't a Communist. Their parting words, as reported in the article, clinched this impression. So I, as a reporter and a citizen, have a duty to say so, without being accused of defaming the entire FBI.

Nor is Mr. Hoover competent to judge

whether his agents appeared "sinister." (His word—not mine.) That's a question of time, place, context, and cultural attitudes. He'll have to take our word for it that the occasion was not one of ease and good fellowship. I don't know how the FBI men felt about it, but we were a little frightened, a little apprehensive, a little confused. (Remember we didn't know what they wanted until quite a while after they had started their questioning.) The atmosphere was such that our son, four years old, sensed it and reacted. I tried to report that atmosphere. It was pertinent. If Mr. Hoover believes that a visit from the FBI, even to innocent people, is an occasion for jollity, he is mistaken. Maybe we've seen too many FBI movies. If that explains our reaction, Mr. Hoover's quarrel is with James Cagney, not with the Gershes.

One last word—Mr. Hoover and I do not disagree on the necessity of safeguarding our security and of fighting Communism. We may disagree on the methods to be used. Congressional authority *per se* does not cloak his procedures with absolute correctness. Nor, to reiterate, does it make them immune from criticism.

HARRY GERSH

Tuckahoe, New York

A Subscriber in the Negev

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Perhaps it might be of interest to you how your magazine is received by a group of some one hundred and eighty American *halutzim* in this remote corner of Israel's southern desert. Unfortunately, I am the only one who has a subscription to your magazine. This presents us with an almost insurmountable problem, since most everybody wants to read it and it takes months before it makes the rounds, if it does so at all. However, if and when somebody gets hold of it he is usually quite satisfied. Though we are quite isolated here we still maintain a strong interest in those fields you cover so well, i.e., Jewish affairs, world affairs, and social science. And though we have decided that our place as Jews is here in Israel, we nevertheless follow with avid interest developments in the American Jewish community, since whatever our convictions might be about the value or permanence of Jewish life in the *Golah*, we still realize that the fate of American Jewry has an important effect on us personally and on Israel in general. Your level of material makes many of us feel that your magazine ranks as the finest of its type in America today. From personal observation I might add that your stuff on Israel, especially

Hal Lehrman, is excellent. I would especially like to praise his fine job on the problems of American emigration to Israel and why it hasn't been as large or successful as it should have been.

If it is possible, you might ask him to drop down here the next time he is in Israel. We would certainly like to talk to him, and it is barely possible that we might prove of interest to him.

NECHEMIA MEYERS

Kvutzat Urimi

Doar Ha-Negev, Israel

Footnote on a Cause Célèbre

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The article in your March issue by Irving Kristol, "'Civil Liberties,' 1952—A Study in Confusion," makes reference to a Mrs. Shura Lewis, whose talk in a Washington high school about utopian aspects of the Soviet Union aroused some controversy and caused Professor Commager to cite the attacks on Mrs. Lewis as an example of anti-Communist hysteria. Professor Commager is also quoted as saying that Mrs. Lewis "said nothing that any normal person could find objectionable."

There is no need to discuss whether or not the furor over Mrs. Lewis's speech imperils civil liberties in America. Mr. Kristol has handled this matter well. I merely want to cite a statement from a report recently published by the Committee on Un-American Activities entitled "The Shameful Years: Thirty Years of Soviet Espionage in the United States." On page 18, there is a reference to Mrs. Lewis that reads as follows:

"Mrs. (Hermann H.) Habicht, since her arrival in the United States, has been an ardent apologist for the Soviet Union and has persistently curried favor with Soviet representatives. . . . Mrs. Habicht also has been closely associated with Shura Lewis, a Russian national in this country through her marriage to an American citizen.

"Mrs. Lewis is known to have been in contact with Mr. and Mrs. Vassili Zubilin, both of whom have been identified to the committee as agents of the NKVD. In fact, investigation has disclosed that at the time of the contact Vassili Zubilin was directing NKVD operations in the United States.

"Mrs. Lewis also received considerable publicity at a later date when she addressed a high school group in Washington, D.C. and extolled the merits of Soviet Russia as compared to the United States."

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

New York City

Seeing What We Look For

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I wonder whether you noticed the amusing disparity of views in your March issue in which, in a review on page 294, Mr. Richard H. S. Crossman finds Israel rejecting America as a political and economic guide in favor of England while, in a letter on page 292, Mr. Abraham M. Hirsch finds Israel lacking in interest to an American Jew because it is playing the sedulous ape to America.

The whole matter reminds me of the late Lewis Browne's interesting interpretation of the motives which led Neville Chamberlain to take along that celebrated umbrella which accompanied him to Munich. You will remember that various explanations were offered. Some thought it signified frightened timidity; others thought it symbolized wise precaution; still others thought it evidenced a fine personal humility. I heard Mr. Browne reject all of them in favor of his own view. He simply pointed out that it was raining when Mr. Chamberlain left London and, being English, he would naturally assume that the climate all over the world would be what it was at home.

Obviously, we see what we look for, and Mr. Hirsch's letter makes it very clear that there are American umbrellas, too, and that they also obscure the vision.

HARRY COHEN

President, Bronx Zionist Region
Zionist Organization of America

Bronx, New York

Spengler and the Nazis

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

H. R. Trevor-Roper's review of Professor Hughes's *Oswald Spengler* in the May issue is marred by errors of fact and, it seems to me, questionable interpretations. . . .

Mr. Trevor-Roper links "Arthur Rosenberg" with Spengler as a prophet of Nazism. He certainly must mean Alfred Rosenberg and not the author of *The Birth of the German Republic* and *A History of Bolshevism*. But to link even Alfred Rosenberg with Spengler is something like equating Marx with a contemporary editorial writer for *Pravda*.

The central theme of the review is that "in all essential respects Spengler was a Nazi." Spengler's conflict with the Nazis Mr. Trevor-Roper ascribes to an "unfortunate [*sic*!] misunderstanding." He belittles the role which the race question played in this conflict. But

as the reviewer must certainly realize, it was the concept of race which was the focal point of the whole Nazi ideology. The Spengler who regarded the idea of race purity as grotesque "in view of the fact that for centuries all stocks and types have been mixed," could hardly be regarded as a Nazi in this *most* essential respect. Likewise, Spengler was not a Nazi in a second essential respect, for he had nothing to do with the practical political aims of the Nazis.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Trevor-Roper's review should be so centered around the insoluble question of "precursors" of Nazism. Such a review does justice neither to Professor Hughes's work nor to Spengler himself. The reviewer's assertion that *The Decline of the West* "was at once and finally rejected by the learned world" may, in a limited sense, be justified, but it contributes as little to an understanding of what Spengler was trying to say as does the superficial concentration on the question "Was Spengler a 'Nazi'?"

GEORGE K. ROMOSER

The University of Chicago

Chicago, Illinois

From a Non-Skip Reader

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

That was a very touching piece about the Hebrew University, at least touching for one who knows the site, by my friend Norman Bentwich in the May COMMENTARY.

Congratulations on the recent issues of COMMENTARY which I found waiting for me on my return from Israel. Even when they accumulate on my desk during an absence, I find that I dare not skip them.

The American Jewish Committee is performing a high public service by making the magazine possible and by giving the editors a free hand.

JAMES G. McDONALD

New York City

Correction

In the May issue of COMMENTARY there appeared letters by Ernest Angell and Osmond K. Fraenkel, at the end of which their association with the American Civil Liberties Union was listed. We have been asked to make it clear that both men were writing in their personal capacity, and that their letters are not to be taken in any way as officially representing the views of the American Civil Liberties Union.

—ED.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Man Underground

INVISIBLE MAN. By RALPH ELLISON.
Random House. 439 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by SAUL BELLOW

A FEW years ago, in an otherwise dreary and better forgotten number of *Horizon* devoted to a louse-up of life in the United States, I read with great excitement an episode from *Invisible Man*. It described a free-for-all of blindfolded Negro boys at a stag party of the leading citizens of a small Southern town. Before being blindfolded the boys are made to stare at a naked white woman; then they are herded into the ring, and, after the battle royal, one of the fighters, his mouth full of blood, is called upon to give his high school valedictorian's address. As he stands under the lights of the noisy room, the citizens rib him and make him repeat himself; an accidental reference to equality nearly ruins him, but everything ends well and he receives a handsome briefcase containing a scholarship to a Negro college.

This episode, I thought, might well be the high point of an excellent novel. It has turned out to be not *the* high point but rather one of the many peaks of a book of the very first order, a superb book. The valedictorian is himself Invisible Man. He adores the college but is thrown out before long by its president, Dr. Bledsoe, a great educator and leader of his race, for permitting a white visitor to visit the wrong places in the vicinity. Bearing what he believes to be a letter of recommendation from Dr. Bledsoe he comes to New York. The letter actually warns prospective employers against him. He is recruited by white radicals and becomes a Negro leader, and in the radical movement he learns eventually that throughout his entire life his relations with other men have been schematic; neither with Negroes nor with whites has he ever been visible, real. I think that in reading the *Horizon* excerpt I may have underestimated Mr. Ellison's ambition and power for the following very good reason, that

one is accustomed to expect excellent novels about boys, but a modern novel about men is exceedingly rare. For this enormously complex and difficult American experience of ours very few people are willing to make themselves morally and intellectually responsible. Consequently, maturity is hard to find.

It is commonly felt that there is no strength to match the strength of those powers which attack and cripple modern mankind. And this feeling is, for the reader of modern fiction, all too often confirmed when he approaches a new book. He is prepared, skeptically, to find what he has found before, namely, that family and class, university, fashion, the giants of publicity and manufacture, have had a larger share in the creation of someone called a writer than truth or imagination—that Bendix and Studebaker and the nylon division of Du Pont, and the University of Chicago, or Columbia or Harvard or Kenyon College, have once more proved mightier than the single soul of an individual; to find that one more lightly manned position has been taken. But what a great thing it is when a brilliant individual victory occurs, like Mr. Ellison's, proving that a truly heroic quality can exist among our contemporaries. People too thoroughly determined—and our institutions by their size and force too thoroughly determine—can't approach this quality. That can only be done by those who resist the heavy influences and make their own synthesis out of the vast mass of phenomena, the seething, swarming body of appearances, facts, and details. From this harassment and threatened dissolution by details, a writer tries to rescue what is important. Even when he is most bitter, he makes by his tone a declaration of values and he says, in effect: "There is something nevertheless that a man may hope to be." This tone, in the best pages of *Invisible Man*, those pages, for instance, in which an incestuous Negro farmer tells his tale to a white New England philanthropist, comes through very powerfully; it is tragi-comic, poetic, the tone of the very strongest sort of creative intelligence.

In a time of specialized intelligences, modern imaginative writers make the effort to maintain themselves as *unspecialists*, and their quest is for a true middle-of-consciousness for everyone. What language is it that we can all speak, and what is it that we can all recognize, burn at, weep over; what is the stature we can without exaggeration claim for ourselves; what is the main address of consciousness?

I was keenly aware, as I read this book, of a very significant kind of independence in the writing. For there is a "way" for Negro novelists to go at their problems, just as there are Jewish or Italian "ways." Mr. Ellison has not adopted a minority tone. If he had done so, he would have failed to establish a true middle-of-consciousness for everyone.

Negro Harlem is at once primitive and sophisticated; it exhibits the extremes of instinct and civilization as few other American communities do. If a writer dwells on the peculiarity of this, he ends with an exotic effect. And Mr. Ellison is not exotic. For him this balance of instinct and culture or civilization is not a Harlem matter; it is *the* matter, German, French, Russian, American, universal, a matter very little understood. It is thought that Negroes and other minority people, kept under in the great status battle, are in the instinct cellar of dark enjoyment. This imagined enjoyment provokes envious rage and murder; and then it is a large portion of human nature itself which becomes the fugitive murderously pursued. In our society Man—Himself—is idolized and publicly worshipped, but the single individual must hide himself underground and try to save his desires, his thoughts, his soul, in invisibility. He must return to himself, learning self-acceptance and rejecting all that threatens to deprive him of his manhood.

This is what I make of *Invisible Man*. It is not by any means faultless; I don't think the hero's experiences in the Communist party are as original in conception as other parts of the book, and his love affair with a white woman is all too brief, but it is an immensely moving novel and it has greatness.

So MANY hands have been busy at the interment of the novel—the hand of Paul Valéry, the hands of the editors of literary magazines, of scholars who decide when genres come and go, the hands of innumerable pipsqueaks as well—that I can't help feeling elated when a resurrection occurs. People read history and

then seem to feel that everything has to conclude in their own time. "We have read history, and therefore history is over," they appear to say. Really, all that such critics have the right to say is that fine novels are few and far between. That's perfectly true. But then fine anythings are few and far between. If these critics wanted to be extremely truthful, they'd say they were bored. Boredom, of course, like any mighty force, you must respect. There is something terribly impressive about the boredom of a man like Valéry who could no longer bear to read that the carriage had come for the duchess at four in the afternoon. And certainly there are some notably boring things to which we owe admiration of a sort.

Not all the gravediggers of the novel have such distinction as Valéry's, however. Hardly. And it's difficult to think of them as rising dazzled from a volume of Stendhal, exclaiming "God!" and then with angry determination seizing their shovels to go and heap more clods on the coffin. No, theirs unfortunately isn't often the disappointment of spirits formed under the influence of the masters. They make you wonder how, indeed, they *would* be satisfied. A recent contributor to *Partisan Review*, for instance, complains that modern fiction does not keep pace with his swift-wheeling modern consciousness which apparently leaves the photon far behind in its speed. He names a few *really* modern writers of fiction, their work unfortunately still unpublished, and makes a patronizing reference to *Invisible Man*: almost, but not quite, the real thing, it is "raw" and "overambitious." And the editors of *Partisan Review* who have published so much of this modern fiction that their contributor attacks, what do they think of this? They do not say what they think; neither of this piece nor of another lulu on the same subject and in the same issue by John Aldridge. Mr. Aldridge writes: "There are only two cultural pockets left in America; and they are the Deep South and that area of northeastern United States whose moral capital is Boston, Massachusetts. This is to say that these are the only places where there are any manners. In all other parts of the country people live in a kind of vastly standardized cultural prairie, a sort of infinite Middle West, and that means that they don't really live and they don't really do anything."

Most Americans thus are Invisible. Can we wonder at the cruelty of dictators when even a literary critic, without turning a hair, an-

nounces the death of a hundred million people?

Let us suppose that the novel is, as they say, played out. Let us only suppose it, for I don't believe it. But what if it is so? Will such tasks as Mr. Ellison has set himself no more be performed? Nonsense. New means, when new means are necessary, will be found. To find them is easier than to suit the disappointed consciousness and to penetrate the thick walls of boredom within which life lies dying.

Space, Time, and the Sabbath

THE SABBATH: ITS MEANING FOR MODERN MAN. By ABRAHAM JOSHUA HESCHEL. Farrar, Straus and Young. 118 pp. \$2.75.

Reviewed by WILL HERBERG

THIS slight volume raises some of the most fundamental problems of Jewish faith. Professor Heschel's theme is the Sabbath in Jewish tradition, and this theme he develops against the background of a penetrating inquiry into the central categories of Biblical faith. Basic to the analysis is a crucial distinction between space and time as they enter into the structure of faith and existence. Time Heschel finds to be the "heart of existence," space its externalization. The Bible, therefore, "sees the world in the dimension of time," and the God of Israel is the "God of events," of history. Pagan religions are religions of space; it is in space, in nature, that they find holiness. In the teaching of Judaism, however, "the idea of holiness [is] shifted from space to time, from the realm of nature to the realm of history, from things to events. The physical world [becomes] divested of any inherent sanctity." "Time is the presence of God in the world of space. . . . It is the dimension of time wherein man meets God."

In this fundamental insight, Professor Heschel certainly hews close to the spirit of Hebraic religion and is thoroughly in line with the best of recent scholarship and religious thought. The objection that has been raised in some quarters that his "dichotomy" of space and time flies in the face of modern physics, which insists on a "space-time continuum," is based on sheer ignorance of the meaning of science and scientific concepts. For science does not pretend to reveal the "real reality" of the natural order, much less its significance in the total scheme of being. All it ever claims to do is to provide

concepts that will prove useful in describing, predicting, and controlling phenomena. The limitations of science are perhaps better appreciated today than ever before, precisely because of the great advances in scientific thinking. Whatever science may or may not be able to do, it is today quite obvious that it cannot reveal to us the order of reality and significance in the universe of being. That is the task of philosophy, and, more profoundly, of theology. Heschel is therefore on solid ground in his approach as he is in his conclusions. That time is the "substance" of existence, and history the texture of reality for man, is widely recognized as the unique affirmation of the Biblical worldview. The transformation of the ancient Hebraic nature festivals into commemorations and reenactments of crucial events in Israel's redemptive history, a process initiated in Biblical times and completed by the rabbis, is clear evidence of the time-centeredness of Jewish faith. So too is the prophetic vision of the nature and vocation of Israel: "the idea of a Jewish people beyond state and territory, a divine instrument in man's overcoming of 'nature' through a supernatural process in the course of 'history'" (Baron). The God of Israel is preeminently the Lord of history; Judaism is a "religion of time," stressing the ultimate reality of time in the divine process of creation and redemption.

In the framework of this Biblical understanding of space and time, Heschel sets forth his interpretation of the Sabbath. Judaism, unlike Oriental spirituality, aims at the sanctification of time rather than escape from it. "Jewish ritual," Heschel says, "may be characterized as the art of significant forms in time, as *architecture of time*." The body of the book is an explication of this as it relates to the Sabbath.

THE method Heschel employs in developing his theme is a creative combination of theological analysis and rabbinic Haggadah. His pages become a distillation of millennia of tradition, almost every line recalling some ancient tale or insight of enduring significance. But he does not let his stories run away with him. "Religious thought," he notes in commenting on the personification of the Sabbath, "cannot afford to associate too closely with the powers of fantasy." His treatment is imaginative, at times poetical, but at all essential points close to the realities of existence, as he understands existence from his Biblical perspective.

Jewish ritual is "architecture of time." The Sabbath is preeminently a "palace in time"; to him who truly participates in it, it is a "reminder" of the two worlds, or rather of the two ages—this age and the age-to-come. The Sabbath carries the Jew beyond space, beyond civilization; like his faith, of which it is the consummate symbol, it is not a way out of the world but "a way of being within and above the world." It is a day of *menuha*, of "rest" in the sense of harmony and peace, peace between man and man, peace within man, peace with all things, peace with God. It is therefore a remembrance of Paradise and a prefigurement of the fulfillment in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The eschatological significance of the Sabbath, surely one of its deepest dimensions, receives appropriate emphasis. "Our world is a world of space moving through time, from the Beginning to the End of Days. . . . All week there is only hope of redemption. But when the Sabbath is entering the world, man is touched by a moment of actual redemption. . . . The longing for the Sabbath all the days of the week . . . is a form of longing for the eternal Sabbath all the days of our lives." The Sabbath is a harbinger of the age-to-come. In this sense, it is indeed, as Heschel points out, the transmutation of time into eternity.

The eternity that inheres in the Sabbath emerges again when it is affirmed as an "eternal covenant" between God and Israel. The Sabbath is at once a "memorial of Creation" and a "remembrance of the Exodus from Egypt" in which Israel as covenant-people came into being. But it is more than memorial or remembrance; it is also reenactment. Such is the Biblical-rabbinic conception of time appropriated in contemporaneity. "The day of exodus from Egypt . . . the day of giving the Torah," Heschel writes, "can never become past: that day is this day, every day. . . ." The holy days of the Jewish liturgical year are the appointed days of contemporaneous appropriation of Israel's redemptive history, and the Sabbath is the prototype and synthesis of them all.

For above all things the Sabbath is holy. Its holiness, according to rabbinic teaching, is derived immediately from the holiness of God, preceding the holiness of Israel, and therefore all the more the holiness of the Land of Israel. Its observance is sanctification, hallowing. "This is the task of man," Heschel concludes, "to conquer space and to sanctify time." The sanctification, the redemption, of time is the mean-

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ing *par excellence* of the Sabbath, as it is in a measure the meaning of all observance and indeed of all human action oriented to God.

HERE a problem arises which is not explicitly dealt with in this volume, although Dr. Heschel's views may with some confidence be surmised. The problem relates to the nature of the "sanctification" which the observance of the Sabbath and of the other *mitzvot* is supposed to bring. Three views on this question have commonly been held. At one extreme is the "realistic" position, according to which ritual reflects the structure of the cosmos and works its effects on the cosmic order. This conception, so familiar to the Oriental mind and not unknown in Jewish and Christian tradition, seems to imply a ritualistic thaumaturgy utterly alien to the spirit of Biblical faith. At the other extreme is the "psychological" approach, which sees in ritual nothing but a device for stimu-

lating so-called "religious" values and emotions. This approach is obviously subjectivistic in the worst sense of the term and entirely voids observance of its religious substance. As against both of these positions, there is a third view, well conveyed in Johanan ben Zakkai's saying: "Death does not defile and water does not cleanse; it is an ordinance of the King of Kings." In other words, contact with corpse and water causes no objective change, nor yet on the other hand, is it all merely a matter of psychological auto-suggestion. Observance is required, according to Johanan ben Zakkai, because it is an ordinance of God. *Obedience* to the divine will, accepted and appropriated as such—obedience in joy and spontaneity, to be sure, but obedience nevertheless—is what constitutes the religious-existential meaning of ritual observance in this view, and it is a view, I think, that is very close to the authentic tradition of Jewish faith.

One could wish that Heschel had discussed this problem explicitly at some point in his book. He has not done so, and so we must fall back on conjecture. There are some phases and passages in the book that suggest the "realistic" view, but I do not think they are decisive. Heschel's whole approach seems to me to make much better sense in terms of a conception which sees the "sanctification" of observance as rooted primarily in man's response to what is accepted and affirmed as the command of God. It is not thaumaturgy that the Jew engages in when he observes the Sabbath, nor is it an "inspirational" exercise; what he is doing is of a piece with the whole fabric of his religious existence as Jew: he is responding to the call of God in love and obedience.

Heschel's exposition of the Sabbath seems to me both profound and true. But does it have any meaning for "modern man," as the subtitle suggests? It all depends on who this "modern man" is. If he is the man whose thinking still reflects the secularist and humanist clichés of half a century ago, then I am afraid this book will mean nothing or less than nothing to him. But if the man who reads this book is truly of our age, if he is indeed of the *post-modern* generation which is seeking for the substance of life on a level far deeper than the superficialities of yesterday's "modern thought," then I am confident that he will find in these pages significant insights into the meaning of existence and into the meaning of the faith that for the Jew defines the ultimate meaning of life.

How to See Israel

TICKET TO ISRAEL. By JUDY SHEPARD and ALVIN ROSENFELD. Rinehart. 305 pp. \$3.75.

Reviewed by HAL LEHRMAN

SOME tourists go to Israel determined to love everything in sight, like the charming American lady who gazed enraptured at Jerusalem's antique walls and exclaimed: "Isn't it wonderful what those Zionists have accomplished in just thirty years?" Most, like any tourists anywhere, run a grim race with ship and plane schedules, grimly checking off places visited and monuments inspected. But there is always a difference: 98 per cent of the sight-seers in Israel are Jewish, and so, unlike tourists elsewhere, do not quite consider themselves foreigners among natives. They feel—sometimes sharply, sometimes vaguely—a personal tie with the place and the people. They emphatically want to get acquainted, to "see for themselves." Generally they fail for lack of knowledge of how to proceed on their voyage of intimate discovery. It is to supply the needs of such as these that the Rosenfelds—who first went to Palestine as honeymooners in 1947—have composed this unusual guidebook.

Unusual because, to begin with, the writers of this manual have a fresh style. When they saw Haifa from a plane by night, it was "a glittering, star-powdered amphitheatre which swung free below us on invisible threads. . . ." Haifa is "a huge wedding veil tossed over a mountain and floating in the water. . . ." The "square, domed houses" of an Arab village "are strung like the beads of a Moslem rosary up a precipitous rise . . . ; some are washed a frivolous pink or green, some are white or earth-brown, but far more are sky-blue, for this color has power to charm away the evil eye. . . ."

Such bright but nevertheless accurate writing is prudently contained by the authors' solemn sense of an obligation to provide the tourist with needed practical information. After a vivid passage on Tiberias, they prosaically announce that "bathing in the Sea of Galilee is refreshing but, if you are not careful, can be dangerous; the undertow is sometimes powerful." The book is stuffed with data on currency, inoculations, what to wear in Israel, how to get there, what to see if you have eight days, a fortnight, or three weeks. You are told how

to behave in a kibbutz, where to apply for your passport, what hotels to stop at, which restaurants, and are cautioned to bring your own lipstick and pipe cleaners.

THE Rosenfelds are not encyclopedic. They omit some interesting places and skim over many more—ending several sections with a lazy page or two entitled “And Furthermore,” in which they dump odds and ends of itinerary, each dismissed in a cursory phrase. But they offer the reader something more valuable: the equipment with which to journey forth knowing what to search for and what to make of it when he finds it. Canned tours, they warn, give the traveler “a pot of message” without any salt of personal participation. The Israelis, say the Rosenfelds, are excited about their country, and will show it off proudly to anyone who comes along with the right questions. Accordingly the authors shun the minutiae of architecture and archeology compiled by old-style guidebooks and concentrate instead on the meaning of the sights and sounds, and some of the basic problems, of the infant state.

One finds, for instance, a perceptive essay on the various types of agricultural colony, from the early collective *kvutza* to the now burgeoning *moshava* of completely independent farmers. The treatment is sympathetic but critical, unlike traditional descriptions of the kibbutzim as heavens peopled with pioneer angels.

Tel Aviv, too, is displayed in all its noise and rudeness (though the Rosenfelds make the city seem rather quaint by artfully spoofing it, when in fact the place is just plain disagreeable). We get engrossing glimpses of Bedouins, Israeli civil servants—whose impressive dispatch cases, “according to legend, contain only luncheon sandwiches”—Bukharian and Yemenite synagogues, the kaleidoscopic human contents of the No. 4 Jerusalem bus. There are neat capsule histories, of Jerusalem through the millennia of its agonies and glories, of Tel Aviv, whose first builders sallied out from Jaffa with some shovels and one wheelbarrow, of mystic Safad, its Cabalists and whirling Hasidim, of noble Ascalon, where the Crusaders found the lowly onion known as the scallion, of Roman Caesaria, from which the banana planters of nearby Kibbutz S'dot Yam dig up marble busts to adorn their cottages. One is happily spared the parochialism customarily found in ecstatic accounts of the Jewish state: the Rosenfelds

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leave adequate space for the Arabs, Mohammed and the temper of Islam, the treasures of Christian Nazareth, the sites and scenes made immortal by Jesus. For the fortunate few who are not barred by Jordan, the authors throw in a quick trip through the Old City of Jerusalem.

Occasionally the authors trip cautiously past a controversial point or touch up reality a bit. Their discussion of labor-capital relations in Israel gives Histadrut a rather generous edge; nor are all Israelis as much in love with their country as the authors make out—many are openly sour. It is overenthusiastic to call Lydda airport “one of the world’s busiest.” To speak of some restaurant as one of “the finest” in some city is to spread a snare for gourmets when what is meant is that the food in the place, by contrast with elsewhere in town, is tolerably edible. To salute Rosh Pinah’s “only big café, Gitl’s,” as “a favorite gathering place for the Upper Galilee’s farmers” is a positively lavish way to describe a grubby little shack with barrels of herring and jars of fly-specked candy.

But such aberrations are infrequent, merely the natural exuberance of two young Americans who truly relish and enjoy Israel and who may be forgiven attempting here and there to force the pace. Their report, in the main, is good-humored, illuminating, and dependable. It should help sell many more tourist tickets to Israel; and help those who buy them get their money’s worth.

So Long As I’m Alive

NONES. By W. H. AUDEN. Random House. 81 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD NORSE

*Read The New Yorker, trust in God
And take short views.*

—“Under Which Lyre”

Make me chaste, Lord, but not yet.

—“The Love Feast”

FOR Auden, the Unseen (long views) is frankly unpleasant; the love feast is sensual. His poems exhibit the *bon vivant’s* uneasiness at the thought that the tangible world must sooner or later be given up—at the end of a long or short pleasure cruise through life, death like a fare-collector waits and one will be returned to a void of nothingness. This attitude is more like a 5th-century Greek’s than a modern believer’s,

except that with his pre-acedia sense of sheer joy in living the Greek did not know boredom or despair as the modern intellectual knows it.

One would have to stretch the word *religion* to the breaking point in order to apply it to these poems. Instead of faith, instead of fear and trembling before the crucial issues of moral conduct, instead of responsibility to God or the artist’s *ethos*, Auden seems more and more drawn to an attitude of let’s-go-on-living-as-comfortably-as-we-can, for any other attitude is too fraught with complex questions of choice and action in our time. One cannot conceive of a truly religious poet, such as Merton or the metaphysical Herbert (for all his conceits), writing a book like *Nones*. Fundamentally, what seems to be so glaringly missing is *passion*—in its etymological sense of suffering, as well as in its current construction to mean deep feeling. The kind of spiritual and emotional passion that is ineluctably part of religious experience, such as in *Lord Weary’s Castle* of Robert Lowell, serves to illustrate the point. Auden talks *about* suffering, he verbalizes; he does not *present* it as part of a felt experience. What a gulf between Blake’s:

*How do you know but ev’ry Bird that cuts the
airy way,
Is an immense world of delight, clos’d by your
senses five?*

and Auden’s:

*Be happy, precious five,
So long as I’m alive. . . .*

It does not matter that in Auden’s poem (“Precious Five”) the attitude is one of acceptance of the given, the corporeal, to “do as you are told.” What is relevant is his conclusion, namely, that he must exercise his full powers of sensing but admit that he does not understand the design or nature of being, the command of his religion to “Bless what there is for being. . . .” Blake’s religion was based on a profound faith in that Eternity which lies beyond the grasp of the senses. He does not fear it. To him, as to Plato or Jesus, the unseen world of the spirit was the reality and the seen a mere shadow:

*We like Infants descend
In our Shadows on earth.*

For Auden, as for any materialist, the converse is apparently true. It is hard to understand why he is regarded, or regards himself, as a religious poet. It would be truer to regard him as a

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materialist *manqué*, a poet in quest of a belief.

Meanwhile, he is temporizing. It is not by chance that the titles of former books are *For the Time Being* and *Another Time*. In *Nones* (meaning three in the afternoon in the Catholic canonical hours), he is more concerned with time than with eternity. He is anxious about its passage, about growing older; he is anxious, one might say, about *not* having faith enough in the religious solution to the problems of finite existence. Three in the afternoon: it is getting late (one is in one's forties). Evening (old age, death) is coming on. The sun is still hot, but one does not *feel* as strongly, shout as loudly, as when he rose in the morning and the world was fresh: ". . . the blood/Of our sacrifice is already/Dry on the grass." And what is worse,

. . . we are not prepared
For silence so sudden and so soon;
The day is too hot, too bright, too still,
Too ever, the dead remains too nothing.
What shall we do till nightfall?

The last question gives it all away. It is not the question of the true believer, but of the early Eliot, pre-conversion: "What shall we ever do?" And as such, it is unbelieving, fearful.

Auden's answer is stated in many of the poems in this volume: have a good time. It's the American answer to the chaos of multiple comforts, gadgets to please the senses and beguile the inquisitive mind from more portentous issues. As such, it is hedonism in the afternoon. He praises limestone pools, where athletes "made solely for pleasure" go to swim. As for Sin and Resurrection, Love and Death:

I know nothing of
Either, but when I try to imagine a faultless
love
Or the life to come, what I hear is the mur-
mur
Of underground streams, what I see is a lime-
stone landscape.

Reluctant in Zion

THE JUGGLER. By MICHAEL BLANKFORT.
Little, Brown. 243 pp. \$3.00.

Reviewed by GEORGE J. BECKER

THERE is an element of the "double-take," or better, of the *déjà vu*, in contemporary writing

about Israel which is one of its arresting features and which sets up an immediate, if not always relevant, tension in the mind of the reader. Even the unreligious Gentile is likely to come to such works with his retina holding the blurred after-image of countless photographs of Bible scenes which he once pored over on rainy afternoons at somebody's house when there was nothing better to do. The pictures, themselves usually a little blurred too, were the product less of art or honest reportage than of outright sentimentality; it was more important to have a scene labeled "Mount Carmel," for the sake of the associations the words evoked, than to see that elevation in clear outlines.

Presumably the Zionist imagination, with or without benefit of photographs, has also impressed a special image on the retina, which in proportion to the zeal or the privation which has fed the dream in the individual mind far transcends actuality and with exuberant haste converts arid plains and hills into a land flowing milk and honey. This kind of duality is what myth, and ultimately literature, is sourced in, and we can see the working of myth in such a novel as *The Juggler*, where it is only incidental to the main subject of the book. In such a novel as this there is an exciting recognition that of course this is the way things are, but the old images remain in competition with the new. When, in addition, part of the subject is the disparity between what the immigrant expects and what he finds, that basic tension is channeled with great effect. Finally, when it is recognized that the existent is incomplete, amorphous, still in a state of becoming, there is created a current of high voltage that some day, after this theme has been sufficiently meditated and essayed, may produce a literature of power.

Mr. Blankfort has not reached that level, but he uses the contrast between the ideal and the actual to good effect, both in the opening scenes of the novel with its cross section of arriving immigrants and in flashbacks of the protagonist's life under the Nazi regime, when he found it impossible to believe that anti-Semitism applied to *him*. Best of all is the depiction of a collective farm near the Syrian border, which is just rebuilding after destructive Arab raids, so that there is a triple tension between the aspiration, the actuality, and the fear of retrogression—of reduction to nothing—which, we can assume, parallels Israel's uneasy state of consciousness in the last few years.

Yet all this is only backdrop. The novel has as its subject another tension, that of the man who has been running away for so long that he cannot stop, one whose being has so long consisted of hatred, endurance, and the less admirable self-regarding virtues that he cannot learn release in forgetfulness of self. Such a man is Hans Muller, once a professional juggler, of whom his fellow immigrants say, "He eats into himself as if he were a melon." His story is one of rehabilitation through love, love from a twelve-year-old orphan who accompanies him on his flight through the country, love from a woman whom he meets at the collective farm where he finds harborage, love from the policeman who tracks him down to tell him he has not after all committed a murder but that he must submit to psychiatric help lest he sometime go berserk. It is a powerful idea, and one which, in terms of the shattered lives which are seeking to be rebuilt in Israel, should provide dramatic material for some time to come. It provides an interesting fusion of ancient ethical teaching, recent psychiatric theory, and actual historical experience. It is another myth, that of losing one's life so as to gain it, of the seed that must die so that it may bring forth fruit. It is a variant of the "Hound of Heaven" idea, here harnessed to a sociological concept. (As a matter of fact, if we remember Thomas Mann's prologue to his *Joseph*, it strikes close to the recurrent central myth of the Jewish, and also the Christian, tradition.)

In the brief context of this novel, however, it is a little forced. Mr. Blankfort writes excellent individual scenes, but he has provided only the structure, not the necessary elaboration, for his grandiose theme. We need to know more of both Muller's success and his failure in Germany so as to understand why he is sick of himself and fears life. We need to follow his life in Israel in greater detail and over a much longer period, for he needs the healing balm of time and forgetfulness as well as the ministering hands of love. Yet the novel does raise important issues; it has a sense of what is important in certain human destinies; and its message is comforting and valid: However heavy the burden of past suffering and humiliation, in Zion one can lay down one's individual burden and find relief in the common burden of a land to build and a promise to fulfill. Human destinies may seem to be as insignificant as the balls which Hans, the juggler, tosses into the air, but they are subject to control and can be

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Life and Death of Poland's Jews

UNDERGROUND: THE STORY OF A PEOPLE.

By JOSEPH TENENBAUM. Philosophical Library. 532 pp. \$4.50.

Reviewed by LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ

THIS book includes a cursory thousand-years history of the Jews in Poland until the German occupation, the story of the life and death of Polish Jewry under the Germans, and, finally, the author's personal reminiscences of his native pre-war Poland and of a trip there in 1946. With minor revisions and additions, a good two-thirds of the book was published in 1948 under the title *In Search of a Lost People: The Old and the New Poland*. Only eight of the present twenty-seven chapters are entirely new.

Though choppy presented, the bird's-eye view of Polish Jewish history is useful as a brief and popular presentation, encompassing the most important facts of external Jewish history in Poland. However, the author's interpretations of some of these facts are occasionally

oversimplified and naive. Thus, on the question of minority rights in Poland, Mr. Tenenbaum writes: "World War II might well have been averted by a more statesmanlike settlement of the minority issues."

The body of the book summarizes, in the main, works published in Yiddish and Polish on the German extermination of Polish Jewry in Warsaw, Lodz, Lublin, Vilna, and other Jewish centers; it also deals briefly with the death camps in Poland and with the role of Jews in the partisan movement. Dr. Tenenbaum puts before the reader once again the major facts of the German extermination program: concentration in ghettos, slow death by starvation and forced labor, and, ultimately, deportation to the death camps. In making us face these facts again, in helping keep alive the record of the German murder of the Jewish people, Dr. Tenenbaum has rendered a service. Unfortunately, the account is marred by several faults. One is an underestimation of Jewish resistance to the Germans, resulting from Dr. Tenenbaum's insistence on armed revolt as the only valid form of resistance. Thus, he finds himself forced to seek reasons why the Jews in Lodz or Lemberg or Lublin did not make an uprising. This is unfortunate, for though we may give greatest honor to the memory of the Jews who rose up against the Germans in Warsaw or Bialystok or Treblinka, we must not fail to remember that every Jew everywhere resisted the Germans by the very fact of his continuing to live. Smuggling food into the ghetto, organizing underground schools, fighting disease, hiding in bunkers—these and countless other acts constituted Jewish resistance.

Another fault is the author's uncritical use of sources and his frequent failure to identify them. One example will suffice. In a chapter on Jewish partisans, Dr. Tenenbaum quotes an alleged Soviet decree, issued by Kalinin at the

end of 1941, ordering the evacuation of Jews from the path of the Germans. As far as can be ascertained this quotation appeared in a pro-Soviet Yiddish book about Jews in the partisan movement of Soviet Russia. According to Solomon M. Schwarz's authoritative study *The Jews in the Soviet Union*, there is no evidence for the existence of the alleged decree; the German slaughter of Jews in Minsk, Kiev, Kharkov, and other Russian cities gives ample indication that there was never any attempt to rescue the Russian Jews, and Dr. Tenenbaum's own sources reveal also the hostility of the Russian partisans toward the Jewish partisans.

As I have said, two thirds of this volume appeared in essentially the same form four years ago, and the relation of the present book to the earlier one is of some interest. The new chapters—on Czestochowa, Lublin, Vilna, and the partisans—while adding more information, in no way change the author's approach to his material or his conclusions about it. But the new book is not offered merely as a revised, enlarged edition of the earlier work; it seems rather as if the author is deliberately burying the earlier book, having first salvaged from it whatever was usable. In fact, only a small part of the 1948 book was discarded. That was devoted to a panegyric of the "new" Poland and its "achievements" in agrarian reform, economic nationalization, educational and cultural advancement. The removal of this entire section and of certain sentences and paragraphs from the earlier text indicates clearly that Dr. Tenenbaum is no longer favorably inclined toward the Red totalitarianism. Greater the pity, then, that he did not round out the picture of Jews and Jewish life in Poland by filling in the final details of the second total destruction of Jewish communal life in Poland. Such a chapter would have added immeasurably to the stature of this book.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

SAUL BELLOW is the author of *Dangling Man* and *The Victim*; he is completing his third novel, to be published next year.

WILL HERBERG's *Judaism and Modern Man* was published this past fall.

HAL LEHRMAN, one of COMMENTARY's "charter contributors," is the author of *Israel: The Beginning and Tomorrow* (1952).

HAROLD NORSE has contributed poetry, criticism, and short stories to *Kenyon Review*, *Sewanee Review*, and various other periodicals.

GEORGE J. BECKER is associate professor of English at Swarthmore College.

LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ is on the staff of the Library of Jewish Information, and has been a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY.

This *I believe*

“FREEDOM IS THE RIGHT to choose: the right to create for oneself the alternatives of choice. Without the possibility of choice and the exercise of choice, a man is not a man but a member, an instrument, a thing.

“FREEDOM is the right to one’s soul: the right of each man to approach God in his own way and by his own means. It is a man’s right to possess his mind and conscience for himself. To those who put their trust in freedom, the State can have no sovereignty over the mind or soul—must be the servant of man’s reason, not the master.

“FREEDOM is the right to one’s dignity as a man. In a free society no individual, no group is entitled to diminish the human dignity of any man regardless of his race, his creed, or his color.”*

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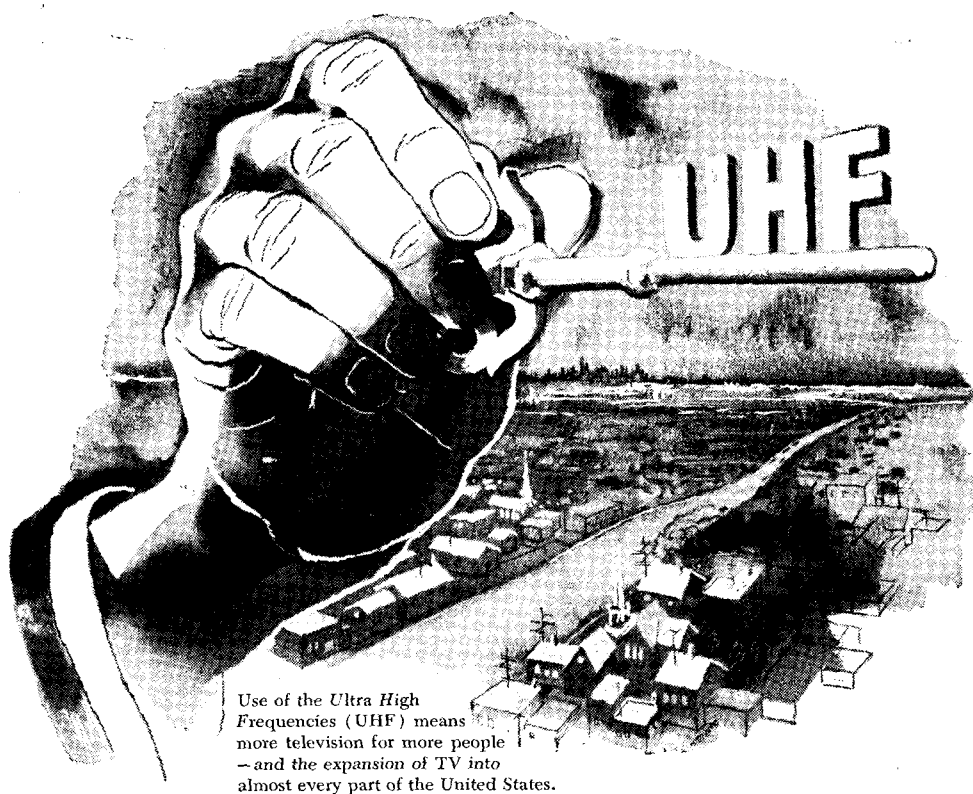
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Use of the Ultra High Frequencies (UHF) means more television for more people — and the expansion of TV into almost every part of the United States.

This “master key” opens television’s doors — in millions of additional homes

Now the “green light” is official. Television can expand into UHF. Behind this decision are years of research and engineering, tested and proved at the first UHF station to operate on a regular daily basis—RCA’s “Tower on Success Hill,” near Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Key to nationwide TV coverage, UHF provides 70 new channels for about 1500 new stations. Equally important, the ultra high frequencies can be utilized without diminishing service in today’s 17 million television homes. More channels, more sta-

tions, mean more programs for present audiences—as well as television for the millions now beyond its reach.

Already, RCA has designed the equipment needed to broadcast UHF television, and is ready with instruments for home reception. This preparedness comes from more than 25 years of television pioneering, and represents an investment of approximately \$3,000,000 in UHF alone—including the vital studies at “Success Hill.”

See the latest in radio, television, electronics at RCA Exhibition Hall, 36 West 49th Street, N. Y. Admission is free. Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20, N. Y.



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

World Leader in Radio—First in Television

IT WAS A BRIGHT EARLY DECEMBER DAY and Lieutenant Hudner was flying a Korean combat mission alongside another plane piloted by Ensign Jesse Brown. A burst of flak



caught the ensign's plane and he went spinning down, aflame. Lieutenant Hudner then deliberately crash landed near his flame-trapped shipmate. He radioed for help, after

which he fought to keep the fire away from the fatally injured ensign until a rescue helicopter arrived. Today Lieutenant Hudner says:

"Maybe if America had been strong enough to discourage aggression two years ago, my friend, Jesse Brown, might be alive right now. So might thousands more of our Korea dead.

"For it's only too sadly true—today, in our world, weakness invites attack. And *peace is only for the strong.*

"Our present armed forces *are* strong—and growing stronger. But

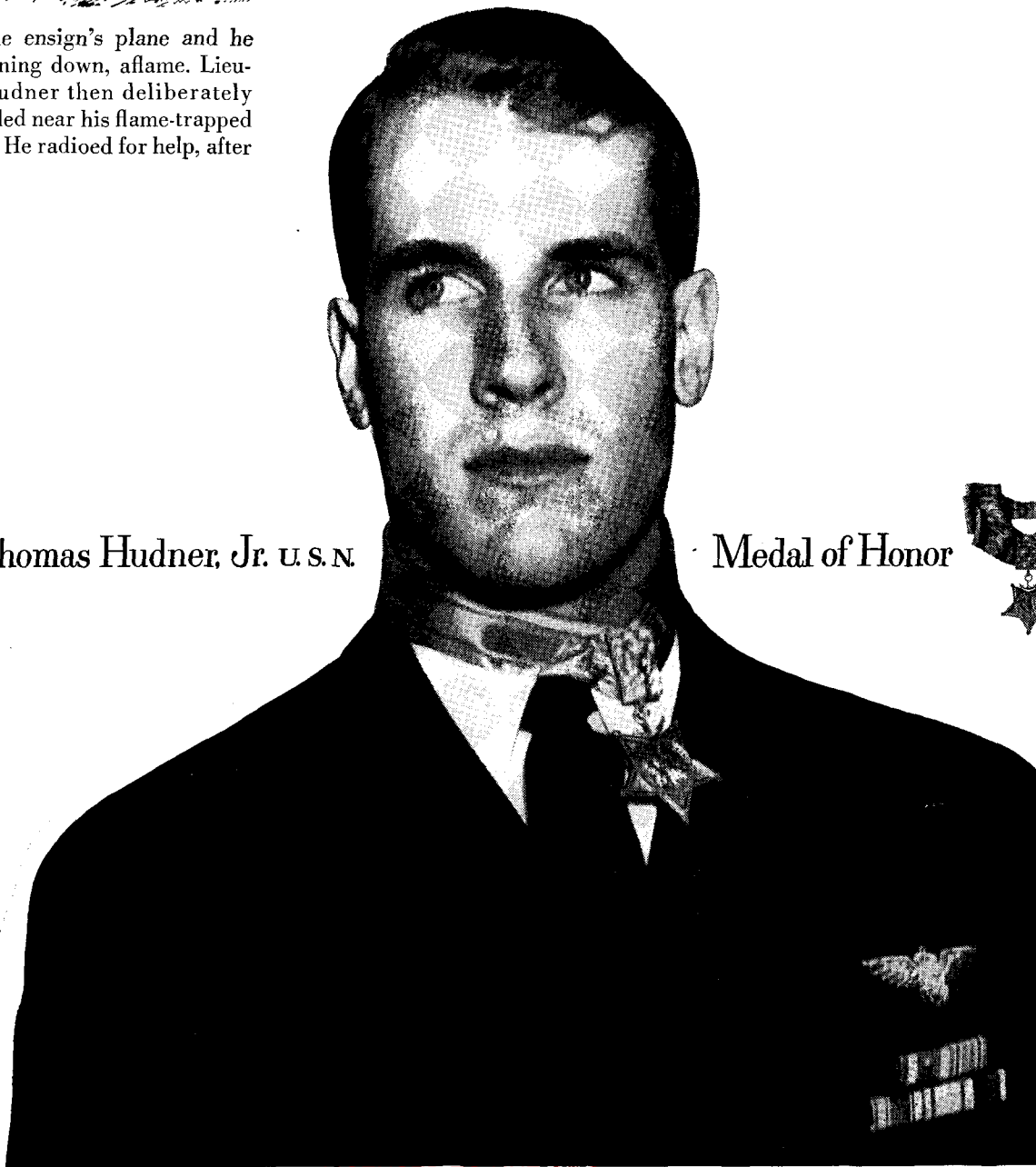
don't turn back the clock! Do your part toward *keeping* America guard up by buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense Bonds *now!* Back us. And *together* we'll build the strong peace that all Americans desire.

★ ★ ★

Remember that when you're buying bonds for defense, you're also building a personal reserve of savings. Remember, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. So sign up to in the Payroll Savings Plan or the Buy A-Month Plan. Buy United States Defense Bonds now!

Peace is for the strong...
Buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

at.(jg) Thomas Hudner, Jr. U. S. N.



Medal of Honor



The Theory and Practice of Progress

Back in the horse-and-buggy days of motoring, theoretical scientists came up with some pencilled figures that proved gasoline was the most powerful fuel anybody knew about. But only a part of that power was showing up in an engine.

The mystery of the missing power intrigued both the theoretical and the practical scientist. They put their heads together, and found the reason: detonation—"knock." They worked to solve the puzzle, and came up with Amoco-Gas.

Here was the first special motor fuel, the first to resist knock, the first that could deliver all the power there is in petroleum. You, the user of an automobile, have reaped the benefits—whether you have ever used Amoco-Gas or not.

For Amoco-Gas made possible newer and finer automobile engines. It revolutionized both the automotive and petroleum industries, and we're proud of the great part it played in making theoretical progress a practical thing.



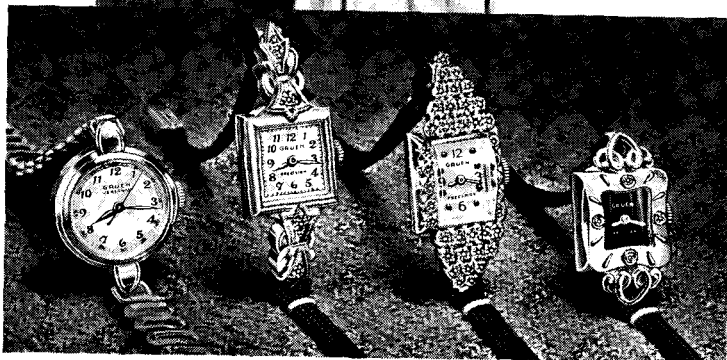
AMERICAN OIL COMPANY



“Darling...*what a wonderful way to Remember!*...”

Somehow it's important . . . *this* birthday . . . *this anniversary* . . . to let your heart speak as it's never quite spoken before. To let it say what perhaps only a Gruen-Precision Watch can say.

For when you give a Gruen Watch, you are giving the world's most supremely beautiful and modern timepiece . . . a watch as fine and faithful as nearly four generations of watchmaking skill can make a watch. So let your heart choose a Gruen Watch from this page . . . to be admired . . . to be cherished . . . to say “I love you” as you've always meant to say it.



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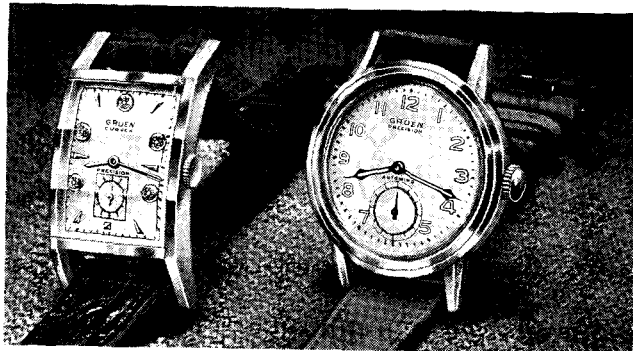
CALIENTE \$71.50

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